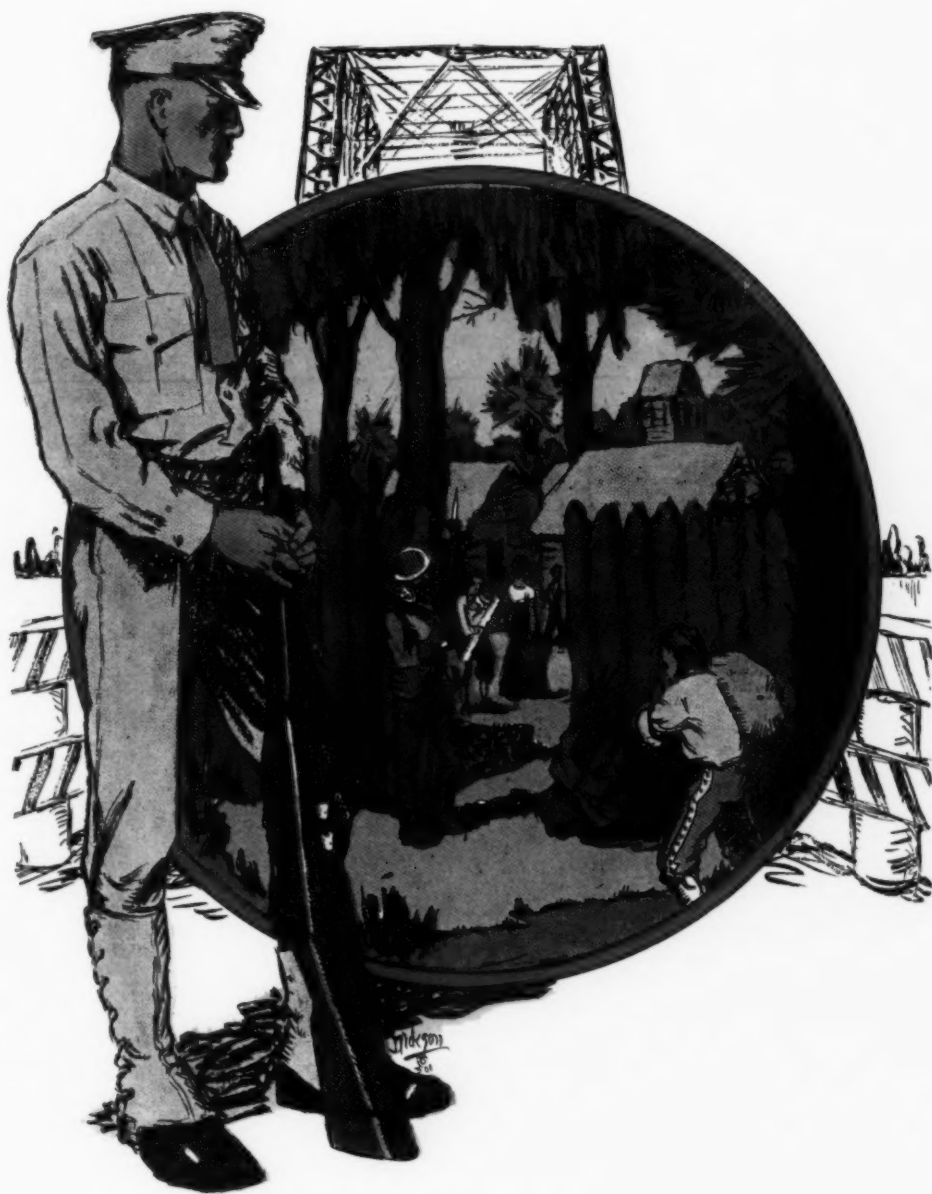


THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1937

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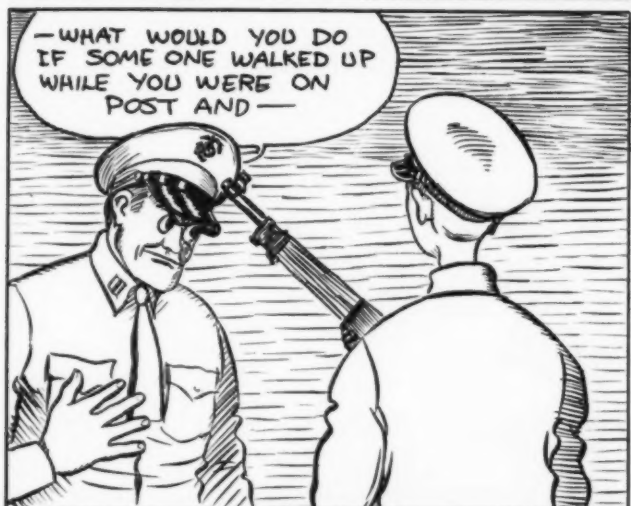
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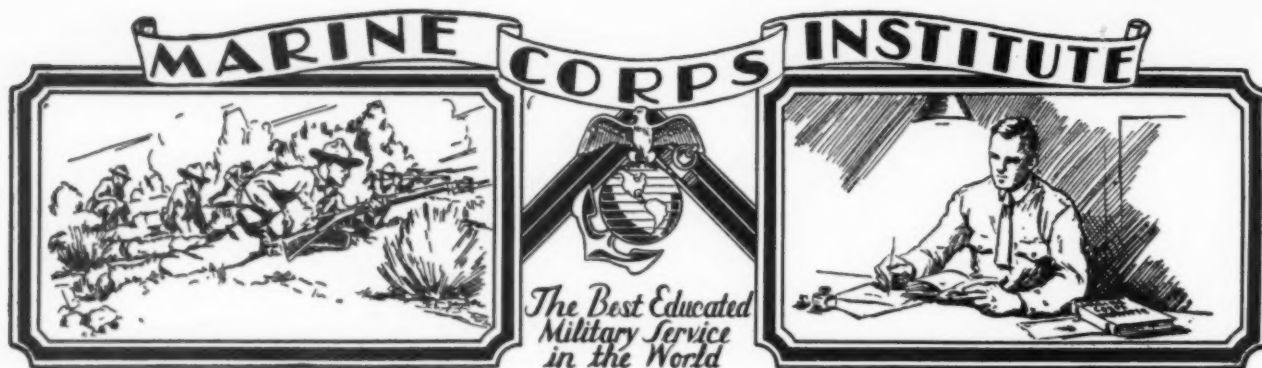
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Name..... Rank.....

Organization.....

Station.....

The LEATHERNECK

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

En Avant



O forward!

It has been said that a man either progresses or regresses. It is true. There is no middle road.

You can be constructive or destructive; one who builds or one who tears down. So with foresight and wisdom let us attack our future with a new initiative, a new aggressiveness.

Some of us are thirty-year men; others will leave the Marine Corps with pleasant and affectionate memories after one or two cruises. But there will remain always, for us all, days in the service and civilian life, many days, months and years that will be stamped individually "success" or "failure."

It is for each of us a duty to make of those days his opportunities; to fill them with progressive thought and action. Never to slide aimlessly along inert, stagnant, self-satisfied or even not caring.

Achievement and output are synonymous. If you aren't willing to put out a little more each day than is asked of you, you aren't going to achieve very much. There

is no feeling more satisfying than the physical and mental repose which results from the successful conclusion of a job well done. It elevates us and warms us with its goodness. The mere fact that we have expended a bit more than our usual energy increases our self respect; because we know that as individuals we have accomplished something.

"Stock-taking" is one of the things we do frequently during our lives. That personal check-up can be either complimentary or otherwise. Fortunately, the judgment lies within ourselves and, should it prove unfavorable, it can be corrected with a little sincere effort—by raising our standards a little higher.

How often the latent spark of ambition smolders unheeded when it would take just that little needed effort to stir the spark to active fire. The fire that burns in each of us; that makes us want to amount to something; to be big. It is human—the worthwhile thing.

Rather "progress" than "regress"—construction not destruction.

Let us work and study. Strive to attain. Better ourselves mentally, morally, spiritually and physically; so that the world can say of us from day to day, "There is a man with courage—a man moving forward head high to leadership, success and happiness."

A. H. A.

On Reading



THE world today is living in the dream castles of yesterday. Tomorrow we shall experience the things we imagine today. Life is built of dreams. Most of us are hedged into tiny grooves. We work a bit, play a bit, rest a bit each day. Once or twice a year, perhaps, we run away from our routine lives, on a vacation. But outside of that we must almost wholly depend on what we read to fill our lives, and form the basis of our dreams.

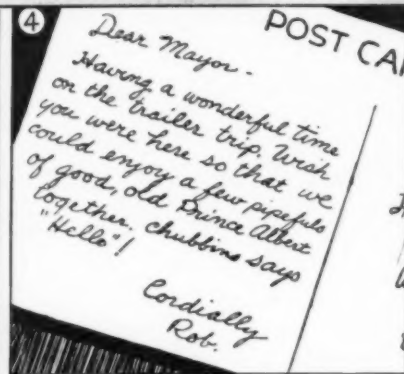
Of course, there are the movies, and the drama, and our church life, but after all reading is our main stay which does not fail, even on rainy days.

We cannot all be prospectors, or soldiers of fortune. It is not written in the stars for all of us to travel about the earth and see its mysteries, but we can read about them if someone will gather them together for us. And we can enjoy them if we know what we read is faithful in its pictures of life in far away lands and places; that it is not someone's fancy.

Each of us has a mission in life. Yours may be to sail the seven seas or to raise grain—it does not matter; each is equally important in its way.

Good books ever seek new visions of this great dream world of ours, and to bring to you just as they really are: a bit of the desert; a colorful caravan; an Arab tribe; a moonlight night at Wakiki; the splendor of the court of a Sultan; a romance on a college campus; a lone prospector beside a tiny fire in Alaska. These and a thousand other pictures make up the world and reading books that seek the world over for the drama of life, wherever that may be, and to bring them to you in their real, true setting, with no fantastic trimmings of fine writings and imagination; these books become your dream world and mine, because they hold our fancy and help us to dream of romance and adventure that we can never know first-hand.

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70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



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NUMBER 8

Wingo Wango

Clinton A. Phillips

AT TIMES to myself I say: "To hell with this being a gentleman."

Of course after twenty years in the groove as an officer it's hard to change your character. It was the women who took advantage of me and aided and abetted that young Jimmie to put over the thing on me. Caused me to let myself in for that ridiculous, silly idea. I, a major, taking orders from a second lieutenant.

But when the predicament was put up to me what could I do decently?

That late afternoon, I had just rescued Flip, our outfit's spider monkey from a scuffle with the parrot when Jimmie smiling, strolled into my battalion headquarters. In his fresh khaki uniform, big and confident, two years out of the academy and an aviator, says he,

"Major, I need the help of you and your wife. Iris being your houseguest I want to confide in you. I don't want her to go back to the States to college in January."

We sat down. Flip nosing into my shirt front gave me time to think.

"What's the trouble, Jimmie?"

"As you know I'm just about out of my first, two-year period and soon can get married."

"Yes," I agreed. "I thought it was pretty well fixed between you and Iris. Even though she is an athlete and beautiful she is a great girl."

"But we've had another disagreement. She said to me 'Jimmie, you're just a play boy. Supposing you lost your dad's millions, how would we get along? You must have the excitement that money can get.'"

Seated opposite me Jimmie paused and scowled at his boots.

The knightly strain in me popped: "How can I help?"

Jimmie brightened. "A few days ago; just before Thanksgiving—out on the golf course I met a captain of a

tramp steamer. He told me about Wingo Wango."

"Is it anything like malaria or the mumps?"

"No, it's a tiny island five hundred miles east that has a tiny harbor. It's a paradise of palm trees and silvery shores, but nobody lives on it because England and the United States both claim it and everybody a few years ago left it."

"So you're going to buy it and settle the international dispute?"

"No, I want to prove to Iris that I can look after her and can rough it."

I couldn't keep my eyes from blinking. Jimmie rushed on.

"Your wife will go along I am sure. You and I can clip off two weeks leave. I want to take Iris to Wingo Wango. Prove to her that I can run a camp and be a good fellow without the bright lights."

Forty-three years old, trained to think of the other fellow's comfort I didn't say no. The upshot. The women thought it a ducky notion so the young gentleman and I go up to the colonel and ask for two weeks' leave. Jimmie insisted he could pick out the equipment and provisions. All I had to do was chaperone with my wife and have a good time.

So three weeks ago this morning we roared out of the harbor in Jimmie's twin motored amphibian plane. Being his own ship he could stunt all he wanted to. What could I do when he looped, except gulp? I a major, he a young shavetail. I, helpless away from my battalion of infantry, he the daring boss of his own ship.

In three hours we settled down in the harbor of Wingo Wango and cast anchor. We got out the rubber life raft and ferried our tents and gear to the beach where we spent the first night among the sand fleas. Thousands of them that dug right through a (Continued on page 58)

HIGH FINANCE AND PETE HEWES

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

MISS Filomena Fate, the goddess lady who rolls snakes' eyes or sevens as the whim takes her, started out one broiling Nevada day to check upon her favorite goat, Pete Hewes. She hadn't passed the bones to Pete for some time; last occasion was when she prompted him to step into an uncovered mine shaft in the dark and he fell thirty feet. Naturally enough the goddess lady thought her Peter must be suffering for lack of playful companionship.

As Miss Filomena had left Pete in a shaft, so she found him in one. But this happened to be an elevator shaft, wherein the going was up as well as down and very slow in both directions. The elevator shaft speared through all four stories of Carson City's mammoth skyscraper. Pete was both skipper and crew of the lugger that followed this confined course. And how it irked him, this dragging on a steel rope, this sedate traveling up and down through a square hole away from the sun! He, Peter Hewes, one-time prospector and connoisseur of salted mines, farer through waste places, child of the sun, to be sitting on a dinky stool and saying, "Going up—going down," from eight to six!

Yet one cannot fall thirty feet down a mine shaft and still remain undisputed master of one's destiny. Limitations entail.

So Lady Fate sought and found her orphan child and, veiling prankish eyes with her sleeve, began to work on him. Came to Peter's elevator, resting on the ground floor, one John Blake, mining engineer and scout for the greatest metals syndicate in America. A nice gentle trader in mining prospects, this John Blake, with the kind heart of a shark and all the scruples of a whale swallowing a kindergarten class of weakfish. Over several years he had possessed a hullo—so long acquaintance with our Pete Hewes.

He stepped in. The door clashed. The car started its snail's progress upward. Pete was droning some commonplace about how the sun could cook an egg when Blake suddenly interrupted, "Want to make two hundred dollars, Pete?"

Wham! The car stopped with a jerk as Pete threw his callouses against the steel rope. "Tisn't the heat that's got you, Mr. Blake?" anxiously from Pete.

Thin lips under Blake's hawk nose tried to smile. "Two hundred, with a Prince Albert coat and a high hat thrown in. Yes, and a gold headed cane. Sort of easy, eh, Pete?"

"You don't mean a reg'lar Comstock hat like the Floods and the Sharons used to wear over to Virginia City in bonanza days?" Deep awe thrilled in Pete's voice.

"You said it, Pete. And don't forget the little matter of two hundred."

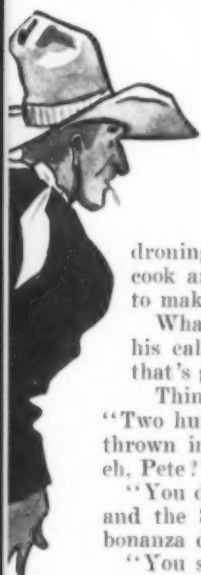
The electric buzzer announced an impatient would-be passenger on the fourth floor. "Ring yer head off!" challenged the elevator's skipper in new found independence. But Blake counseled tolerance, even though fleeting, for the exacting duties of the old job. If Pete would come to see him in his office on the third floor after hours that evening he would learn the exact specifications for a silk hat, gold cane, \$200 professional venture.

Wherefore during the remainder of an age long day Miss Filomena Fate's darling moved in his elevator from one cloud stratum to another. At each was a door looking out to vistas of silk hats, Prince Albert coats and gold canes; and each fluffy bank was tinged with the green of silver certificates.

When the planing mill whistle announced that Pete could run his lugger into safe harbor for the night he was at the third floor tapping on the ground glass bearing the name John Blake before a fly could wink. There he "went into conference"—classy business patter phrase—with the mining engineer, a conference which left the single track mind of Pete Hewes with block signals all awry. For Pete, you see, was not a business man. He knew a great deal more about dips and strikes and free milling ores than he did of contracts, lines and options.

"You say, Mr. Blake, I give this crazy nut whose mine you want to examine my note for a hundred thousand. What for a note, and what's it mean?" Peter broke into the other's exposition with childlike innocence. Blake snapped his thread of discourse with a helpless heave of the shoulders and began again in words of one syllable:

"This old cuckoo Lewis has a hole in a mountain he says is worth a million dollars. He writes to my outfit, offering to sell for that figure. They wire me to go and expert the thing; but when I reach the prospect over back of Gold City there's a fence around the tunnel mouth, a padlocked gate and Lewis himself with a rifle. Nobody gets a look at



Developed a high burst of speed for the telephone desk.

THE LEATHERNECK

his million dollar mine, says the crazy old gopher, without first taking a thirty day option for a hundred thousand cash."

"Not so very crazy at that," Pete supplied judiciously. "Crazy enough to give me a lot of grief," Blake snapped. "I know there's not enough gold in that whole country to fill a gnat's tooth. But orders are orders. My outfit tells me to go expert that mine of Lewis'; but they sure wouldn't relish paying a hundred thousand just to find out the ledge would make good headstones for a graveyard."

Pete inched himself forward in his chair. "Now 'bout that what-yuh-call-it note," he insinuated.

"Why, I told Lewis I would come back with my principal, the purchaser I represented, and of course if he was interested he would gladly take an option. You're going to be that principal." Pete visibly swelled; he'd heard of mining nabobs but never had seen one. "And when this old stinging lizard Lewis wants to see the color of your money before letting me into his tunnel you're to say—"

"Sorry, Mr. Lewis, but I'm clean busted," Pete supplied with bubbling eagerness.

Blake lifted his eyes to the ceiling with a look to conjure its dropping on the head of the elevator pilot. "No, dammit all! You're a millionaire mine speculator. What'm I buying you all the gaudy clothes for if not for that? You will say, 'That's a lot of money, Mr. Lewis, and I don't usually carry that amount around with me. But I'll give you a thirty-day promissory note for \$100,000 and that will allow me time to sell some of my securities in the East.'"

"Promissory—promissory note." Pete turned the unknown phrase over on his tongue. Blake could not suppress a vulpine grin.


"Promise to pay a cold hundred thousand at the end of thirty days," was his enlightening comment.

"Just fer that I get two hundred 'dobies?" Blake nodded. "And a Prince Willie coat? And a silk beanie? And a gold-headed cane?"

The mining engineer confirmed each item in the specification.

Peter gave him a boy's grin, "Why, Mr. Blake, fer all that I'd promise to give anybody a long look at my appendix, which I got in an alcohol bottle."

So a pact was sealed between John Blake, conscientious appraiser of metal prospects, and Peter Hewes, millionaire moth in an elevator chrysalis. Before the Red Front Cash Store closed that night its delighted proprietor had disposed of some old stock hard to move. Item: one Prince Albert coat with appropriate trousers and white waistcoat; one marked down silk hat which could be made a perfect fit with newspaper folded in the sweatband; one pair of No. 10 patent leather shoes and spats a little moth eaten. A nearby pawnshop yielded a rosewood cane with gold head, ancient and honorable patent to moneyed nobility in Nevada.

 HAVE purposely delayed intimate portraiture of our Peter until such time as the reader should see him at his best—this out of kindly consideration for Peter's vanity. Behold him then, on the morning following his translation into the moneyed aristocracy and as he steps out of the Fashion Stable's emeritus hack at the train station.

Beneath the brim of the glossy hat a fringe of white curls and below that features drawn into a solemn mask of importance; features whose desert weathering recent confinement in an elevator has hardly served to erase. The merry blue eyes of him and the comedian's mouth under that Celtic upper lip frosty white from barbering; these signboards of humor belie his heavy majesty of mien. The

frock coat is stretched tight as a drum head between Pete's husky shoulders, and the tails of it—for Pete was a little man, bandy-legged to boot—flap below the wrinkles at his knees. He walks with a limp, his old limp acquired by the fall down a mine shaft plus stabbing agonies induced by the mirrorlike shoes. Withal a figure to arrest the eye of Carson, Nevada, and calculated to have its weight upon the imagination of the Gold City mine owner down the railroad line.

Pete had a time of it holding his bright headed cane and his satchel in one hand while he burrowed for hack fare with the other. In the melée between hands his hat fell to the ground. Pete was appalled; but Blake, who had preceded him to the station and now strode up to greet him, quickly retrieved the fallen treasure. He smoothed the ruffled nap on his coat sleeve.

"So that's the way you shine the durned thing." Admiration glinted from Pete's eyes. "I thought you had to have a comb an' brush."

The ride to Gold City was a delight to Pete Hewes. He allowed himself to rise to a nabob's heights of deportment with genuine gusto. Five times in an hour he strode the length of the car aisle to the water cooler—never forgetting his cane. His pace was magnificently dignified; the look of eagles was in his eyes. On one of his trips his toe stubbed against a wicker basket a Chinese passenger had left protruding from his seat space.

"Outrageous Chink!" Pete struck at the offending parcel with his rosewood cane. Fine haughtiness crisped from his tongue. He was the intolerant money lord crushing an earthworm.

Somewhere in the cindered heart of John Blake a slight spark of humor flickered up. Perhaps even just a touch of humanity livened that spark. How far a few dollars invested in a junk clothing shop would go in dressing a stage for an old play boy out of an elevator.

Before Gold City was reached Blake undertook final rehearsal of the genteel fraud he hoped to perpetrate. "Now remember, Pete, you are Mr. Hewes of New York, who's hiring me to make a report on old Lewis' mine. Nobody from New York would look like you, but you look like what Lewis would expect to come out of New York. Cagey—remember—that's you."

"Say, Mr. Blake, this cane's skewed." Pete had the rosewood stick out in the aisle with his eye sighting along its polished length. "Somebody let it stand in the sun too long," he finished with a touch of sadness.

Blake slapped the cane down in exasperation. "What are you going to say when old Lewis holds us up for a hundred thousand?"

Pete knotted his brows under the new red lines stamped there by the silk hat.

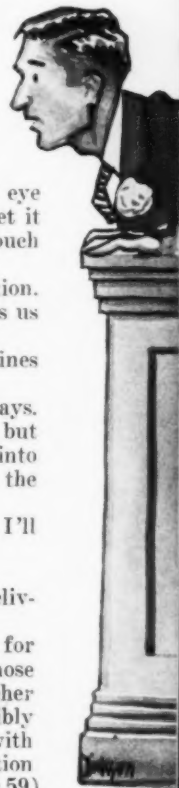
"That's quite a sum of money, Mr. Lewis," I says. "I usual packs that amount 'round on my yat; but natchly you can't expect me to bring a yat-boat into Nevada." Pete's imagination was playing up to the part and Blake, not displeased, let it ride.

"But seein' it's you, Mr. Lewis," I says, "why, I'll give you my—my—uh—"

"Note for thirty days," prompted Blake.

"Note fer thirty days, signed, sealed and delivered," Pete finished sonorously.

They found a tall, gangling old man waiting for them at the Eagle House in Gold City, one in whose eyes burned the fanatic fire of the typical searcher after mineral rainbow ends—Lewis. The miner, visibly impressed by Pete's exotic raiment and the air with which he carried it, acknowledged Blake's introduction with mumbled embarrassment. (Continued on page 59)



THE DEPOT OF SUPPLIES

By

JOHN ULRICH FOHNER

PHILADELPHIA is not only the present location of the Depot of Supplies, it is its birthplace. The Depot's beginning may be traced back to the site of the first Headquarters of the Commandant, in 1798, pitched under canvas, near other governmental activities in the heart of Philadelphia. Second Lieutenant Thomas Wharton was named the first Quartermaster on January 22, 1799. He remained in Philadelphia with the Main Supply Depot when the Major Commandant and his executive offices removed to Washington in 1800.

From its humble beginning of stocks stored upon the bare ground under a tent, the Depot has grown until the present site covers more than two acres of ground.

Probably no concern on the face of the globe produces such a wide variety of goods; and practically everything the Corps uses is stored on its premises. Its problems of manufacturing, shipping and receiving, laboratory and experimental work, schooling and personnel, inter-departmental relations, hospitalization, cost accounting, inventory and stock records, warehousing, maintenance, and the intricate problem of supervising civilian employees working with service men, demands that the Depot Quartermaster be a business man of specialized executive ability as well as an officer of high rank. It is as competent an organization as any that can be found in commercial life. Its intimate contact and commercial relations with large manufacturers and raw material sources of supply, demand the keen business acumen and a technical knowledge of the highest degree, gathered from long years of experience.

A mental picture of the size and flexibility of the present organization may be deduced from the fact that during the World War, when the strength of the Marine Corps was 75,000, about 1,500 civilians and enlisted men were employed. At this time the Depot outfitted and equipped thirty-six expeditionary units, including four regiments for service in France and the West Indies, and over thirty-one million pounds of various supplies were shipped on government bills of lading.

Today, while the personnel is greatly reduced, the organization could be readily expanded to meet any demand that might be made upon it. To meet past requirements meant an efficient structure of working elements of operation; to meet future hurried calls from Washington will call for just as much efficiency coupled with the speed and

accuracy of which the present Depot organization is highly capable.

Mail-order-twenty-four-hour service, is the slogan of today and a rush order from Headquarters to outfit a company, regiment or brigade is met with the same prompt action and service that is given the call for a squad or platoon of men. An idea of the work to be accomplished can best be formed when one considers that the supplies and stores of a brigade weigh about ten thousand tons. The Depot is a well managed organization that can ship, on a moment's notice, a package of needles or enough equipment to outfit a brigade.

The main plant, located at 1100 S. Broad Street, is built of seven connecting, modern fireproof buildings, containing 349,399 square feet of floor space. It is ideally located

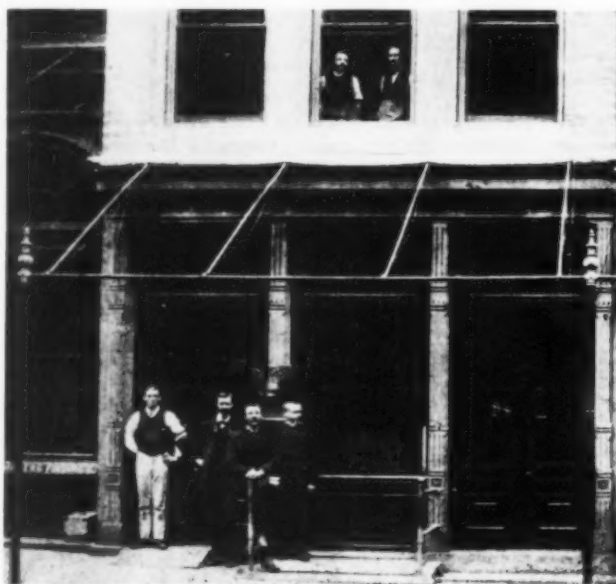
outside of the congested areas of the city and has adequate facilities for the movement of fast freight, whether it be by rail, water or truck. To accommodate the growing inventory and storage of supplies on hand, and to make room for increased manufacturing and assembling processes, four one-story buildings are used for the purpose of storage, shipping and packing. These buildings are located at the foot of Snyder Avenue and cover 255,300 feet of floor space.

The manufacturing operations of the Broad Street plant are divided into three main departments; namely, clothing and equipment, woodworking, and mechanical. These departments are manned primarily by civilians, en-

listed men in a few cases being used solely for clerical work and for work in the Armory in connection with the Armorer's School. The reason for employing civilian labor is to avoid competition with such outside labor and industry. There are 366 civilian employees with the Depot (196 men and 170 women), 143 Marines (14 officers and 129 enlisted men). Most of the civilian help have been with the Depot for many years and constitute a loyal and efficient group. The executive and general offices are all manned by officers and enlisted men of the Corps.

There are also located at Broad Street the Quartermaster's School, the Motor Transport School and the Armorer's School, each one supervised and superintended by active service men and teaching active service men.

Each department is in itself an important cog in the machinery of this enormous organization which supplies every conceivable need of the (Continued on page 54)



Depot of Supplies About Fifty Years Ago

Margaret
Sullivan

SAYS:

"Luckies are
the answer for
my throat"

"When I first began smoking, Luckies were my choice, because I found a light smoke advisable for my throat. And that's as true today as ever. Luckies are still my standby."

Margaret Sullivan

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Enjoy the finer taste of
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"The Cream of the Crop"



A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH



SOME BLOW

One night on the 3rd deck where Bock, CWT, "sits" his watch, a snipe who had just brought up the fireroom readings chanced to remark: "Geez, Chief, this tub sure is rolling. It must be storming out tonight."

"Naw, only a breeze, my boy," said the redoubtable Bock. "Now when I was on the dreadnaught Tennessee, we once made a cruise of 30 days outside the break-water. The first day out, we ran into a hurricane and was it rough—that whole month. We had to run the blowers in reverse to keep the water out of the firerooms. The smoke watch stood his watch in a diving suit. When we got back into port, the skipper ordered the paymaster to give us a month's submarine pay. And . . . burrp . . . I wonder what makes me feel so funny inside tonight? It must be something I ate."

—Mountaineer.

Legionnaire Fred Doring of Fairmont, West Virginia, is telling about listening to some people in a religious argument about baptism. The discussion waxed long and loud. Finally one of the principal debaters turned to a silent member of the group and asked:

"John, do you believe in baptism?"

"Sure I do!" John replied. "I seen it done."—DAN SOWERS in the *American Legion*.

A pair of old non-coms were sitting about the canteen drinking beer. The conversation got around to Nicaragua and one of them began describing his experiences in the Managua earthquake. He had just reached the point where "everything rocked and rattled as the houses began tumbling," when the other man leaped to his feet.

"Man, that reminds me," he said, "I'm late for a bridge date with my wife."

The outstanding philosopher of my Indiana Hometown was old, dry, tall, stooped. One day a group of his neighbors were talking of hard times and he said: "Well, they'll just have to grit their teeths and bear it, them that has teeths. Me, I ain't got none to grit."—*Embassy Guard*.

Angry Man—"I've been shouting at you for the last half hour, and you only stand there and smile. Who are you, anyway?"

Second Man—"I'm a baseball umpire."
—*Wednesday Nite Life*.

Weighty Evidence

The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"Possibly so," she said, after glancing at the ring. "All the elephants are still out there. You must have."—*Christian Science Monitor*.



"I can't understand women—to me every woman is just like a jig-saw puzzle."
"Well, whoever put Mae West together did a swell job!"

It was a stately English club. The members always talked in a whisper and never turned their heads. This custom was broken the other day when an English Lord called to the butler in a normal tone, "Please remove Plushbottom. He's been dead three days."—*Log*.

Harry: "How come you resigned from the choir?"

Truxtun: "I wasn't there one Sunday and somebody asked if they'd fixed the organ."—*Colorado Dodo*.

OBLIGING

A Los Angeles patrolman had brought in a Negro woman somewhat the worse for wear, and the desk sergeant, with his very best scowl, roared:

"Liza, you've been brought in for intoxication!"

"Dat's fine!" beamed Liza. "Boy, you can start right now!"

—5th Corps Area News.

Reporter: "I'm from the *Daily Disappointment* and I want to know what you used for gas on your endurance flight."

C. G. Pilot: "Oh, I just took a little bicarbonate of soda."—*U. S. Coast Guard*.

Sergeant Blank was on the dud detail when a battery opened fire by mistake. With the first round a six inch shell clipped him a glancing blow on the head and he went out like a paper match in a cyclone.

When the ambulance arrived he was muttering:

"All right, darling, I'll stay home this pay-day, instead of playing poker at the Non-Coms' club."—*Our Army*.

Soldier (on phone): "Doctor, my baby's crying something awful, and I can't make her stop. What shall I do?"

Medico: "Call a child specialist."

Soldier: "But this ain't no child, Doctor; this is a blonde chorus gal."—*Our Army*.

Gyrene One: "You've served with our new First Sergeant before. What kind of a guy is he?"

Gyrene Two: "Well, nobody has a higher opinion of him than I have; and I think he's a dirty louse."

Sgt. Smith: "How come First Sergeant Blank busted you in the teeth the other night?"

Private Boot: "Search me, sergeant. He was drinking beer in the Farmhouse Cafe when I went in. He said to me 'Hello,' and I said to him 'Hello; I don't know your name but I know your rank.'"

Poetic Old Salt: "My heart is with the ocean."

Seasick Boot: "You've gone me one better, pal," as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—*Keystone*.



RED POPPIES

By Arthur Guiterman

Though violets grow in every glade
And fair and tall the lily stands,
Come, buy our martial poppies, made
By trembling, war-enfeebled hands!
Though sweet the golden cups that spill
The morning dew and call the bees,
What flower of garden, field or hill
Can show as dear a hue as these?

Theirs is the hue that stained the snow
Of Valley Forge and Brandywine,
That tinged Catawba's turbid flow
And Saratoga's hills of pine,
That plashed the trail where Morgan led,
The path of those who charged with
Wayne,
The dauntless wreck of Flamborough Head,
The sun-dried grass of Monmouth Plain;
It dyed the spot where Lawrence fell,
Where Perry held the shattered deck,
The Alamo's white citadel
And glory-crowned Chapultepec.
That hue has hallowed lowland fen
And southland moss and nor'land ice—
The hue of riven hearts of men,
The hue of gallant sacrifice,

You boast of them that faced our foes
Long since—and shall you grudge to pay
Your tithe of what we owe to those
Who faced our foes but yesterday?
The blood they gave has equal claims
Or when or where they staunchly stood—
By Marne, or Aisne, or Charles or James,
At Lexington, or Belleau Wood.
The toil, the grief, the pain were theirs,
The ease, the joy, the gain are ours.
Who stints and hoards? Who gladly shares?
Come, buy our poppies, buy our flowers!

SEMPER FIDELIS

By Percy A. Webb

There is a motto bold
Written in letters gold,
Blazoned on every fold
(Loyal and zealous)
On that proud flag we bear,
Peerless beyond compare,
Borne with us everywhere,
SEMPER FIDELIS!

Seven score years and more
Sea-soldiers of the Corps
Battled on land and shore—
None could dispel us.
Trained to the fighting art,
We did a soldier's part;
Woven within each heart
SEMPER FIDELIS!

Record without a spot
We've not a single blot.
Though some may know it not
(Some may be jealous)
Let every nation know
We never quit the foe,
But give them blow for blow—
SEMPER FIDELIS!

Well may the foeman wait,
Falter and hesitate,
Knowing that death or fate
Only can quell us.
We'll fight and win the day
When banners point the way
Whose starry folds display—
SEMPER FIDELIS!

Graves of our men who died,
Strangers have stood beside
"Honored and sanctified
Heroes"—they tell us.
More than the flowers that spray
Tombs where they're laid away
Would be simple to say
SEMPER FIDELIS!

'Midst our unnumbered dead,
Colors we've bravely spread,
Held them high overhead,
Whate'er befell us.
Long may our banners fly,
May we like soldiers die,
Breathing our battle cry—
SEMPER FIDELIS!

AFTERMATH

By Julie Polousky

Dear Bill,
Since you were home on leave the house
seems like a tomb,
The neighborhood is muffled in a cloud
of heavy gloom;
The old front porch resounds no more
with gay, light-hearted chatter,
But most of all I seem to miss your
early morning clatter.
At break of day you started in to raise
an awful row,
You beat upon Ma's new dish-pan and
loudly yelled for "chow;"
And when she piled the wheat cakes high
they disappeared like magic,
But when you called for more I thought
the outcome would be tragic.
Your table manners made us stare, you
blackened Father's eye
The time you sought to grab yourself an
extra piece of pie.
Your daily calisthenics seemed to promise
dire disaster,
You only broke the rocking chair and
knocked down half the plaster.
Your language is atrocious, Bill, if I may
be specific,
Now little brother's learned to cuss and
does he sound terrific!
It's what the neighbors might have
thought that calls for this reproof,

What made you take your blanket out
and sleep up on the roof?
The striped pajamas that I made, you
never even wore,
Such nice gun rags you said they'd make,
so I felt kind of sore.
You flicked your ashes on the rug and
drank poor Grandpa's brandy
So when his rheumatiz came on, the bottle
wasn't handy.
I think you shocked poor Grandma when
you showed her your tattoo,
Pa says next time you're home on leave
he'll keep you in the zoo.
But now we've all recovered and we miss
you, Bill, like H—
We'll look for you two years from now—
Your loving sister,
Nell.

THE POOR LITTLE POT OF GOLD

By Marjorie F. W.

At the rainbow's end is a pot of gold;
But whatever you do, don't find it!
As you search you can dream, and plan
and scheme
For the joys that lie behind it.

And there isn't a bauble you cannot buy,
And there isn't a boon denied you,
Until you wend to the rainbow's end,
And find the gold beside you.

Then the search is finished—the dream is
done.
And the story, alas! is told.
Take care! Take care lest you find it
there—
That poor little pot of gold.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

By Arthur S. Warden

Rough-hewn of feature and uncouth of
form,
Bowed by the weight of grievous burdens
born—
Burdens entailed by internecine strife—
And saddened by the mighty cares of state,
Or more by evil tongues of envious minds,
He stood where awful clash of arm
And war's fierce passions all unleashed
Had made insensate clay of noble living
forms.

The nation's far-flung! battle line of blue,
Signaled by red-flamed lightning on the sky
Of midnight blackness of a deep despair
That they engulfing wave of war's advance
Had reached its highest crest at Gettysburg.
Here, hurling forth with thunderous roar,
It broke and spent its force, and backward
swept.

And in the mists the sore tired ship of
state
Rode safely through the perils of the
storm.

The master mind, whose was to plan,
The guiding hand, which pointed out the
way,
The pilot of unknown and sullen seas,
The prophet of a world's democracy.

Great patriot, who kept his country one,
Nor faltered till the mighty task was done,
His eye, far-seeing, read the scroll of
Fate,
His soul, sustained by faith sublimely
great.

Emancipator of an enslaved race,
Peasant unto God's high purpose born,
We know what sorrows furrowed that sad
face,
What grievous burdens bowed that uncouth
form.

PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



Platoon 13, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. D. R. McGrew; Sgt. G. Bishop; Cpl. R. W. Mann, and Cpl. J. D. Fleeman.

SHANGHAI TRACK STARS



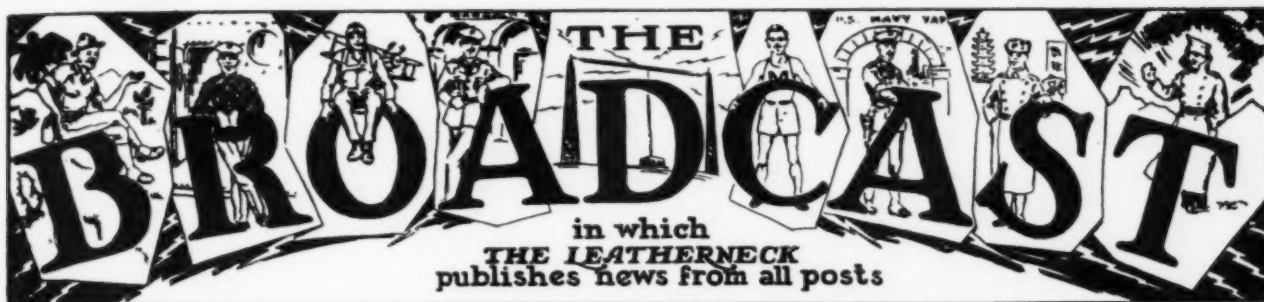
Left, Lt. Funk, Individual Star; 1st place in 400, 800, and 1,500 metre runs; 2d place in discus throw. Right, Lt. Totman established a new record in the javelin throw.



Left, Lt. Hemphill, 1st place in 110 metre hurdles and the 200 metre dash. Right, Lt. Laster (Coach), 1st place in 100 and 200 metre dashes.



Major General Commandant T. E. Holcomb; Colonel E. P. Moses; Brigadier General John C. Beaumont, and staff officers witnessing parade at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego.



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 2nd MARINE BRIGADE, FMF, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

By Poche

BELIEVE it or not, but the sun is shining here in California. This very minute the rays of Old Sol are penetrating the innermost parts of the barracks and everyone is in a sweeter 'Tis Spa-ring-no doubt. No rain for at least a week too—very nice.

Well, on with the changes in our Brigade: Brigadier General Beaumont is now Commanding General, 2nd Marine Brigade, relieving Colonel Emile P. Moses, who is Chief of Staff, Fleet Marine Force. Lt. Col. Harry Schmidt, who joined from the Department of the Pacific, is the Brigade Executive Officer. Maj. J. T. Smith has assumed command of Brigade Special Troops, relieving Major Perkins, who has been detached to Quantico, Va.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Sergeant James P. Evans was promoted to Platoon Sgt. . . . Pt-Sgt. McWilliams is up for Gunnery Sergeant? . . . Cpl. Barksdale (Foxtail) has only one month and one day to do! . . . Cantwell is getting bow-legged? (Horse-back riding)?? . . . Roberts claims he can play baseball? (such irony) . . . Smittie, C. J., claims he is a self-made man? . . . White is acting First Sergeant? . . . Jeffries is being transferred, PERMANENTLY? . . . Hardin is back from furlough, wit' pitchers of people 'n' things? . . . Bates is back from Mississippi, too? . . . Buckley has his eye on Hollywood, as a place to practice his sound cameraman's technique? . . . Tomorrow is Friday and drill day? . . . Poche is getting transferred to the Western Platoon Leaders Class as a clerk? (Stand by, Graham) . . . Graham is a Private First Class and a little one at that? . . . J. R.

Koller, the speckled wonder, is back from the Sick Bay after a brief rest? . . . Alf-father, Kappel and Batt went to Death Valley, California, to get a sun-tan???? only 120 degrees 'er sumptin' . . . We have a telephone in the company office and some of the fellow's gals are swell talkers? . . . Rinehart is an Expert Rifleman, so's Kappel 'n' Batt 'n' Black 'n' Hanson 'n' Nelson 'n' so on into the teens? . . . Williams, Buckley and Haynes are getting paid off on 18-19-20 July, respectively? . . . Jackson is waiting for this little manuscript of nothingness? . . . I'm tired writing 'n' you're tired reading 'n' I have a deadline to make 'n' stuff 'n' things? . . . Reahhly, you knoah, ah must go, oh doneha knoah? . . . I'm signing off with a toodle-o-o and a put-put . . . Abyssinia nex' munt . . . at the usual time . . .

H.Q. COMPANY, FIRST BAT- TALION, SIXTH MARINES

Second Marine Brigade
San Diego, California

All squared away again at the Base, and glad, too, because, after all, living conveniences in our barracks are much more plentiful. Not to mention the desire of a good number of us poor shooters to escape the mocking grimaces of those "great big targets" and console ourselves with the presumption that "perhaps next year . . ."

But we have our quota of experts and sharpshooters so we of Headquarters really can't complain. We claim eight experts and twice that many sharpshooters. Not bad when one takes into consideration that this company consists of only thirty-five men. And, too—we can lay claim to a sizable number of potentialities, or "would

be experts" as we are prone to call ourselves. We're reminded of the case of one who claims that his elevation literally leaped twenty-five yards with every shot, accounting for the string of fours, treys and deuces at twelve o'clock on the six hundred yard line. That defies the law of gravitation, of course, but, nevertheless, congratulations, fran, on the originality of your surmise. And the comely fly was subjected to another beating in the course of our stay at the Range. It seems that the most persistent of all pests elected to stroll leisurely over the front sight of one man's rifle during a string of rapid fire, paying not the slightest heed to the rifle's thunderous reports or that the piece kicked violently with each discharge . . . a mighty courageous little fly we are inclined to believe.

Headquarters Company regrets the loss of Sgt. T. Shaw, transferred to the Aircraft Carrier, USS *Ranger*. We wish you a pleasant tour of duty, Travis.

Next month we leave with the Battalion for Camp Kearney Combat Range, where we will be engaged in our annual field training. That should result in more observations of "human interest" or "in-human interest" to your correspondent. Until then—regards from Headquarters Company.

COMPANY A, FIRST BATTALION

By "Ferg"

We have been listening to alibis since that day of days when the bullets either got in the black or we did not get in the money. Among those who have been singing the softest and with the most harmony are: Axton (331), Roach (331), Wiliford (329), Baranski (326), Petokas (326), Henderson (325), McCoy (321), and six other expert shots with less than 320. Then there is the group of songsters under the able direction of "Battle-Sight" Emge. They sing with many sour notes "The Song of The Unqualified." "Battle-Sight" won the liquid baton by firing into the butts with battle sights from the five-hundred-yard line. Three cheers for "Battle-Sight" and let's make them Bronx.

Two of our Corporals are frequently seen with a gallon jug in their possession. No, they are not "rummies," they are bee-keepers. While chasing a bee away from the rifle range, Cpls. Beardsley and Pavelko discovered a mine of golden honey. They staked out a claim and returned later to work this claim with the result that each now has a jug of honey and takes a jar of it into the mess hall for hot cakes and honey (when we have hot cakes).

You've no doubt heard the story of "Puss in Boots"? Well, there's another version of that story now and "Boo-Hoo" Powell is the one to tell it. Arriving one morning in time to get on the pot-wollop-

ing job, "Boo-Hoo" started to put on his boots. There was a slight commotion in "Boo-Hoo's" tent when he found a boot filled with water. Next morning he arrived on time again and started to put his boots on to go to work. This time he was more than a little annoyed when he found, not one boot but, both boots slightly moist half way to the top. Then he sang a song of "Puss in Boots" with variations on the original story.

We lost one and gained one this month. Lost Captain R. D. McAfee to Quantico, Va., and gained Lieutenant F. E. Leek, from the USS *Tennessee*. Lieutenant H. R. Amey, Jr., is now our company commander, and a very good one, too, say we.

The wedding march sounded for one of our men this month and made Jack Gresham a June groom. Jack embarked upon the sea of matrimony with Miss Clara Irene Royce of Glendale, California. Golden Branch acted as best man for the occasion. Oh, yes, Jack came into the office and asked permission to attend his wedding. What would a wedding be without a groom? Good luck, Jack, and don't get sea-sick on the sea of matrimony.

Charles W. Sheets was promoted to the rank of Assistant Cook and is giving all now in number Six Mess. Two of our privates decided it would be easier to blow a horn or beat a drum than tote a smoke pole. Now Edward J. McCormack is a trumpeter and Matthew J. Thomas is a drummer. Can you imagine their embarrassment when they lost their instruments just before the Major General Commandant arrived? The Chaplain supplied the weeping chits and everything was rosey again.

Three of our men have been assigned as instructors for Reserve units. Andy Bertko, Jr., is now in Mare Island giving the boys lessons in how to be Real Marines while "Bessie" Baird and Vernon Hendley are showing 'em how in Bremerton. George R. Taylor is back in Louisiana showing the folks back home what a Marine looks like. One of those rare things called a furlough, you know.

COMPANY B, 1ST BATTALION

By Lmc.

Company B has undergone a number of changes. We have finished our small arms practice, and have returned to the base. No new alibis have been placed on record so far as we can find out, although some of the old ones are just about worn out.

We have not shut the company down despite the fact that we have lost our old top kick, 1st Sgt. Schubert, having got the wanderlust for them thar hills and that thar sand way out in old Nevada; good luck, top, we will miss you.

The salty aroma of San Pedro breezes seems to have enticed Gy-Sgt. O. V. Bennett, Sgt. H. J. W. Beckett and Dmr. Porcero to tour of duty with the fleet.

In the middle of July old Camp Kearny will be staring us in the face; there we will have to fight our battles in the hot summer sun.

One member of this command was transferred to the old "Outside." We will see how long he stays out; happy hunting to you, Cole.

Cpl. Ashley was also paid off, but seemed to some doubt as to the food situation on the outside, so he will be with us for four years more.

At the present time there are three men in the company on furlough. They are Cpls. Ashley and Matthieu and Pvt. Hertlein. We hope they are all enjoying their sojourn at home.

2nd Lt. H. B. Cain, Jr., is at present our company commander. This morning we had 2nd Lt. Henry S. Massie join us from the East Coast and we are proud to have him with us.

COMPANY C, FIRST BATTALION

By A. K. Fine

We open this month's literary contributions by proclaiming our return from the rifle range, and the early hours that were kept are now being forgotten in the hubbub made by the wheels of routine which have resumed their normal R.P.M.'s.

Pfc. C. B. Reid has at last returned to us from the hospital and much to our re-

lief, I might add, for we were beginning to fear for the sanity of the medicos, as well as the patients.

Pfc. E. A. Holland has been transferred aboard the USS *Tuscaloosa*, and the signal gang pay their fond respects to him. Not to be outdone before departure, he became a father on us, and forgot all about the cigars.

By the time this article is published, Cpl. J. "E" Cousineau, myself, Pfc. J. C. Brown, M. P. Fenton, and Pvs. E. C. Linville, Willie Lafluer, and P. L. Aleorn will be but memories in the company. Whether we "ship over" or not remains to be seen, but we certainly have some good lasting impressions of C Company which will take us a long way.

Recently joined here are 2nd Lt. M. C. Schultz of Oregon State football fame, and Pvt. W. E. Tubbs. Pvt. E. O. Dyer has a new suit, and Pvt. "Windy" William Potter won't tell why he comes in early of late. Possibly the termination of spring has something to do with it.

My deadline is looming ominously therefore I must snap this off as soon as possible by saying Adios.

D COMPANY NEWS

By Wm. J. Gunst

"Thirty years a team shot and never a five. Honk, honk, and woe, woe." That is what was heard along the firing line at the La Jolla Rifle Range when "Fighting D" was shooting for record. On closer investigation these epithets were found to be issuing from Barbwire Holmes, the champion of all champs. Then, of course, a little farther down the line there was Pvt. Kenny Maulding, very solemnly patting each shell before he put it into his rifle, and saying, "Going to Town, Keed?" Oh, yes, not to forget Pvt. H. I. (Alibi) Davis with his excuse for each shot. One of Davis' alibis in particular is being laughed at in these parts. The said Private made two threes at five hundred rapid, and, when ribbed about it by his coach, very calmly explained, that he had a new bolt in his rifle, and he was



Platoon 14, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. D. S. Staley; Cpl. E. J. Jesson, and Cpl. R. B. Reynolds.

"ascared" that the rifle would blow up, so he pulled his head out of the way when the first two shots went off, so as to make sure that he would not get hurt. My, oh me, the snow is getting thick for this time of year.

Privates Daulton, St. Sure, and Shuster joined this company via the well known furlough transfer route, and are by now permanent cogs in D's fighting machine. Once more D Company rings the bell with the following newly joined: Pvt. John Wagner and Parker Byrd from Sea and Field Music School, San Diego Base, and Pvt. Jesse Golden and Kenny Pawson from the USS *Texas*. Things are really moving around this station of late. A while back there were hardly any changes in our rolls, but now a fellow has to keep on his toes, or he wakes up some morning with a lot of strange faces staring at him.

A recruit at the range gave us a good definition of the word bunkie. In his southern drawl peculiar to recruits, he said that a bunkie is a guy that is easy enough to keep you supplied with cigarettes, stamps, and maybe a beer now and then. We asked him if there was any other definition of the word, and he said that the only other definition that he knew was the past definition of bunkie, and that was "heel."

2nd Lt. James G. Triebel, VMCR, joined this company for temporary duty last month, to get the what-nots of the machine gun. You came to the right place, Lieutenant, glad to have you.

We lost a man this month. We are speaking of Pfc. Piechocki. Piechocki, after six years of honorable service, decided to try his luck on the "Outside." Pa-Choke was just one of those right guys, and we all miss him. We are sure that the whole outfit joins in with us in wishing him happy landings.

Well, that is just about the pay-off for this broadcast, and here we are at the end of the line again, so, until next month, "We'll be a'seein' yuh."

"FLYING CASTLES"

By Meredith H. Baker

Since the last article went to press, the Second Engineers have mostly been concerned with their work in the Camp Kearney Area. The topography sections completed their mapping and survey work. From there the construction crew took over and they, too, have finished with the exception of a few minor odds and ends. Ten buildings were thrown up of which were included mess halls, galleys and storerooms. Field sanitation there is completed, being composed of latrines, plumbing and various seepage pits. One of these pits, 30 feet by 30 feet by 10 feet deep; presented quite a problem as it had to be dug through practically solid rock. Pneumatic drills, two hundred forty pounds of T.N.T. and fifty pounds of dynamite finally completed the pit after several discouraging days.

The construction and boat crews combined to build the extension to the boat-house. This extension provides for a larger work shop. The old workshop was combined with the living quarters. This was welcomed by the boat crews as they had been living under rather cramped conditions.

The General's Barge has just been completely overhauled and together with its new chrome trimmings presents the appearance of a new craft.

The draftsmen drew up plans for a series of handball courts. The plans were approved but as yet no money has been



The Major General Commandant addressing members of the 2nd Battalion, 6th Regiment, which outfit he commanded during the World War.

provided for the construction of these courts. Also the draftsmen are going ahead with plans for installing davits on our docks but are encountering a great many difficulties because of the fact that we are unable to obtain certain necessary materials. Their problem is to devise some other means of doing the same work with the materials at hand. "Think, boys, think!"

THE RED GUIDON

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, 10TH MARINES

By Baldy

HELLO, here we are way out in the proverbial "sticks," and there is not a stick within miles, just dry sun scorched and parched hills and canyons—yea, don't forget the canyons—just ask the telephone and survey gang about that. Yea, you guessed it, we are at "Camp Kearney" for our annual artillery practice—some fun, eh, what! Still we are happy as larks, believe it or not, it's all good clean fun, plenty of sun, fresh air and all that sort of thing—and away from all the temptations, pitfalls, and what have you in and out of San Diego. The food is excellent, you ought to come out and taste it. So we give three cheers to the Mess Officer and the galley force, they are really putting out ding how chow. We have a canteen here with cold ones on ice, so why worry though the day is hot. Permit us fellows to introduce our new Battalion Ex, Major John B. Wilson; we welcome the Major to our midst. Till the guns stop to roar, yours truly.

D BATTERY, 10TH MARINES

By Pfc. Tschetter

Our latest and most non-efficient manufacturer of battery scandal is doing his final story for *THE LEATHERNECK*, due to the fact that said scribe is among the short-timers, only thirty-eight days to do, MAYBE!

Bty. D has been snapping in for Camp Kearney, ever since we came back from the rifle range, with the exception of a few men everybody in the battery knows Camp Kearney, as they have been there several times. Situated as it is, we have Mexico to the south of us, the famous old stamping ground of American tourists and all good Californians.

There is one thing we wanted to run in the last issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, but due to lack of space we had to cut it. We are taking this opportunity to give this man the publicity he has earned. Pvt. Canale to Pfc. Canale; congratulations and thanks for the cigars we did not get. We also know that you are the "Show Me" Kid, otherwise known as "Jimmy"—One of the third section's big things, an athletic star, mystery man, liberty hound, Battery cadence man and star boarder; he is looking for a job, can do most anything and is on the Welcome Committee for Italian Emigrants. He is an afternoon soldier and likes to play barn yard golf. We congratulate you and good luck.

Anyone looking for diversion see Pvt. Bounds and ask him to croon one of his ancient Louisiana lullabies. Or get Ladner to tell you of his experiences in Louisiana when he was sheriff (how he had a man arrested for not keeping his pigs penned up). We also have Pvt. Peksa, the Battery star boarder and lead-

(Continued on page 52)



HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

With the fellows back from Lakehurst things are beginning to run along smoothly once more. The boys seemed glad to be back. So anxious to get back was Pvt. Davis that he left a week earlier than the rest, stopping over in Philadelphia for a few days as a sort of "rest cure" after all the strenuous guard duty and working details.

We were fortunate in getting Lt. Col. Allen H. Turnage as our new Battalion Commander, who at the present time is enjoying a leave of absence. Our new Battalion Operation Officer, Captain Thomas D. Marks, is also on leave. Captain Lionel C. Goudeau has been transferred from B Company and is the Battalion Adjutant and our Company Commander.

Pfc. "Chubby" Grant our company clerk has left on a thirty day furlough transfer to Philadelphia Navy Yard where his charming expressions and witty remarks will undoubtedly brighten up the whole Navy Yard.

The "Riverview Inn" played host to Cpls. McKee and Wells the other night at a spaghetti feed. A certain First Sergeant was very much peeved.

We'll be back again next month we hope.

COMPANY A, FIRST BATTALION

By Loucious L. Bigelow

Monday night May 10 at 11:30 p.m., finds A Company at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, after a sleepless trip of about 200 miles. Everything was running fine until Sergeant Babcock says, "All right, that twelve to four, up top side for chow." Then it was out to the wreck and around and around she goes and where she stops nobody knows, but what happened is that she didn't stop. Then it was out to the hanger to help a blimp up, of which there were many objections. That lasted for five of the longest weeks that A Company has ever participated in. Then it was off to Quantico, of which no one heard any complaints, on the contrary I think Quantico must be the center of attractions.

Duties will be taken over in Quantico now that consist of bayonet practice, drill and out to the range to held em and squeeze em.

Platoon Sergeant Fox, one of A Company's all-around instructors, was transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve after

sixteen years of faithful and well appreciated service. We all hope that they will like him as well as we did.

Company A is very proud to have a man like Sergeant Rogers who won the first bronze medal in the divisional matches for the third leg and distinguished. We hope that he will stay with A Company for a long while and we are sure that he will keep up his superior work.

There is a rumor out that Corporal Rudolph will be married in the near future. Rudolph is a kind of fellow that does surprising things. In Lakehurst he goes to his seabag and out comes a neatly pressed suit, maybe he is a magician, at least we would like to know how he does it. When he gets married I bet he isn't such a magician.

A certain private had better wake up to himself or he will be snuntering around with his head looking like a cue ball. Perhaps some olive oil would help it or maybe he intends to buy himself a toupee like Fred Astaire. What about it, Wisley?

Private Cooley makes 314 on the range and he still can't find out what the trouble is. His old saying is that bullets don't lie, but I bet that he will agree that dice sometimes do. What's the reply, Cooley? "Loo Kout," eh.

Even though it is rather late the boys are arranging a baseball team for the Battalion and from the looks of some of the boys when they come in they must be getting quite a workout.

There's lots of work ahead so until some more gossip arises let us sign off.

COMPANY B, FIRST BATTALION

Our only real news is that so far we are doing ourselves well on the rifle range. So, let me introduce to you some of the outstanding personalities found in the best company in the Marine Corps (best for what?).

We have a new company commander, Captain R. G. Hunt, a new top, 1st-Sgt. Paul Kerns, and a new gunny, Gy-Sgt. Gust Spart.

Pl-Sgt. Goldmeyer has been acting 1st-Sgt. since 1st-Sgt. Infererra took for himself a bride and a furlough, all in one week. Sgt. Schrenk (Schrunk, Schrunk) has been nicknamed Mickey Mouse. I wonder why?

Sgt. Glass, the brainstorm property sergeant, has perfected a combination truck for a trash can, brooms, and foxtails. It lacks only an engine and brakes.

Corporal Ontjes, Corporal Russell and Private First Class Quigley crawled upstairs the other night. Beer is lightning for an old "Opry" star like Ontjes. Cpl. Kuhn, short-timer, mumbles over and over that, "you gotta get around." And Pfc. Beall, who shot 322 on the rifle range, calms his palm with, "I think it will be all right." Corporal Skowran is collecting for a company washing machine. His campaign platform includes three pairs of clean socks every day, for every man. Private Itzin has relinquished his claim to the title of "Chicken" to Private Huggins. Itzin shaves once a month. Huggins doesn't have to shave. Many of our men are newcomers, and haven't developed outstanding personalities.

Corporal Eubanks, our shortest timer in the company right now, has decided after eight years in the Marine Corps that he has enough and is going on the outside for a cruise, but don't feel bad men, because he will come back. We wish you luck, Eubanks and remember I will be with you before long.

This just about winds up the news from the fighting B Company for this time but I will be back soon and give you all the dope on the dopes in B Company. So until then _____

C COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

As we were signing off last month, this organization was all in a flurry getting ready for the trip to Lakehurst, N. J., for a couple of weeks vacation (???). The organization arrived back at the old home-stand today, and what a happy bunch of boys they were to be back home. From all snooping, investigating, etc., it seems as though the two weeks were turned into a longer period. And as far as the vacation part is concerned. It seems like it wasn't as nice as a number of the boys had anticipated. Just feeling in a playful mood today, I asked one of the boys how he liked the vacation. I thought for a minute I was going to take one on the chin.

A number of changes have been made during the past month. We now have as our skipper Captain Earle S. Davis, who joined us from the Marine Corps Schools, here at Quantico. Here's hoping you have a nice tour of duty with your new company, and that you enjoy your tour of duty half as much as we enjoy having you as our new skipper.

Captain Frank P. Pyzick, who was the commanding officer of this organization, returned from Lakehurst today, from a tour of duty at that post as Commanding Officer of D Company. He was also detached today to Headquarters Company, First Bat-

talion, and is preparing to report to the Marine Corps Schools for a period of instruction in the Junior Course. Best of luck from all hands, Captain.

Lieutenant's Wilfrid H. Stiles and Donald C. Merker, joined the company from the Basic School in Philadelphia, on the 8th of June, 1937, and are now in command of the first and second platoons, respectively. Best of luck to you, gentlemen, in your new assignments. We all join in wishing you a pleasant tour of duty with us.

Eighteen brand new Marines have also joined this organization from Parris Island, S. C., during the past month. They are pretty well settled down in their new berths at the present time, and are catching on to the Fleet Marine Force routine.

Well folks guess that will be all for now. So will have to ring down the curtain on another episode of C Company. Will be seeing you again shortly.

D COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Company D wishes to announce that it is again back home at Quantico. For the past six months it seems that we have only used Quantico, Virginia, as a forwarding address. First to Panama, then on to San Diego, San Clemente Island, Long Beach, back to Quantico for two weeks, then to Petersburg, Va., back again to Quantico for another week, then to Lakehurst, N. J.

As you may have read in the previous issue of THE LEATHERNECK, we were ordered to Lakehurst on May 10th for a period of ten days to two weeks duty guard over the wrecked German dirigible *Hindenburg*. However, we were required to remain there for thirty-two days.

No promotions this month but we received some new officers and lost a few officers and men either on temporary duty or a permanent change of station. Second Lieutenants Charles L. Banks, Wade H. Britt, Jr., John H. Masters, Ormond R. Simpson, Richard W. Wallace and Gunnery Sergeant Sidney O. Patterson are now with us, having joined a few days ago from the Basic School in Philadelphia, with the ex-

ception of Gunnery Sergeant Patterson who joined us from the Norfolk Navy Yard. Lt. Stannah, who has been stranded in Panama for the past couple of months awaiting transportation to the USA, finally managed to get back to Quantico and join us upon our return from Lakehurst, only to receive advance orders notifying him that he would shortly be on his way to the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant August Larson, Sergeant Kenneth E. Harker and Corporal Valentine J. Kravitz are away with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team. In the meantime, Lieutenant Joseph L. Dickey, who a short time ago successfully passed his examination for promotion is our company commander.

Gunnery Sergeant Walter Holzworth, who has been on a ninety day furlough has returned to duty, as has Sergeant George Carlson who has been undergoing a course of instruction at the plant of the Sperry-Gyroscopic Company in New York City. Platoon Sergeant Zack T. Handley, however, is still sick in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C., but we hope to have him back with us soon. Corporal Alvin E. Johnson has been transferred to the Rifle Range Detachment at this post. However though we have qualified one hundred per cent of the men firing the rifle during the past two months, we doubt very much if we will be able to keep this record as the writer is scheduled to go on the range tomorrow. In the meantime, we have a million reports, more or less, to rush out, so, we will sign off for now with the best of 73's to all.

HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY

By Clements

The First Battalion, 10th Marines, departed from Quantico, Va., on the morning of 31 May, 1937, and arrived in Parris Island, S. C., the following night very tired, cramped, and fed up with the long, uncomfortable ride. Our Forward Echelon met us at Burton, S. C., upon our disembarkation and there followed the nine-county mile ride to Parris Island. Personal

baggage was unloaded and distributed shortly afterward and at 12 midnight the entire Battalion, thanks to the foresight and untiring effort of the Forward Echelon, were comfortably stowed away in bunks and chasing the will o' the wisp in our dreams.

Marine Corps Schools Officers began conducting fire Monday morning with both A and B Batteries participating, and completed their practice on 10 June, shoving off for Quantico on 11 June.

As a whole the firing practice of the Battalion was considered very successful. Problems were executed in a very creditable manner that spoke highly of the ability and spirit of cooperation between officers and men of this Battalion. Of course, the weather was very hot during the entire encampment but at night pleasant sea breezes made sleeping easy. Mosquitoes and red bugs, sand fleas and horse flies, and it was difficult to distinguish between the mosquitoes and horse flies, made exercise absolutely necessary. Nearly every man in the outfit has mosquito muscles caused from swatting the persistent devils, who long ago discarded their inadequate beaks and substituted bayonets, very effective weapons for close work both in and outside a mosquito net.

Liberty was negligible. Some had fun and others didn't. When sufficient parties warranted, a liberty truck was furnished after chow in the afternoon to Beaufort, S. C., about 10 miles distant. This privilege was not over-exercised. On week-ends liberty trucks went to Ladies' Island Beach, 15 miles, where swimming could be enjoyed. Then, there were a few places, though inconveniently located, where one might drink beer, play nickel pianos, and swing till the small hours with the few members of the fair sex who were available. All will recall, with varying emotions and sensations, the Black Cat, the Ritz, etc. A number of men who live in nearby states went home over week-ends and came back with the old stories of "She said she would wait," or, "I've got 6 months to do and when I'm paid off," etc., but there is little doubt among the majority of us that whatever time there may be left to do, whether 6 months, 6 years, or 26 years, we shall prefer spending it not in Parris Island. Perhaps our dislike is due to our having been visitors and probably should we at some time be stationed in Parris Island we should learn to like it as well as those who like to call it home.

Now for a little dirt. Joe Newland, just plain "Joe" to the boys for so long, acquired a new handle while on the Island. His friends now call him Cap'n Joe and his assistant, the tall boy from 'Bama is Lieutenant Ivy while Smith, it was learned, traveled as "Oiwinn" incognito when off the Island. These strange names will remain unexplained since they originated in the Officers' Mess. On the trip down from Quantico, "Mademoiselle From Armentieres" was taken out of her place of refuge and sung in all the notes by none other than two of well known Sergeants who made singing history at Indiantown last year. Guess Ragland and Dillard, two very ardent ex-Warm Springites, could stand the separation from their feminine admirers no longer than the week-end of 11 June when they took off for Georgia in a rented car and returned the following Monday with a flock of entertaining stories and some pictures showing a bevy of young school teachers peeping out through a frame of peach blossoms! What a combination! Peaches and blossoms! Lowrey was smiled on by the Goddess of Luck and spent a week-end in Savannah with Medin. Lowrey had forty

(Continued on page 57)

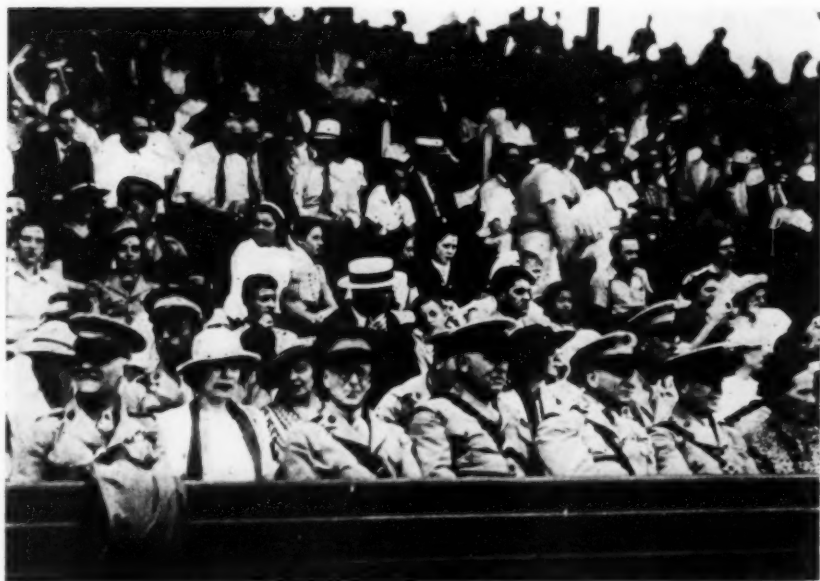
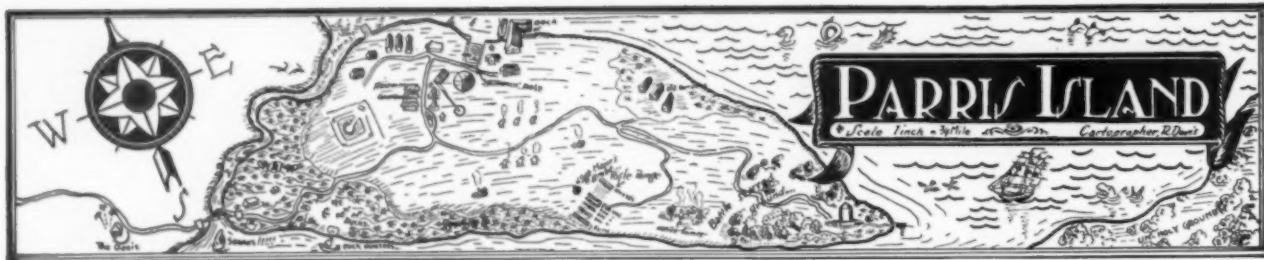


Photo by Dalton

Section of stands at Marine-Firemen Game—Brig. Gen. Williams; Mrs. Williams; Maj. Gen. Breckinridge; Col. Ostermann; Col. Geiger, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Whaley.



ON June 29th, Colonel Jesse F. Dyer departed from this post for his future home at Redondo Beach, California, where he will await orders for his retirement from active service. For the past three years Colonel Dyer has been Commanding Officer, Recruit Depot. Since the departure of General Buttrick, he has been Post Commander.

Lieutenant Colonel Lyle H. Miller is now the Commanding Officer, Recruit Depot, and will be Post Commander until the arrival of Brigadier General Douglas McDougal.

After completing more than seventeen years' service in the Marine Corps, Corporal Stanley I. Ross was transferred to the Reserves on June 30th. Diz has lined up a position with a bank in Philadelphia.

There was quite a bit of activity on this post during the month of June. The First Battalion, Tenth Regiment Marines, under command of Lieutenant Colonel T. E. Bourke, was here for range practice. They arrived during the latter part of May, and departed on June 26th. It is reported that Parris Island is considered an ideal place for artillery practice.

The 19th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserves was here from June 13th to 27th. The headquarters of this battalion is in Augusta, Georgia. It is the only organized Marine Reserve unit in Georgia, and it is the first Reserve unit that has trained at Parris Island. Among the officers of the organization is First Lieutenant Hayden Freeman, formerly a sergeant in active service and an officer of the Guardia Na-

cional of Nicaragua. He was stationed here as a drill instructor in 1925 and 1926. After leaving here, he went to Nicaragua, where he spent several years in the Guard. His home is now in Augusta.

The Inspector-Instructor of this unit is Captain Donald Spicer, U.S.M.C. First Sergeant Robert Wilson is also serving with the Battalion at Augusta. During their period of training at Parris Island, Platoon Sergeant Herman Samples and Corporal Joseph Palencar of the Fifth Marines, Quantico, were here as Assistant Instructors.

The battalion made a very creditable showing in the drills and parades. All the men seemed to be well satisfied with their training and very enthusiastic about their organization. Some of the office workers did not stand up well in the hot sun, but that is to be expected as many a seasoned tropical campaigner drops a decision to old Sol once in a while. It is to their credit that not a man dropped out except those that were forced to return to their home because of sickness of members of their families or for business reasons. During the next year, they expect to organize another company in Augusta. Already they have more applicants than are required to fill out a company, but instead of accepting all that pass the physical examination, they are selecting only those whom they believe to be good material for making Marines.

The personnel of the battalion is composed of men of many different occupations. Among those I met were several students and cadets in a military academy,

a bond salesman, a wholesale merchant, a newspaper editor and a reporter, a plumbing contractor, several railroad men and a school teacher. Private Samuel Moss is the managing editor of the Augusta Herald. Corporal Eugene Grenker is one of his reporters. They both found Parris Island an interesting place, and they expect to print some articles about the post in their newspaper. I have permission to send those articles to THE LEATHERNECK for reprinting. Everyone knows what a regular recruit thinks about Parris Island, and we would like to have a reservist recruit's opinion of the place. None of the boys brought their girl friends down here. They must have seen the moving pictures of Marine Romeos—or maybe they were glad to have the opportunity to prove that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

The non-commissioned officers of the battalion have formed a Non-Commissioned Officers' Club. They were entertained at a dance at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club of Parris Island on June 20th, and on June 23d, they gave a dance and beer party for the non-commissioned and petty officers of the post. The party was considered the best that has been held at the club for many months.

I regret to report the death of Private Peter Chak, who died at the Naval Hospital on May 9, 1937. The death was caused by Cerebrospinal Meningitis that had developed from an infected ear. He had been treated at the hospital for about three weeks prior to his death, during which time he made many friends on the hospital staff.

Early in the period of recruit training, Private Chak had been appointed a squad leader. The platoon instructors considered Chak one of the most promising youngsters that they had trained during the past year. He was well liked by the other recruits, and his death caused great sorrow in Recruit Depot.

There is a great amount of Chevron Polish being used lately. Corporal Fitzhugh Childress jumped two ranks when he was promoted to Supply Sergeant after having been on the eligibility list for five years. Childress is serving in Post Property Office, but expects to be transferred to Coco Solo, Panama, very soon. Sergeant John J. Nagazyna was promoted to Platoon Sergeant. John, who wears enough campaign ribbons and decorations to cover his coat, is a drill instructor at Recruit Depot. Corporals John Carey and Ira D. Carney were promoted to Sergeant. Carey is the Dockmaster at Port Royal, and Carney is in charge of the Receiving Station at Yemassee, South Carolina. Pfc. Roy Lamb of the Island Patrol was promoted to Corporal. Ten men at the Naval Hospital were promoted to various rates during the month of June.

Major H. Benjamin Hoople, the big butter and egg man of the Subsistence Section, tells me that he is going on a long trip soon. He expects to visit Mexico, Algiers, and other points. Those who know



Radio School, Parris Island

the Major say that it will be Mexico, Missouri and Algiers, Louisiana—the other points will be Burton, Beaufort and Yemassee. "Egad," says the Major, "I am going to make that trip alone. I don't want to be bothered with my family, and they wouldn't be able to appreciate a trip like that." And we know just what the Major means when he says that. We hope that he stops at our office when he returns. We like a breeze even if it is a hot one.

Sergeant George H. "The Greek" Simmons has abdicated his throne as Mayor and Police Sergeant at the Rifle Range. He has been transferred to Norfolk for further transfer to Asiatic Stations.

There was an Anniversary Dance at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club on June 12th. This was to celebrate the 17th anniversary of the organization of the club. The guests of honor were Sergeant Major Arthur Lang, Mr. N. C. Farmer and Sergeant Frank Tyree, all charter members of the club. The Post Orchestra, under the direction of Master Technical Sergeant Levis E. Giffin, reached the "tops." In addition to the excellent music furnished by the orchestra, there were several additional numbers by Privates Monaco and Miller of Platoon 8 and Private O'Keefe of Platoon 7. About two hundred members and guests attended.

Paymaster Sergeant Stuart F. B. Woods has been transferred to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty. Corporal John F. Holzer has been assigned to recruiting duty at Chicago.

Recent arrivals on the post include First Sergeants Walter E. Cooke and Elbert E. Cameron, Gunner Sergeants George Cole and Harry Weston, and Corporals William S. Allen, Ortel H. Cross, Bazyl Byra, Abe Marcowski, Edward A. Reuben, Gennaro Ruggiero and Russell Weaver. All have been assigned to duty at Recruit Depot.

FLASHES FROM RADIO SCHOOL

By Tid Bit

POP! There goes the cork out of the bottle and all us "mugs" in Radio School, Parris Island (I call it the "Bastille of the South"), begin to foam over with news that has long been ageing.

Our Sgt. Summerfield (pink cookie-duster and all), decided that we should have our pictures in THE LEATHERNECK, so we ups and had them taken. I believe the results of that escapade will be found elsewhere in this edition of our publication. Our striped uniforms, symbolic of our profession, were in the cleaners, and in order that the picture you may have seen could make this number, we were forced to pose in the regular uniform. However, some of these days we will try to submit for your perusal a photograph taken in stripes, ball and chain, and numbers.

Our warden, Sgt. Summerfield, has recently acquired a sailboat and he has been busy trying to sail this new fangled contraption. Judging from a few eye-witnesses, he has been attempting to start a new fad in sailing circles. He, and one that is as humble as myself could never question his ideas, has proven to us that his boat will stay afloat in rough waters with nothing but the center-board and a small portion of the bottom of the boat visible. He attributes his success to a rough sea, a thirty mile gale, and inexperience in handling the sailboat. Any persons desiring any further information concerning this new mode in sailing, may send all questions to the sergeant in care of the Radio Station here on the island. I'm



PRELIMINARY SIGNAL SCHOOL, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

First row: Sgt. A. J. Summerfield, Cpl. C. Stewart, and Privates First Class R. I. Herron and D. W. Scott, (Instructors). Second row: Privates J. R. Perdue, H. F. Bowers, W. J. Connors, D. R. Schiller, D. B. Saxon. Third row: Privates P. L. Compton, M. Butchko, Jr., R. L. Schwall, R. S. Fuller, E. M. Elkins. Fourth row: Privates K. L. Hargis, M. C. Mayfield, L. C. Cardinal, J. V. Townsend. Fifth row: Privates J. J. Fallon, C. S. Peters, H. G. McBrayer, Jr.

certain that he will be only too glad to answer all questions that you may have in mind.

One of our inmates has been released and he's headed for a new cell in Quantico. This figure, I am certain many of the readers will recognize him, is a famous smoker of O. P.'s. BEWARE! You people in Quantico, and in order that you may more easily spot him, here's a tip. One of his first questions would probably be, "I just got off of the train and I left my smokes in the car. How's about borrowing one of yours 'til I can get some?" Of course, we were sorry to see him go, but—oh, well, let's skip it. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Everything taken into consideration, we have a pretty good time here in the school. Our leisure moments are spent on the tennis courts, handball courts, and in the swimming pool. At this writing, we have a handball tournament on the books, into which nearly all students entered competition. I hope that at the next writing we shall be able to make our champ known, and he will be willing to accept all challenges.

COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

There is a Naval Radio Station operated by Marine Corps personnel at Parris Island. This station was authorized as a landline facility to reduce expenses to the government. A Western Union teletype system which provides twenty-four hour teletype service to the post is located in this station. It is also operated by Marines.

The telephone switchboard is operated by the personnel of the Post Telephone System, who also maintain all telephone lines and equipment on the post. There is a submerged telephone cable from Parris Island to Port Royal, by means of which outside connections are linked with the intra-post lines.

All men serving in the radio station and telephone exchange are quartered in rooms adjoining the stations. They are members of Headquarters Company, Post Troops, as are the instructors and students in the Preliminary Signal School. All dine at the Main Station Mess Hall.

The recent reorganization of the Signal

Troops has provided promotion of many enlisted men who have qualified as telephone and radio operators and technicians. Separate complements are authorized, permitting the appointment of many men to specialists ratings and advancement to non-commissioned rank. Any young man contemplating a career in the Marine Corps will do well to investigate this highly specialized field.

The Communications Section conducts two schools on the post, one for radio instruction and one for telephone instruction. The purposes of these schools are to contact men in the recruit platoons who are considered suitable material for signal training, and to provide preliminary instruction to those who are able to pass the required examinations.

For the purpose of procuring applicants for the radio and telephone schools, each platoon is interviewed by a non-commissioned officer from the Preliminary Signal School, who explains the advantages of the vocational training in radio and telephony, stressing the fact that advancement is more rapid in Signal Troops than in the line.

After the interview, those recruits who are interested in signal duty are examined to determine their basic education and native intelligence. The O'Rourke General Classification Test—Junior Grade, Form C, and Standard Test in Arithmetic—Form B, are used for that purpose. Seventy per cent constitutes a passing grade on both examinations.

Experience is an asset to either radio or telephone men, but it is not a requirement. Experienced men, however, are given preference provided they pass the examinations. Men who are touch typists or amateur radio operators are given preference in radio. Men who have high school education are preferred, but men of unusual intelligence who have completed the eighth grade are acceptable.

At present the authorized strength of the Preliminary Signal School is sixteen students. Four radio and four telephone men are transferred to the First Signal Company, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, on or about the first of each month. Men who are selected for radio or telephony, and who are found to be unsuited for signal duty are dropped from the school and

(Continued on page 50)



WYOMING WISDOM, KIEL, GERMANY

By J. M. Doro

FRIDAY afternoon the fourth day of June, three convoys of motor launches, led by Coast Guard Cutters, deployed on the three ships, USS *New York*, USS *Arkansas*, and USS *Wyoming*. In a few minutes the ships were filled with neatly lashed hammocks, with an assortment of baggage, and with the second and fourth class students of the United States Naval Academy. They took over the entire ship.

Each ship was describing the start of a huge circle as the last of the Midshipmen clambered aboard. With the completion of the three separate circles, and with the *New York*, the Flagship, in the lead, we steamed away. It was the onset of another Midshipmen's Cruise.

We were awakened, the first morning out, by the fog-whistle. That made it real, it was a Midshipmen's Cruise from the start. The stormy Atlantic behaved during the sixteen days at sea. With the exception of a few foggy nights off the coast of England the crossing was uneventful.

From the warm days at Annapolis we eased into cool weather, within the week Blues had become the uniform of the day. At times it was actually cold, those times were especially noticeable at reveille. Our new Executive Officer believes in physical drill each morning. He also, when the Morning Orders call for all hands at quarters, means All Hands at Quarters. We were in excellent condition at our arrival in Kiel.

During that first week at sea Scuttle Butt oozed through the ship. The Spanish problems, according to rumor, had us going to all parts of the globe. But before we saw land the official information disclosed changes in the sailing schedule. The Mediterranean trip was cancelled. Instead we are to visit Funchal, Madeira, and Torquay, England.

We have some harmonica players who daily developed harmony. Four of them can start and finish, together, the Marine Corps Hymn. In the absence of radio reception a disjointed bit of old folk song coming from under a blower and mingled with strains, or nearly so, of some recent popular composition, that came from behind a cable spool, tended to keep us from too much retrospection.

Friday, eighteen June, was the first day in fifteen that we could see land on either side of the ship. Besides being in the middle of a Field Day, we were also in the middle of the English Channel. We anchored at the mouth of the Elbe River the following evening. When Heliogoland, the German owned Gibraltar of the North Sea,

came into view off the port bow, we started making plans for our liberty sessions in Kiel. We did not take into consideration the rain clouds that remained in the vicinity those first few days. They gave us frequent reminders, but we did make part of a bicycle tour.

Four of us, Chesnausky, Corbett, Jones, and I, spent three days in Germany. For three evenings we were the center of attraction at a little hotel in the summer resort city of Plön, Germany. For three days we explored woodland trails leading from tree-lined, cobblestone, highways.

We arrived at Plön, between showers, on the evening train. It was the train that carried many of the working people to their homes. The little lake side villages are the suburban homes of many who have establishments, or are employed, in Kiel.

We were fortunate in catching that long evening train. That string of cushionless cars carried several people who could "speak a little English." A good Marine needs only that he be understood to gain information. Before we had arrived at Plön we were half decided to remain there. The beds, at the hotel we were counseled to patronize, decided for us where we would spend the next night. The rooms, neat, clean, and modern, were the best. We had hot and cold running water, and a view of the Grosser Plöner See (Great Plön Lake) from the windows, and food that cannot be surpassed. Along with the physical comforts there were bestowed upon us admiring gazes of the, of the people, which naturally pleased our vain natures. It was too much to leave, we chartered the rooms for the three days.

The proprietor, a hearty, laughing, bald-headed old fellow, needs only the whiskers to fill the role of a Santa Claus. We were given every attention. Our rooms would be meticulously cleaned, and our belongings were never touched.

The first morning was perfect. We—the others did the same as I, or so they said—awakened to the tune of raindrops pelting the wide windows. I contentedly gazed at the water streaked windows, then across the way I saw sail boats bobbing and tugging at their mooring lines on the storm tossed lake, and in the foreground people hurried along the catch the morning train. After a long lingering glance I indolently tucked the feather stuffed covering around me, re-adjusted the big soft pillow, turned on my side to dream some more of a world from which reveilles and boatswain's mates had been purged.

The afternoon was clear and fair. We saw the town and immediate surroundings. All the next day was spent cycling through

the region known as HÖSTEINISCHE SCHWEIZ, the Switzerland of Northern Germany. It is a land filled with forests, great forests of majestic smooth-bark beech trees that stretch high into the air, and mingle their branches as if in perfect understanding with each other. We followed narrow trails in silence. The great trees made us forget to look ahead, we would unexpectedly come upon little lakes; little, deep, blue, or green, clear-water lakes, with a purple tinged haze noticeable in the short distance to the opposite shore. The placid water reflected the magnificent trees.

Plön, an ancient stronghold of the Slavs in the days of Charlemagne, is surrounded with lakes. The great castle overlooking the Grosser Plöner See was for centuries the residence of the Dukes of Holstein. The old, solid structures now echo to the songs of the Hitler Youth, to the tread and stamp of tiny marching feet. Just beyond the castle sets the Prinzenhaus, the abode of the sons of the emperor during their school days. During those years the Castle was used as a school for Army Cadets. A short distance from the Prinzenhaus we came into a path, perfectly straight for perhaps four hundred yards, lined with trees that are more than two centuries old, two straight rows of great trunked, giant old beech trees, growing close to one another, forming an archway of leaves that darkens the path even in bright sunlight. But I am almost quoting from the guide book.

On bicycles we spent all of one day covering about seventy kilometers of winding roads and narrow woodland trails. A picnic dinner, on a log, with the Keller See at our feet, was really enjoyed. No dinner could taste better. Of course, in the evening, we had social obligations to fill. As good Americans we felt it our duty to leave a good impression. Corbett gained the name Mr. Jahvol, and for all of us the evenings passed quickly.

The German girls are free from the lavish use of cosmetics. They are splendid examples of health, and all of them are fair, but they speak little other than German, that is to say, most of them. Many of the German men, it appears, enjoy the feel of hair clippers high up the back of the head. A little fringe remains at the top, and that is not much more than an inch in length. If the union of Bald-Headed Men in America ever need recruits, I know where they could get some prospective members.

All our men came from their trips ashore with high praise for the kindness and the graciousness of the German people. Their dinners, at which many of us were guests, are alone worth a trip to Germany.

Several of the Detachment made tours to Hamburg and to Berlin. All returned with the same story, they had a grand time wherever they went. First Sergeant Wilke has friends in Germany, from the manner in

which these people crowded around him, the number has greatly increased. Gunnery Sergeant Martin spent a few days at Hamburg. His enlistment expired the day we arrived in Kiel, he re-enlisted the next day, but now he wishes he could have enjoyed even more of German hospitality. For all of us it has been the same, despite linguistic difficulties for most of us, we shall remember the German laughter and song along with the excellent beer they serve.

TUSCALOOSA RAMBLINGS

By Ray

The following list of articles have been missing since the transfer of nine men from the Detachment: 1 scrub brush, 1 bar salt water soap, 1 roll of "important" paper, and 1 hair ribbon complete with a roseate. Now the names of the men transferred are: Sgt. Funk, Cpls. Burton, Hallahan, Hubbard, and Scott, Pfs. McLane, and Misiorek, and Pfts. Pittenger and Whalen. Which of these men is guilty of this "atrocious crime?"

Since the above men were transferred we received in replacement Cpls. Colwell and Jaroszewski, Pfc. Holland, and Pfts. Adams, Dudley, Dufour, Dunning, Porter, Varnado, and Witt. Although we have his relief on board, "Soapsuds" Hanley, Pfc., has not been transferred. New ratings were granted as follows: Cpl. Elliott to Sergeant; Pfs. Bell, Azud, and Essko to Cpls.; and Pfts. Anderson, Paterson, Doane, and Ray to Pfs.

Who said the Marine Corps is not an institution of learning? "Max" Davis has been in the Corps only nine months, and last week he learned to sign the Payroll. Well they say you are a recruit until you have had twenty-nine years in the service.

Maybe it is because we are here at the Bremerton Navy Yard, and the boys are anxious to get to Portland to the big parade that is causing them to have nightmares. The other night Sgt. Elliott was planning something in his sleep, and a few nights before that Pfc. Doane woke the whole Detachment with his despairing cries. Poor boys, a trip to Speck's would fix all that.

"Virginia" Ison, the old southern gentleman, had two perfectly good nails on his big toes two weeks ago, but he lost one on the beach while chasing "rainbows." Well, maybe it wasn't rainbows, but it had something to do with curves. Talking of the beach reminds me of our latest "liberty hound." Boys, something has simply got to be done with Porkey Hodge; he goes on liberty quite frequently (every month) and spends a whole dollar every time. You had better stop and think of the mortgage on the old farm, Porkey.

"Turn in your bunks, keep silence about the decks, the smoking lamp is out" for Reveille is at 0300 for all hands tomorrow morning; we are getting out of this dry dock.

PICAYUNE TIMES

U.S.S. New Orleans

By C. J. Bailey

"Away Marine Race Boat Crew," that was the word that started it all. Sad but true, the fact still remains that since way back when there has been no race boat crew in existence. So picture, if you can, the confusion that ran as the crew was picked. Half of the "Guard of the Day" was told to swap your rifle for an oar. In said fashion our dauntless crew set out to conquer all. Egged on by our trusty coxswain, as he shouted "Keep your paddles in the water, men," strange to say, we did manage to

sweep across the finish line in third place by a wide margin, or did we forget to mention that there were only two other contestants? We offer no excuses for this, but we will venture to bet that of any race boat crew that ever raced, we were the best equipped. Consider, one anchor (no wise cracks), one water cask, one hard tack box, plus innumerable life preservers. Me thinks the "Exec" meant it when he said, "Whatever you do, finish." 'Nough said. The next time will be different.

The landing force turned out to be a dancing sensation. Fred and Ginger had nothing on us that day as the band played swing versions of the latest marches. Did you ever try to "truck" squads right? Something the movies have overlooked. To get down to more personal items: Orchids, or should we say chevrons to Pfc. Bailey for his promotion to Corporal; to Pvt. Howard, Jensen, and Fiasconaro for their promotion to Private First Class. Good luck, and may all of your pass out the cigars again before long. Among recent transfers to "Shore Side," Lt. E. A. Law to Base Defense Weapons School at Quantico, Va.; Sergeant LeRoy Craig, Corporal Woodrow



First Sgt. C. Wilck—U.S.S. Wyoming

W. Finch, and Pfc. Duncan W. Barnes to Mare Island, Calif. In their stead, Lt. Lindley M. Ryan has assumed temporary command in Captain Maxwell's absence. Sergeants Thomas and Itie from FMF, San Diego, Calif. Welcome aboard and may your cruise with us be a happy one. Also we have one of those feuds upon us. Pvt. Boswell, who reported aboard for duty recently, has a brother in "N" Division. This should give forth some interesting news in the future. FLASH: P&E are considering selling a block of their special Pasadena stock to Cpl. Ptaszek and Pfc. Holmes out of sympathy to their pocket-books. Do I hear wedding bells or is it just a "Dummy Run?" Our never failing source of news, "The Flying Corporal," was heard the other day (loudly as usual) complaining that he had also said yes once too hastily and how much he regretted it.

So with this parting salvo, adios, and if I live through till the next issue, I'll be seeing you. Away Liberty Party.

Craig, I ain't saying nothing.

THE QUINCY LANCERS

By Wake

Seattle, Washington:

More than a year has elapsed since that sunny day in June, when the two officers and forty-one enlisted men that formed the Marine Detachment filed up the port gangway of the then new USS Quincy. Many interesting, even exciting scenes have unfolded before the eyes of this group of sea-soldiers while doing duty aboard the "Clipper Ship" as she is rightly called. There have been a few changes in the personnel, and so we take this opportunity to call the roll in order to give you a chance to see where your old buddies are doing duty.

First of all is our commanding officer, Capt. J. C. McQueen, who organized the detachment in Norfolk in March of '36. At present our skipper is aboard the Portland, attending the gunnery school and getting some valuable "dope" that will help us in our coming short range battle practice. Second Lt. C. W. Wight, who is temporarily in command, replaced Mr. Fields when the latter was transferred to Quantico. Judging from opinion Mr. Wight has taken up the reins remarkably well and should be successful as a battery officer as well as a detachment officer.

No doubt Marines in many stations know our experienced "top," First Sergeant Curcey and the "gunny," Gunnery Sergeant Emory Anderson. Pearl Harbor Marines, please note: It is now "Sarge" Hadusek, because the two-gun, rootin', tootin', shootin', police sergeant is now wearing three chevrons instead of two. Sgt. Wood is still telling us about the "Salty" and how the "old" navy was run.

Corporal Johnson is still waving a baton and saxophone in the orchestra, not, however, both at the same time. Extra: the famous "Don Carlos," former columnist, music lover, bridge expert, *bon vivant*, connoisseur of French wines, etc., etc., has now advanced another notch in his career. His mail is now addressed Corporal Karl Freidrich Krollman. Besides donning the red trouser stripe and corresponding chevrons, he has taken on his shoulders the added responsibility of an Assistant Navy Mail Clerk. All hands award him congratulations. Cpl. Latimer, now in charge of the first squad, still insists that Shanghai is tops and Cpl. Russo agrees with him. Cpl. Silverman continues to hold up the prestige of the port siders.

Frank Bartuck and George Johns (Iona Island and Shanghai) have both become Privates First Class and have been patted on the back for it. George Chiha now has the job he has been looking for, every night in the hay and plenty of sleep in between. More Pfs are Joe Ferguson, ex-"Texas;" R. K. Funderburk, our genial gun-striker; Jim Herbert, who says that from now on he will divide his Marine Corps time between Shanghai and Portsmouth (N. H.); R. A. McKenzie, Joe P. Taylor, D. E. Wakefield, Wilson R. Walker, and the Quantico Kid, Bob Westphal, and of course, Iowa's delegate Wilbur Willert.

Next comes our Asst. Ck, William Roy Anderson, Junior; Dmr. 1cl W. R. Roberts, whose trombone solo thrills the crowds; Pfts. Amacker, Bryson (ex-army, ex-navy), Dillard, the bookkeeper; Al Gudgeon, Ray Guy, Gordon Heim (Melrose), Hendrickson and a newcomer, Howells, who joined us from San Diego's Sea School, where he was obviously not taught the special orders for the Mail-Buoy Watch. Then comes "Ski" Kopeczynski, McCauley (ex-army), MacMillan, Simpson, "A" "D" Tabor, "J" "D"



Wyoming Marines cycling through Germany

Turner (the Gimp), Private Walton of Points South; Lewis Wilkinson, a former Norfolk Navy Yard gent and Dmr. Walker completes the list with the exception of Pvt. Gene Kleiderer, who looks like a younger edition of Alan Mowbray the screen actor.

In another week or so the Detachment will be taken to Fort Lewis for Annual S.A. T.P. and it is fervently hoped that good weather will be plentiful. In the last few days there have been quite a few stiff arms from the short periods of snapping in which we have had. After working this out aboard ship we should be ready to step right up to the firing line when the time comes and nail up some good scores. Later on this summer we hope to do some accurate firing at S.R. B.P. with the 5" A.A. guns. The *Quincy* has all the newest equipment and there is no reason for not capturing the elusive "E."

Since arriving at San Pedro this detachment has been busy with gun drill, landing force drill with packs, and liberty. Many of us had never seen Los Angeles before and the weekends were taken up with jaunts to L.A., Hollywood, and surrounding districts.

Leaving San Pedro on June 28th and in company with about ten other cruisers the *Quincy* sailed north to the coast of Washington where the others separated to spend Independence Day at several anchorages scattered along the coast and sound. The *Quincy* continued up the sound to Seattle, Wash., in order to participate in the 4th of July parade. The 15th of July will see us on the way to Portland, Ore., and on the 31st it's "Anchors Aweigh" for San Francisco where the whole fleet will converge.

Sports. Quite a few of the men are taking part in athletics. Dmr. 1cl. Roberts is an outfielder of ability on the ship's team, Gudgeon and Kleiderer helped the wrestling team along. Bartuek, Gudgeon and Wakefield are pulling oars in the whale-boat crew, which by the way, looks very good in practice and is quite confident that more than one race will be won by them in the coming season. At present there are two races on schedule, one in Seattle and one in Portland.

So, until September rolls around, we'll be seen 'you.

NEW MEXICO SALVOS

USS *New Mexico*

By Stanley J. Bozoski

At this time the *New Mexico* is at anchor in the Harbor of San Francisco. The current is so swift when the tide changes that

one is often mistaken when he exclaims that we are underway.

Since our last appearance, detachment commanders have been relieved. Captain W. W. Wensinger was detached in June and his new duties will be in the office of the Judge Advocate General at Washington, D. C. Captain C. G. Stevens is at this time in command of the detachment. 2nd Lt. J. C. Miller, Jr., completed his tour of sea-duty and is at this time with the FMF at San Diego. I will say for myself and the rest of the men that it was a pleasure to serve with these officers and hope they find their new posts as interesting and full of happiness as they have made their tour with us that way.

All hands are going down the gangway at this visit in San Francisco. The place of interest seems to be in Oakland. At a dance the other night the WONDER-SHIP Marines were well represented and they were (as we might guess) "Clark" Holland and "Freddy" Wolcott, ye scribe, was there but not on the same mission as these "Rugged" chaps were.

On the 6th we weight anchor and point our bow north, for summer maneuvers. The old "New-Mex" has had so much time in the Puget Sound area this year that I'm afraid in a few months we will have pine trees growing on the quarterdeck.

Pvt. (Field Searf) Ferris was promoted to Private First Class in June, also our "high-seas man" Offenbacher. Changes in the galley have occurred with Miele going to Mare Island. Goode is now Field-Cook and Leger Ass't-Cook.

The "Love-Bug" has been doing a great deal of biting in the Detachment and I have spent many liberties appraising diamonds and making all the arrangements necessary for the stretch down the aisle. Now the question, who will be next?? My guess is as good as yours—Fackett? White? Well I believe we can even mention Edgington and Wolcott.

The detachment received four NCO's from San Diego of the best material and fiber:—Sgts. Taylor and Wood, Cols. Turner and Alford. They are all squared away now with the exception of "Breezy" Turner, who has a difficult time getting all the coffee he can drink about four a.m.

About this time next month we will be adventuring in the city of Tacoma, Wash. I hear that liberty is O.K. so if we miss the roll call, please keep our name on the Roster just the same.

AT 'EM ARIZONA

USS *Arizona*

By J. M. Glass

What could be more startling or disrupting to our serenity than having "Battling" Sistruck launch an attack on Cpl. ("Ex-Champ") Perry which called for an exhibition of defense that had to be good to prevent complete annihilation? And how did Cpl. Smith get that "poifect" four stitch opening in his "haid" if someone didn't take him up on one of his "Let's go have something to eat—I'm thirsty" statements? More perplexing is how Pfc. Johnson can do so much trucking in the better Bremerton tripping spots without the aid or the knowledge of any of the contortions, or even a bottle of "bubbly" to bolster the very evident lackabilities. Now hear ye! This type of dope is not panning—news is news only when it is unbiased fact.

Our captain and our first lieutenant have gone south to Gunnery School, but 2nd Lieutenant Scott has kept things running smoothly. The detachment will be in great shape and "champing at the bit" to apply the extra plus we are certain Captain True and Lieutenant Miller will bring us for the approaching gunnery season. Here's to all "E's" this year.

Last month, quite a number of Reservists came aboard to find out the "for better or worse" about a battle wagon. Some of the "higher class snowder-underers" spent an hour confirming any illusions they might have had about our million dollar home. And 'twas heard that some of the chosen guides expressed a desire to be in Cpl. Parker's party and learn things themselves. From reports his party did learn things—things like our 5" practice projectiles being full of TNT and etc. At any rate if the Marine Corps enlistment percentage suddenly takes a jump you give credit where credit is due.

Lieutenant Scott took the detachment up to the Marine Barracks at the Yard one Saturday morning for drill, while the Reservists from this district went through a formal guard mount. As the story goes, a messenger was sent down requesting our detachment to perform for the benefit of the Reserves. If I do say so, we looked very neat and the execution of our movements were snappy and exact—which goes to show you that Close Order Drill, done correctly, is in demand. Watch out, you present holders of the Vanderbilt Cup. With this bit of a warning, the moving finger drops the pen and grabs a welder's torch. Farewell.

CRACK CRUISER CHRONICLE

USS *Chicago*

By R. W. Brown

'Tis a shame that we missed our usual contribution to these here now pages last month, but the fact is that your erstwhile reporter and commentator, Pfc. Jack A. Smith, was transferred to the Marine Barracks at Mare Island, and the shock of his leaving was too great for most of the boys. With him went Cpl. Kenneth W. Kennedy with his stale stories to annoy the poor inmates at Mare Island.

The most important change in personnel of the month was the detachment of Captain L. R. Kline to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and Second Lieutenant Charles S. Todd to San Diego. The Guard extends best wishes and a pleasant cruise to both these fine officers and we hope to have the opportunity to serve with either again.

In their stead we welcome aboard Captain J. S. Cook, Jr., from Quantico, and Second Lieutenant Arthur B. Barrows, from the Basie School.

The column this month seems to be dedi-

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ated to joinings and transfers, after waiting so long for replacements. We also say adieu to Cpl. "Mary" Howell who is gold bricking at the Rifle Range in San Diego. In the same breath we welcome aboard Privates Lawrence; McClanahan; Kalavsky—(from FMF—not a boot!); Alderson; Brabe and Fitch; all on the 21st of May; and later Platoon Sgt. Crapser and Pfc. Berry Phillips from the FMF. June 15th saw the departure of that veteran sea "Hag" Cpl. L. C. Smith, to Mare Island (Singing the blues for Bremerton). And to wind up the A and I 312 this column is turning into, we welcome aboard Privates Oldham, O'Donnell and Robinson, from Sea school, San Diego. And those are all the new faces.

It will interest those who have left the best ship in the fleet to learn that Private Ralph W. Boyer, Jr., passed the exams at the Naval Academy Prep Class and is at the moment you read this, well established as a "middie." Congrats, Mr. Boyer.

Now that we have written the gossip so necessary to have this mag live up to its purpose (i.e. keep track of your buddies through THE LEATHERNECK we will give you the lowdown on what to expect for the next few months. By the time this article is read, we will have completed taking over Bellingham, Washington; Seward and Juneau, Alaska; Portland, Oregon, and good ole 'Frisco and in the next issue you will read of the wild, romantic, terrible, wonderful, fantastic and ea-lowsy time the various Romeos et al., had on the summer cruise. AND (we hope) how guns 1 and 3 earned those white E's painted so, shall we say, tritely, on their gleaming frames. And so, friends, we leave you with an everready countersign—"Eyes on the Chicago!"

YORKTOWN HI-LITES U.S.S. Yorktown By Shank

The fifteenth of July has come and gone and here we be, still stranded in the Norfolk Navy Yard, a sea going detachment doing land lubber's duties. The commissioning of the Yorktown has again been put over to another date. This time to August 15; but what do we care, it all counts on twenty.

Since last month Pvt. R. R. Mitchell has joined the detachment and I take this opportunity to welcome him and sincerely wish he enjoys his tour of duty.

Other than standing watches and police
(Continued on page 51)



PENSACOLA SOUNDINGS

"By George"

The past month has seen many activities. Firing the range, .30's, B.A.R.s and Browning Machine gun, the boys have rolled up some fine scores, with about fifty per cent getting in the "Bucks." Cpl. Harris was high with a 336 for .30 caliber honors, while Pvt. A. L. Wright came in with a 559 for high Browning scorer.

Baseball season opened with the Marines organizing for the first time in three years. Due to a late start we have been in poor form and dropped seven games out of eleven. However we aren't discouraged, and with a little practice expect to perform in the future with a better degree of efficiency. The infield looks like a "Million" when you see Tom Brown and "Nig" Farris doing their bit at short and second sack and Chet Howerton in the ump's box. Roy Bley, our pitcher from the wing sqd, does a respectable job of flinging, having had the tough luck of fanning eleven batters in ten frames, then losing 2 to 1. Pfc. Stewart and Wright do the back stopping. McKnight, the Cpl. from down Panama way, does a neat job at first base. "Eagle" (we call him that cause his beak is so big) Smyth, assisted by Fowler and Colvin, clean up in the bushes.

Those who don't play ball or tennis always have plenty of fishing tackle and a boat at their disposal. Henry Jenn, Frank Martin, Jack Lawhon and Lacy are competitors for the title of "Kingfish."

1st Sgt. Russell E. Nall is enjoying a three months' furlough in the "Hills of Old Kentucky," after saying "I Do" for another four years. Best wishes! Sgt. John W. Jamison is holding down the front office during the Top's absence.

Plat. Sgt. Ferguson has returned from furlough, also Pfc's Beck, Driver, Ryals and Dmr. John Gilbert. Pfc. "Annie" Anastasio was discharged June 26. "Annie" was post librarian and played first base for

the Station Ball Club. We wish him a big success.

Pfc. Colvin joined here from the Wyoming. Pvt. Barrett Brannon and Waller are on a visit with us. We extend them a welcome and hope their tour of duty here will be a pleasure. While the above joined, Bill Bailey and George Elliot were transferred to FMF at Quantico. Pvt. K. L. (Big) Smith went to the Maryland to be with his brother.

We congratulate Sup. Sgt. Carlson upon his promotion to QM. Sgt. and Pfc. Ivan (Chief) Shoemaker to Cpl. Chief at present is bartender at the PX, and a jolly good one.

PM. Sgt. Pilitch, went to Alexandria, La., to pay the Reserves. Duke said he enjoyed going very much but was glad to get back to Pensacola and Mess Sgt. Goodwin's beans. Who wouldn't? The Sgt. has been liberal with the food we get and we appreciate having him. All hands join in a rousing cheer in his honor for the excellent July 4th spread, and don't forget those chefs Jack Lawhon and Charlie Shy.

'Tis rumored that the QM Dept. will issue Rat Poison soon due to a report making the rounds that Mess Sgt. Goodwin and Ch. Cook Brown had their toe nails eaten off by the "fearless fellows" while they slept. I think you got something there. Eh, what?

SANDS STREET SOUNDINGS

By S. M. & L.

The first Saturday in June saw the ending of the Social Season for the "Broadway Marines." A well attended dance, held in the Navy Yard, was the climax of a truly successful season. A good orchestra, a smooth floor, plenty of pretty femmes, refreshments, and pay day, all were contributing factors.

A soft ball league has been formed among the squadrooms and some real snappy games are being played. At present "E" room



Marine Detachment, USS Chicago



Photo by Taser

Two of the successful candidates receiving congratulations from their friends. They are now 2nd Lieutenants Hatch and Harris.

leads the field, and the wise boys are putting their money on "E" room to finish at the top.

Lt. Mahoney has been seen looking over a catalogue containing an assortment of deep sea fishing equipment. "Tropical Bound!"

The Post Recreation Officer, Major Schubert, with the aid of the Post Quartermaster and the Post Exchange has arranged a series of beach parties for the members of this command. They are held at Valley Stream State Park, and a better fresh water "swimmin' hole" would be hard to find within a hundred miles of Manhattan. So, with the refreshments furnished by the Post Exchange and St-Sgt. Lamusga, there's nothing left to be desired (That is providing the weather man co-operates).

Magee, that erstwhile assistant to the police sergeant, is becoming quite a sheik. Phone calls 'n everything. Central Park is a nice place in the cool of the evening, isn't it Magee?

Field Cook Barker is back in the galley after a month in the hospital. Asst. Cook Conrod is married, methinks he'd like some lessons in cooking and finally figured out a way to get them, or is it that the way to a lady's heart is in knowing how to burn beans?

Fort was snowed so completely the other morning by the stories passed around at the breakfast table that he got up from the table in a fog, picked up his dishes and carried them out of the mess hall with him. He was half way to "C" room before he found out just what it was he had in his hands. His face was red.

Famous Sands Street Don'ts

Wallace—"Don't bring back a dirty swab."

Magee—"Don't say such things."

Staley—"Don't go holdin' an empty glass."

Peacock—"Don't ya think ya got somethin' there?"

Calvert—"Don't forget the deposit, Staley."

Haakenstad—"Don't bother me, I'm busy."

Shoemake—"Don't ask for something we haven't got."

Szalkevitz—"Don't forget what I told ya now."

Sabol—"Don't tempt me like that."

Vrana—"Don't forget me!"

Scanlon—"Don't look now but—"

Hyland—"Don't I do all the work around here?"

Schmid and Petrelli are looking forward to joining the ranks of New York's "smoke eaters" when they get paid off. You just can't keep those boys away from brass buttons and brightwork.

The last Saturday in June was a gala day for the Post Quartermaster's gang. They held a beach party and picnic. As a beach party it wasn't so hot, the water was too cold, but as a picnic, it turned out swell. Hot dogs, sauerkraut, sandwiches, and p-l-e-n-t-y beer helped things along.

The following standings of our soft ball league might interest some of the men who were transferred since the season started:

Won Lost Per cent				
"E" Room	6	0	1000	(Special duty men.)
"C" Room	3	2	.600	
"A" Room	2	4	.333	
"B" Room	0	5	.000	

Tall tales are told about certain members of the last few range details. They would come under the heading of news, but we'll spare their feelings this time (Don't let it happen again, though, youse guys).

Sgt. Batson has been transferred to Marine Barracks, NAD, Balboa, C. Z., to take over the Post Exchange down there. The boys all wish him luck and caution him to be careful, 'cause "things aint like they was in Brooklyn" and watch out for those brown eyed senoritas too!

COVERING THE WATER FRONT

New London, Conn.

By Snuffy

"Colossal" news comes from the Old "Thames," for ye writer has seen and heard much since his arrival.

Our compliments to Lieutenant Holmes who is substituting for our commanding officer, Capt. Reese Skinner, who is on a sixty-day leave. All good men return sooner or later so soon we'll seem him smiling and telling of the "unusual weather" of California. Lieutenant Chambers, a new arrival, is our range officer and we hope our qualifications are high, for his sake as well as ours.

With Pratt and Whitney Corporation as our host we motored to Hartford for the game between the corporation's nine and the Quantico Marines. Quantico won the well-played game 4-2. The "Devil Dogs" were entertained that evening and all enjoyed themselves.

What attraction in Westerly keeps "Dutch" and "Pete" running there every night? Soon they will be hauling groceries, or am I wrong? Deisroth, since the Love Bug's arrival, can't seem to decide about going to Panama. Duke, the accent from Cambridge, fooled the crowd 'til the foul stogy proved he did not come from Harvard.

Hollywood came to the Sub Base, and the mob scene in which the Marines took part was executed so well a retake was not necessary. The local "debs" also faced the camera—they weren't so bad, humm! Pat O'Brien is the leading man of this picture which will be released in the near future.

Mess Sgt. Flatt is the last word in cooking, but we hope we will not have to live off the country during the range period. Cpl. Smelgen wonders why he has to catch a watch every time he plans to canvass the town. Cheer up, "Spud," your best years are before you. Why is Fitzgibbons practising pool late at nights? Does he seek revenge? The company first sergeant might get some new tips from "Fitz" but ye writer beat the "Night Owl" once; so, future champs, stand by.

"High-Diving, Wonder Boy" Sampson, who thrills the fair sex of Ocean Beach, is suing the Yacht Club, whose speed boats take passengers out near his place of exhibition—spoiling his show.

The baseball team made a good showing against the local teams even though this is the first year without Navy aid. 1st Sgt. Clarke deserves credit for his fine work as coach. Do not overlook the pitching of Ghaladuecis and Bernisky. "Galahad" is a strike king and "Ski" is a make-em pop-up master.

Pvt. Mate and "Assistant" Pvt. Whittle set the cool ones out in the PX. Service with a smile! Ex-Mess Sgt. Socco is doing a good job flinging the foam in a New London Tavern. That's the spirit, Socco.

The Thames flows down to the sea.

RECEIVING SHIP

Navy Yard—New York

By "Tony"

Back on wallabout beach among the quip dispensers and toothpick chewers, after two weeks of home on the range (Ah, Wilderness!) at Cape May, N. J.—the "Land of the Squeeze," saying nothing of the fog and rain.

Our morning routine was reincarnated by a mere blast from Sgt. Muscles' waker-upper at 5:30 daily which was responded by groans and sock fumbling from the shooters. It was really great to inhale that hasty snatch of fresh air—without a little coal dust mixed in; a mad sprint to the wash room, cleaned our rifles and blackened

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sights (for those who brought rifles) before that reviving spot of morning "Joe" and "Sunnysides" (maybe, hegs!). My tablemate hoisted his hand gently for seconds one bright morning, as any growing Marine will do—the mess cook called the Cpl. of the Guard (probably a case not covered by instructions).

Pfe. Shynkarek is doing an expert job of coaching on the range. "Lightning" Fredrick is the beach "scrutinizer," and "Charlie the Greek" Leonard is the look-out gazer during the firing (has his own wigwag). This is probably away from the point, but out of our last batch we find two experts, two sharpshooters and a high marksman out of fire. How's that for squeeze 'em

Cpl. H. Guice, R. A. Baker, R. Dailey, have bid us farewell—they are followed by Pfe. Peterman, Privates Brock, A., Brock, S., Doherty, and Richard Barron. Best of luck to all of you on the outside.

FITE HIGH LITES: No brass bands were played, no exotic dances were seen, no long distance calls were made and no cabs came within two blocks of the old bastille on the nite of the Louis-Braddock fight. My hunch for the unusual interruption is just this, listen! Leads directly to the clam-bake in Chicago on June 22; the "Mad Russian" Mirachver staked his earnings (\$20.80 a day—once a month); hocked his "blue shirt" and his garlic shoppe and went out with the cinderella man in the 8th—Steff assisted him in the fade out.

Welcome, Cpl. Wendolowski and Pmts. Lambert and Bond to the Receiving Ship—Wendolowski hails from R. I. War College, in the land of debutantes and beach combers, Lambert from Fort Mifflin in the Constitution City, Bond from Quantico. May you have a very pleasant stay with us.

In regards to the new Warner Bros. flicker on Broadway entitled the "Singing Marine," it's jammed full of adventure, romance and comedy—a sure hit, says the N. C. O. table critics—The veterans should know—Orchids to the "Singing Marine."

SPLASHES FROM THE WALL-ABOUT: Cpl. Mangum, Privates David Land and Nolan J. tripping along the "Bored Walk" in Atlantic City via a flower show at one of the cities leading hotels (what! no souvenirs, Thornweed!). Prof. Binsey recommends a "Hem" sandwich after each cruise through the Park (Can't take THAT away from HIM)—Cpl. Snyder and "Ole Sol" have something in common—they both rise in the east—only it's East 23rd Street with the former. Walkewicz receives the full-value of each street car token (just rides and rides).

FOR THE TROOPS' INFORMATION: Pfe. Clyde "Sen Bag" Rudd hasn't been transferred and please don't be frightened if you do accidentally run into him for he's doing temporary duty at Coleman Street and Flatbush and has to look that way (could it be a lull in his life?). Kerdoek, popular Naval dance conductor, is also a relief pitcher for the Receiving Ship (put me in coach, I AM hot!)—Pinchos and a Bronx chorine anticipated the middle-aisle at 4 a. m. (was Smith best man or did he care?).—A frequent Opera Goer informs yours truly that Plat. Sgt. Rudder goes in for that opaque music also. The Sarge was seen straining his ears to a ditty titled "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Gaetano Donizetti (you pronounce it—I can't)—"Chubby" Torbert buys a suit a couple sizes too large—then demonstrates how he is losing weight (Can't fool us!).

FOOTNOTES: Cpl. Georgie, the chow juggler, is also a scribe for "lonely hearts"

—Sgt. Turner and Charles Smith are dialing the same telephone numbers—Clyde Payne dropping nickels in an automat coffee gadget thinking same a slot-machine (what no jack pot, scrawny?).—"Bo" Baker walking a "heat" on Pineapple Street (Line forms on the right).

RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia Navy Yard

By H. M. Wheeler

Incident to the retirement of Captain Frank M. Martin, U. S. Navy, we had a final inspection of Friday, June 25th, by Captain Martin, and his relief, Captain George M. Baum, U. S. Navy. Captain Martin has been our Commanding Officer for the past year and we certainly hated to see him go. We wish him the best of luck, and a happy tour on the retired list.

We heartily welcome our new Commanding Officer, Captain George M. Baum, U. S. Navy, who already has impressed us as a wide-awake Commanding Officer who knows his stuff.

We also take this occasion to welcome our new Commandant, Rear Admiral Wat T. Cluverius, U. S. Navy, who comes to us from the Fleet with a reputation as an excellent sailor-man and Commanding Officer. Admiral Cluverius has not gotten around to inspecting our Detachment yet, but we'll be ready to "knock his eye out" whenever he does arrive.

Captain Murl Corbett, U. S. Marine Corps, returned from the hospital on June 21st and is carrying on with his usual skill and enthusiasm. Welcome back to the outfit, Skipper! We missed you.

Now that our Captain is back, our acting 1st sergeant, Platoon Sergeant Edward George, plans to take a month's leave during July. Platoon Sergeant George did a good job of commanding the Detachment during the six weeks of Captain Corbett's absence. George has earned his leave and has Platoon Sergeant Wayne K. Miller all primed to take over as acting 1st sergeant during his absence. Have a good leave, Top, we'll be thinking of you.

Sergeant Stanley Hoffman, one of our two duty sergeants, left June 27th by special order of the Major General Commandant

to go to Camp at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, with the 7th Battalion, FMCR, from this area. We are proud of the fact that Major Campbell H. Brown, on duty with the 7th Battalion, FMCR., requested Hoffman's services with his outfit while in camp. Hoffman certainly knows his Marine Artillery and we hope he enjoys his two weeks with the Reserve.

We are also proud of the fact that Captain Murl Corbett and Major Amor L. Sims recently submitted recommendations for the promotion of our Sergeant James E. Farrell to Platoon Sergeant. We wish you luck, Farrell.

Our rifle range detail returned from Cape May, N. J., with one hundred per cent qualified, though we only had one man, Pfe. Othel Hudson, get in the money with the score of 304. We have strongly resolved not to have another man of this Detachment unqualified this season unless there should be another *Hindenburg* disaster.

We have been more than glad to welcome Corporal James F. Coady, from N.O.B., Norfolk, Virginia; Private First Class Clarence O. Woolsey, from N.A.D., Hingham, Massachusetts; Private James V. Cerone, from N.A.D., Dover, New Jersey; and Private William A. Syphard, from Service Battalion, Quantico. Woolsey is now at Cape May trying to make expert on the rifle range and is a candidate for company clerk upon his return. Corporal Coady is a short-timer, but not short enough to escape having to draw some matched khaki. Both Coady and Caddin of this Detachment are such Goliaths that their uniforms must be tailor made, and they are fortunate to be serving so near the Depot of Supplies. Private Cerone and Syphard have already become satisfactory members of our Yard Fire Department. We are also expecting Private Adam Arnold to join us from Newport, Rhode Island, by furlough transfer during the middle of July. Welcome to our outfit, Arnold; we are saving a corner bunk for you.

Private George Barker was presented with an I. C. S. Diploma as Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier, at a ceremony immediately preceding our regular Friday inspection on July 9th. Barker completed his course on June 7, 1937. Congratulations, Barker.

(Continued on page 55)



Photo by Tager

Knights of the lists. Most of them listed enough to swamp right after this was taken. Mounted wrestling event, Washington, D. C., July 3.



Indian Head Barracks

TOM-TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

By The Ghost

Whew! Summer is here with a bang or somethin'. It is here in Indian Head that summer heat hits record highs and it looks as though the coming months will bring enough to growl about.

Speaking of growls; in last month's "Broadcast" it was mentioned that the garden-work was the main cause of the men abusing that privilege to growl, but this month it seems that the men growl the most when pushing hand-lawnmowers over our extensive lawns and baseball field. With the sun beating down on the men in full dungarees Lloyd's could safely bet a thousand to one that there isn't anyone that won't work up a sweat.

The garden now shows a prosperous growth and has already started to produce in the form of peas, beans, onions and radishes.

The detachment has recently been supplemented by the arrival of eight boots from Parris Island. These new arrivals are namely: Privates P. K. Bird, C. J. Blocker, T. W. Garrison, R. C. Worrill, A. C. Ringus, G. G. Wagner, M. Gutman, and J. Shisko. Privates Bird, Shisko and Gutman have stepped into places on the Marines' softball team, and aren't doing so badly. Most of these new men have been doing their police work in the garden and it is evident that it is nothing new to them.

It is your scribe's most grievous duty to report the loss of our most excellent First Sergeant and firstbaseman, Frank Neider. The old boy finally got enough of the old Marine Corps, after twenty-three years, and retired on twenty to be a gentleman farmer on his Florida estate. You mugs at Pensacola had better beware of an aged, well-preserved, and portly gent that will probably chisel you out of your last copy of THE LEATHERNECK.

Another departure to report is the transfer of "Pop" Neason to Dahlgren, Virginia.

Speaking of Dahlgren, that is the place just down the river where a few more than twenty Marines under this command are guarding the Naval Proving Ground. It was also the scene of an enjoyable outing and baseball game on Sunday, May 16.

A party of about twenty-five Marines, wives and children, went down to Dahlgren with a packed lunch n' everything with the intention of playing soft-ball with the Dahlgren team. We all enjoyed seeing old ac-

quaintances and drinking skool after skool in good hearty beer. The ball game turned out to be one of those flukes in which three errors in the first inning chalked up three runs that put us just a little too far behind.

In the first inning, errors, with four hits, gave the Dahlgrenites a lead of five runs, and our team's turn at bat produced only one run. In the rest of the game we held them to two measly single-hits and scored three runs, two of them got on balls and Gilbert rectified his error that cost a run by knocking in a homer. The score remained five to four in favor of the lucky Turkey-necks from Dahlgren, but we are confident of getting even with them when they play a return game here in the coming month.

There is little of importance to report concerning the social activities of our gigos among the local clam-diggers so your very-special hant will cease his nosing about for the present.

P. S. (Powder Smoke)—Following this you will find the notorious Sgt. Pearl's interpretation of our visit to Dahlgren. Last-minute-note: A Corporal just reported in for duty with this guard. He is R. Z. Alderman, late of the USS *New York* that just came back from the Coronation Cruise.

DAHLGREN SALVOS

They Came, They Saw, But Didn't Conquer
By Ye Humble Scribe

On Sunday, May 16th, we were paid a visit by the Indian Head Powder Jerkers, Soft-ball Champs, to play our Dahlgren Bombers (pronounced Bummers).

Among our guests were Major T. H. Cartwright, our Commanding Officer; Platoon-Sgt. Street and Mrs. Street; Sweet Pea and Mrs. Fuller with Jr.; Cpl. and Mrs. Ickes with their two offspring; the great Senor Haynes, and 1st Sgt. F. Neider, our able and capable manager of the team.

When the Powder Jerkers came out of the ether, our Bombers had blasted five tallies off Jimmie Ickes' shoots and curves. It seems that the Powder Jerkers couldn't connect with that new screw-ball that Mouzon developed. When the final smoke had blown away, the game ended with Dahlgren Bombers—5, Powder Jerkers—4. In the lingo of Senor Haynes, "We had 'em biting their gums." The way the senor was doing his stuff looks like he was etherized.

After the ball game all hands adjoined to the Mess Hall and the way that gang killed that half and a quarter of beer, lemonade,

pickles, etc., was a revelation. After chow we sent Indian Head, Powder Jerkers, back to the boat, laughing and happy, and am sure we all had an enjoyable day.

Say, you Champs over at Indian Head, we are looking forward to a return game over at your stamping grounds as I guess you want to get revenge. But this time we will play our FIRST team. Do not forget you make the powder; we explode it. Well, I got to buzz off, so "Cheerio."

HINGHAM SALVOS

By Jack Horr Martin

That film known as the "March of Time" would have nothing on this post as far as events are concerned. We of Hingham have been making history for the past month.

Came the ninth day of June. At approximately 0930 excitement ran high due to the presence of the A&I.

The inspection commenced about 1030 and continued through the day to 1530. Everything went off with the precision of a jeweled watch. Every man that took part was well up in representing his post. The whole inspection was faultless. The inspecting officers seemed to have been pleased with the reception given them and the orderly efficiency with which the men presented themselves for the inspection.

Our display of efficiency was totally characteristic of that which we display the whole year round. We are all happy to have met and passed that formidable milestone in our lives as Marines. We can now start anew the worries pending another visit from the A&I but still we can let those worries take a back seat for a while and think of other things.

On the twentieth day of June Hingham lost a friend and commander in Lt.-Col. G. C. Hamner who relinquished his duties as commander of this post to Capt. Melvin E. Fuller. I hereby take it upon myself as spokesman for the whole complement to extend to Col. Hamner the best of luck and everlasting success in the Colonel's new duties at Washington. We are proud to have had the privilege of serving under his command. As much as we regret the loss of Col. Hamner, we feel that we have gained another friend and guiding hand in Capt. Fuller. Here again I wish to become spokesman and extend upon Capt. Fuller a most hearty welcome from the entire command and to assure him of a complete cooperation at all times.

The recreational roster of this post has gained another welcome pastime in the beach that has been constructed on the shores of the back river that runs through the reservation. Construction of this beach was begun along the last part of May and is now in its final stages of completion. Instead of going to the beach we just bring the beach into our back yard. Many good times are in the offing at this beach. This river is governed by the tide as it is a back river of the Bay and therefore gives us the same advantages as would a regular ocean beach.

On July third and fourth, Independence Day was celebrated with much ado with beer and games. Prizes were offered to winning contestant of each event. Plenty of beer was on hand and as usual order prevailed throughout the entire meet. Plenty of "Whoopee" was in evidence as you can well imagine. Plenty of candy, soft drinks and ice cream as well as solid food was also on hand to make the occasion complete. The event was enjoyed by all and could be termed as a sort of relaxation period. Pvt's Ray, Montigne, Whatley and Connolly seemed to have held their own while Sgt's

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THE LEATHERNECK

WARDENIGS

U. S. Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

Our unorganized baseball team is enjoying a very successful season, playing games during the late evenings and on Sundays when we can round up enough men for a team. We owe much of our success to the fine pitching staff of Johnson, Gladding, and Hilliard, and the excellent coaching of Lieut. C. A. Youngdale. Rumor says that we may enter a team in the second half of the local Sunset League in Portsmouth. Our baseball diamond has been fixed up with a new backstop and seats for spectators, and there is much enthusiasm for regular games.

June 27th saw the opening match for the General Stark League rifle competition. Our team, the defending champions from last year, got off to a good start by gaining a lead of 32 points over the nearest competitor. The victory was very decisive in that we had the highest team score at every range. The second of the three matches will be held on July 11th, and we are hoping to continue the good start. The six men firing were Lieutenant Moss (team captain), Sgts. Yarrow and Neel, and Cpls. Atwood, Christian, and Groves.

Another fleet of ducks have been added to our growing flock to add to the beauty of the Prison grounds on the local lake.

The detachment extends a hearty welcome to our two new shipmates: Sgt. W. C. Kendall from Quantico, Va., and Cpl. W. H. Groves from Parris Island, S. C. Cpl. Groves is a former member of the detachment, having served here three years ago. At the same time we send our best wishes with Sgt. Neel who has left for Quantico after five years of faithful service at this post.

Congratulations to Cpl. T. J. Johnson, who has just collected his new stripe. When he makes his next rating we hope he won't have to be told to set up the beers!

On the 12th of June a number of members of the House Naval Affairs Committee inspected the U. S. Naval Prison and complimented the Commanding Officer on the cleanliness of the prison and the fine appearance of the Detachment personnel.

We have several new fishing poles and some fishing equipment thanks to our Commanding Officer, Colonel R. L. Denig, and the famous "fish" stories are cropping up already! However, enough fish have been caught, on more than one occasion, to feed the entire mess.

The writer believes a "fish" story is the best place to sign off.

THE JAMOK POT

Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, South Carolina

By Frijole de Cafe

The time is here when I must struggle with this alphabetical contraption commonly known as a typewriter, but more intimately known by me as a ('\$—#&D&#), and try to give the rest of the Corps the latest hot tips from the "Land ob cotton."

The landscaping of the Reservation continues to move ahead by leaps and bounds and although it means extra work the men do not seem to mind it as much as they say. Our post is fast becoming one of the beauty spots of the surrounding country.

Considerable effort has been expended trying to have a new building to replace the old unsightly wooden barracks just north of our Main Barracks Building. If we are successful the modern building will be another one of the improvements that are making our reservation more beautiful each day.

Our baseball team is still in the fight in the Municipal League of Charleston. A

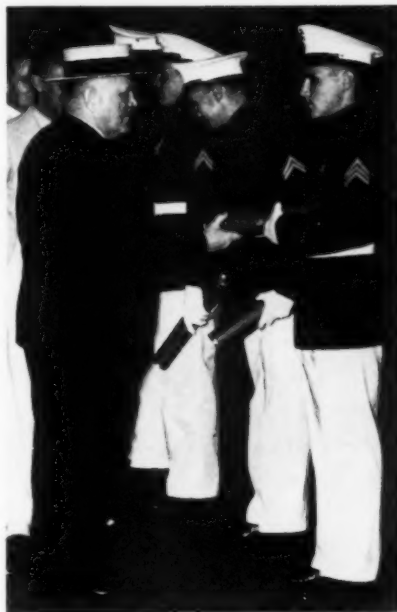


Photo by Tager

General Vogel awards commissions to successful candidates, Marine Barracks, Washington.

hard fought game was lost just a few days ago which would have placed the club with the leaders of the pack. As it is they are still among the leaders and by upsetting the top notchers in the next play around the Marine nine can still get that coveted first place position. Corporal Raymon A. Clarke is leading the entire league in hitting and it has been his bat along with the hitting of Corporal Jewett F. Adams and Private Archie A. Allen who have given the team the necessary punch.

I was at Parris Island recently to fire the qualification course. While there I met a number of old friends who are now attached to the 10th Marines and are at present undergoing their artillery training with the 75's at the new artillery range in Parris Island.

Recently we heard from Sergeant John Locke and are glad to know that he is satisfied ????? with his new job at New York.

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DIPS OVER DOVER

By Pearl

Ahoy, Mates, station WNAD, Dover, N. J., is now on the air. Though our station is located far in the hills of beautiful Dover, you may rest assured of getting the dope on us Dover Marines. At present we have approximately sixty men. There have been quite a few new arrivals; Namely Pys. Basky, Gorenflo, Fender, Griffen, and Eggleston from Philly Navy Yard, Pvt. Mayer and Albrecht from Quantico, Va., Tpr. Pearl, your new correspondent, who hails from St. Juliens Creek, Va. I for one know that my tour of duty here will be a pleasant one as I sincerely hope the above named men will also agree. Our post gardener or should I make that plural, Boldt, are turning a desert into a flowery paradise. A monument has been erected in front of the barracks in honor of those who died in the explosion here a decade ago. The inscription on the monument reads as follows:

ERECTED BY THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS IN MEMORY OF THEIR COMRADES AND ASSOCIATES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE EXPLOSIONS AND FIRES ON JULY 10, 1926.

Ph. M. 1el. Harry C. Brown, U.S.N.
Cpl. Frederick J. Rachford, U.S.M.C.
Pfe. Henry D. Mackert, Jr., U.S.M.C.
Tpr. Mason D. Edison, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. Ralph V. Graham, Jr., U.S.M.C.
Lt. Commander Edward A. Brown, M.C. U.S.N.

Lt. Herman C. Schrader, U.S.N.
Capt. Burwell H. Clarke, U.S.M.C.
2nd Lt. George W. Bott, Jr., U.S.A.
Chief Gunner Joseph M. Gately, U.S.N.
Mrs. Frances Feeny.
Mrs. Ida M. Wadhams.
Pvt. John W. Monrow, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. Frank C. Weber, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. Maurice R. Hardaker, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. Ernest Powell, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. John A. Little, U.S.M.C.
Pvt. Virgle C. Barker, U.S.M.C.

Ceremonies and due honors will be paid those who lost their lives in the catastrophe. This will take place in the near future. Through the efforts of Capt. Hakala, our commanding officer, the grounds surrounding the monument are taking on a beautiful appearance.

Recently Sgt. Stefoneik, our mess ser-

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Marine Barracks, N.A.D., Lake Denmark, Dover, N. J.

KNOBY KNOBS

N.O.B. Norfolk
By Ball and Chain

Henceforth, when you mugs from other posts come in contact with a Norfolk Marine, lift your caps in recognition, because they have attained a distinction in the social register. Even Vanderbilt will sear with envy our progress with the elite. Beer parties, dinners, field meets, and, incidentally, we have a news item that will be of interest to the Associated Press. At our dinner, given on the 4th for enlisted men and families, a new sit down strike was invented. Believe it or not (Ripley, do not use as this is copyrighted) the guests were unable to leave the table. Our statisticians estimated that two and one half drumsticks, one wing, and a side of breast were consumed per capita. That's just the entire.

Sgt. Roche sent his wife a cablegram reading something like this: "Honey, let the chicken burn, throw the spinach to the birds, give the two bottles of beer to the kitten, change the baby's diaper and hop the 10:22, cause we're eatin' at the barracks."

Congrats, Mess Sgt. Miller, 'twas a swell chow!

On the 3rd we had a big turn-out for the semi-annual field meet. There were wheelbarrow races, sack race, egg race, relays, three-legged race and others. Prizes were numerous, and we had the pleasure of having Colonel Williams officiate.

In the middle of the three-man relay, someone mentioned that the beer had been tapped. Pvt. Curry, the truck driver, after having completed his sprint as anchor man, turned on the finish line and made it back to the bar, 100 yds. distant, and had one glass of beer down in 9.2 seconds.

2nd Lieutenant R. B. Moore, Annapolis graduate and late of Basic School, reported at N.O.B. for duty. He will not stay long because he intends to fly.

Mr. A. F. Penzold is a new arrival from Basic School. The Lieutenant made his home in Norfolk before deciding to serve Uncle Sam, so naturally he is glad to be stationed near at home. If you ever meet these new officers, we know you will like them as much as we do.

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Tropical Topics

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Farmer

The month of June, and brides, has rolled by, as has the Soft Ball tournament which has been under way here for the entire month.

Of the four teams participating, team No. 2 led the league by winning 8 games and losing one.

For the month of July, a little world series with the Navy softballers has been arranged. The Marines will be a little handicapped due to their using the 14 inch ball during the tournament and the Navy using the well known 12 inch ball during theirs. However, it will take only one game for the Marines to accustom themselves to the use of the smaller pill. To show the advantages and disadvantages of the large and small balls the following is quoted:

Marines Win

"The Navy Stars got a shellacking at the hands of the Marines by the score of 7 to 0, and thereby hangs a tale. The Marines having a smaller diamond (45 feet) and using a larger ball (14 inch), the sailors were somewhat handicapped; but this is no alibi. The Marines made two home runs and a third was avoided by some brilliant Navy playing. The game was well umpired, and a sizeable crowd witnessed this very exciting game. Next week (23 June) the Marines are expected to have a return match with the Sailors on the Receiving Barracks (60 feet) diamond using the navy's ammunition."

Marines Landed But Navy Stars Take Situation in Hand

"The international scrimmage at the Receiving Barracks softball diamond developed several interesting facts. The Navy All-Stars played the entire Marine League of 40 men (each team played two innings, to show sportsmanship), the Navy winning by a score of 9 to 6. Even the Voodoo drums didn't make good medicine for the Marines."

The entire Barracks Detachment turned out and marched to the Navy diamond in mock-parade formation and style. A little comedy was enacted when the ground keepers, rushing to home-plate, prepared it for the first play. The first ball pitched was a medicine ball—this due to the Navy team boasting and also that they are unable to stand the razzing they received when they played us on our diamond with the 14 inch ball.

Gossip was scarce in June and changes were few. Captain Lester S. Hamel was transferred to the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. Bon voyage and a pleasant tour to the Captain and his family.

Lieutenant John F. Stamm has rejoined us from Quantico where he was on duty with the Rifle and Pistol Team competition. The Lieutenant will take over Post Recreation activities.

GUAM MARINES

By Argent

The range season having terminated, the customary crack of rifles that served to break the monotony for the last two months are surely missed and the usual stillness over Orote peninsula once more prevails.

The remuneration for high qualification seems to have been an incentive, as a large percentage of the men shot their way into the money. Cpl. Charlie Earsom chawed the black out to the tune of three hundred thirty-three, which was the highest score of any of the enlisted personnel. A good many of the others were right up there trying to push past him, and came mighty close to it.

Our last promotion here was on the twenty-third of April and the recipient none other than Cpl. J. L. Lipsky who was promoted to Sergeant. The approval of the entire command was instantaneous, and here's to you "Ski."

Everything seems to be rolling along very smoothly as usual, with none other than D. L. Brooks as canine caretaker *extraordinaire* right on the job. In response to "Birdseed" Bernaert's query as to why it is said that "Nature In The Raw Is Seldom Mild," we might suggest that he attempt to partake of one of "Chief" Baalke's rush order beef steaks—at our suspense. Just why our rising young art critic and illustrator, Roberts, should pick the hour of midnight to halt a runaway horse with the immortal and never-to-be-forgotten words "Who-a Dan" is indeed mystifying! Almost as bad as "Sea Gull" Jurd eating hot dogs for supper and then chasing poor defenseless tabby cats up one aisle of the barracks and down the other at all hours of the night. We hear that "Slug" Carter wanted to come out and shoot the range on Sunday but couldn't get any cooperation; must've been lead poisoning. "Emancipator" Anduze hasn't as yet quite recuperated from the shock of falling out for police work and then being told that he needn't have fallen out—after he'd worked (?) all morning. To make matters worse "Boss" Cooper pulled his rank on him. Akers and Liggett superstitious about dice and canaries. A number of the Sergeants, under the supervision of "Sleuth" Neville, have lately been invading the haunts of mermaids in quest of treasures of the deep. "Gimmee a Coke" Moore giving awe inspiring 'rasslin exhibitions—'s funny, he was never that way until he acquired that moustache! Smith, Palmer



SOFT-BALL TEAM, NOB

Bottom row, left to right. Lummus, Smith, Shirey, Lt. Bjornsrud, Nolen, Zawadski.
Standing, left to right. Ellis, Newell, Newman, Ginsberg, Frank, Sutton.

and Forrest win the copper coated coconut this month for being the most argumentative triumvirate in the barracks—for, against or on both sides and no technicalities overlooked. The award for the best book of the month goes to "Cassy" Loper for his soul stirring confessions in the first edition of "I Like Guam,—And Why" (?). And with this, dear readers, I leave you . . . in eight months!!

WEST LOCH LOCHUS

N.A.D. West Loch; Oahu, T. H.

By The Mongoose

*The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.*

So wrote Omar Khayyam a long, long time ago, and 'tis true, Brother, too. But to this we would add: the moving finger will have to step it up if it wants to write all the news of West Loch because that's the one thing we have the most of (if you will pardon our trailing preposition). In fact, there's so much to write we don't know where to begin (Maybe we shouldn't). Well, hang on, fair readers, here goes:

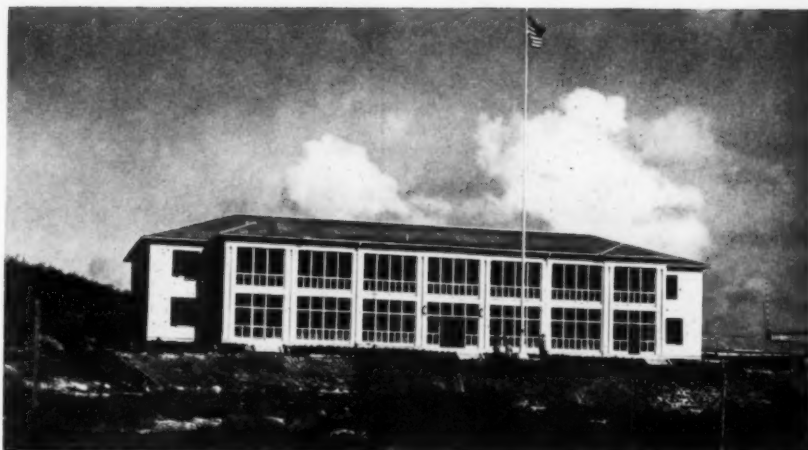
Mr. Lundt sat back in his chair with a sigh of relief and closed his eyes while a smile of contentment played about his mouth. A big worry was over. He had lost his top helper when Jake picked his hat off the floor, put his seabag under one arm and Diana, his dog, under the other and left for his new post at Lualualei. He had worried the past week about the new Gunnery Sergeant we were going to get, would anyone ever be able to take jovial Jake's place? Now his worries were over, he could afford to sit back in ease. Why? Read on, dear friend, and see how Gunney Kohs, "Two Bits" to you, came over the hill, riding his horse at a sweaty gallop, stopped in a cloud of dust and took over West Loch in no uncertain terms. He was here only a day when he noticed that the schedule called for swimming parties on only Saturdays and Sundays, he changed it right away so that the aquatic minded could go swimming whenever they felt so minded; he next noticed that the recreation room was sadly depleted of magazines so he delved deep into his own library and now no one need want for literature; he scored with the men again when he obtained needed athletic gear. Time and again has the gunney scored with the men till now he is a comrade firmly established in our ranks. Company A of San Diego, we send you our regrets for your recent loss—of Gunney Kohs.

Meanwhile Mr. Lundt had gone into high gear and started his New Deal campaign. With "Every Man a Champ" as his motto he started out on the campaign that will give every man a chance to learn the various trades the post has to offer. Miller took over the job of engineer in the motor launch, Cavasos and Logan are the new fire chiefs, Pixler has the driver's seat in the Marine truck, Breneman is snapping in as assistant cook while Frye is also participating in the culinary experimenting and everyone has the opportunity of learning agriculture in the Garden that grows everything.

And for some news flashes:

Willie Wilson and John Dearing are out at the rifle range this month. Whether they are snapping in with the rifle or the pick and shovel is not known. Turner, who just returned, a sharpshooter, said that he worked two weeks getting the zero on a two bladed axe and then he fired for record with a rifle.

First Class Private Ball is a little sieky this month and has his mail forwarded to the Pearl Harbor Hospital. We hope his



Raising of the first colors over the new barracks at Bourne Field, Virgin Islands

ailing is only temporary and that he will soon be back with us.

Zuback and Hano have left our fair fields and in their place we have Privates Small and Crawford. May all four lads find their new posts to their liking.

Chapman (Curly, we call him) had a sad experience last week when he tried to fight fire with gasoline. Sez Curly, "I didn't mind the steam roller going over me like that but when that box of dynamite exploded in my face I got mad!" The doctors say that Chapman might live—if he'll stop trying to lick the Army.

Seutlebutt has it that a detail is soon to leave the Wahoo and that in said detail Pixler will be listed. He says he's anxious to get back to the states—he used to like a hula girl that worked in the Long Beach concessions.

Do the men like West Loch? Ask Widmar, he extended six months for it. Is it the chow, the duty, or the chow?

Though our post is too diminutive to offer competition to the other nearby larger posts still there is a spirit of competition that promotes endless wars from the green of the pool table to the concrete of the tennis court. Frye, a self made man, is champion of the table tennis. Jack Hammer Jensen, the smiling Swede, holds his own with the billiards, while "Kayo" Pixler has yet to be beaten on the tennis court. To date Terrible Turner, weighing in at 157, and Junior Jennings, who tips the balance at 154, are tied with the rod and reel. They seem to have what it takes when it comes to hooking the allusive Aluhus, Puualas or Moias. Fish, dear reader, fish.

As a fitting conclusion of the West Loch Broadcast we all join hearts in wishing Lieutenant and Mrs. Ambruster happiness in their new post and home. They proved excellent friends to the Marines on many occasions and we are sorry to see them go. Mr. Ambruster is turning over his post as Officer in Charge of the Naval Ammunition Depot here at West Loch to Lieutenant H. Stanley, Jr., USN.

PEARL HARBOR NEWS

By C. E. S.

Since the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, the new officers to join this command are: Second Lieutenants George S. Bowman to A Company, and Bernard E. Dunkle to B Company. Sgt. "Baldy" Reagan joined from Bremerton and is attached to Bar-

racks Detachments for duty at the Rifle Range.

The Post Band at the present time is at the Rifle Range and the "drum and bugle corps," is furnishing the music for guard mounts and parades. They are pretty good too especially on Monday mornings. That's "Pappy" Strickland's day to howl. He beats the drums for Band leader Neil's Quintet.

Sgt. Dale Martin, Cpl. "Bull" Bolander, Cpl. Booker, and P.F.C. Frank Skendall left Honolulu on the *Chaumont* for Asiatic assignment.

First Sgt. Richardson is getting air-minded along with Mess-Cpl. Ilecki these afternoons. They can be seen most any day flying gliders on the parade grounds.

Tech-Sgt. Marcott was transferred to Bremerton as chief auto mechanic and was relieved by Tech-Sgt. Gough.

Sgt. Raymond Sadler, baseball coach, N.C.O. in charge of the Old Naval Station was transferred back to the barracks to be in closer contact with his club.

For the last two weeks, the Quartermaster crew has been refinishing the Commanding Officers quarters, in preparation for the arrival of Col. Andrew B. Drum, our new commanding officer. He is relieving Col. John R. Henley. The latter taking over command of the Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. Many of our old-timers have served under Col. Drum before and know that he is a fine booster of post activities. The men of this post take this occasion to wish the Colonel and his family a pleasant and interesting tour of duty here.

An enlisted men's dance is being planned for the latter part of this week under the supervision of First Sgt. Richardson and Jean H. Neil. Music will be furnished by an orchestra picked from the post band. Beer will be furnished by the P.X. The dance will be held in the post gym.

VO SQUADRON 9M, FMF

Charlotte Amalie

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

The westward migration of the VO 9M Squadron began in earnest on the 14th of June, 1937, and though there was plenty of work for all hands it was a relief to all to get moved to the new barracks at Bourne Field. The "sardine" condition of the old barracks has been eliminated in the spacious quarters that we now have at the field.

By the time you are reading this news we should be enjoying the new movies that

we have long anticipated and fervently hoped for these many months.

We have new bowling alleys and equipment coming down soon and Bracci and Baldassare are prepared to find out whether they can better their previous high marks of two hundred odd pins.

This department has been asked to inform the fair ladies of San Juan just when "Lt." Jonasson, "Co-pilot on the RD and chief of commercial aviation for the San Juan area," intends to make a flying visit to their beautiful city. The girls are waiting my answer breathlessly. "Give them a break, Jonnie."

"The dengue bug will bite you if you don't watch out," seems to be the song that the Corpsmen, Farmer, Henson, Roberts and Paddock are singing these days. What with nearly seventy-five per cent of the command down at one time or another with that very unpopular illness.

The "city slickers" from the old barracks can't understand the reason that we "hicks" have become confirmed hermits in regards to staying here at the new barracks and listening to the radio and going swimming, instead of going to town. One night's sleep in this building and you become an advocate for the erection of such barracks as these for all Marines that have to do tropical duty.

Red Kirrane and "Pucky" Scott are due back here in a week or so and will they be surprised at the new elegance that they will find when they move out to the field. They should have some swell tales to tell us.

We have two new games that are spreading like wildfire through the barracks. They are baseball and swabo, and two games as popular as these must have something to them.

The Service is going to be minus a president as Eugene Bracci is being sent over there to relieve Sergeant A. L. Godwin.

Overheard: The non-airminded half backs (wits) have been penalized with day on and day off at the Charlotte Amalie Barracks, while those of the Bourne Field Barracks who float through the ozone physically as well as spiritually are mourning over their lot with one guard each 11 days.



ORIENTED NEWS FROM THE SECOND BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI

By L. Guidetti

ONCE again we appear in the news, and it seems that this little column has started something, for a lot of the boys in the Battalion are in receipt of letters from some of their old buddies, which goes to prove that someone reads this column. After all, that's what it is put in for, so that all former buddies may communicate with one another. Some times news gets a little scarce, but we always manage, with the help of a few of the boys around here, to find a little news to dish out. Right now we are in the midst of the Commander In Chief's inspection.

The Fleet Marine Officer has already made his inspection and has also given a review on MCO No. 113 subjects, and it seems very pleased with the command as a whole, for after he left we heard liberty call sound and maybe that didn't sound good, after all the trouble preparing for this and that, then to hear that call of the wild blow, it was just too much for the boys. Then we had a clothing inspection by the Commanding Officer of Marines on the USS *Augusta* and that also seemed to please, but for this we didn't get any early liberty as we had to prepare for the CinC on the next day. Then we had a Regimental Parade and review in which the CinC inspected all the troops and let me tell you that was some inspection. The boys looked good, in fact so

good that they were given a writeup in the local news as having been the best review and inspection ever held by the 4th Marines to date. That same afternoon the various companies in the Battalion gave a military display of various drills and instructions. Each company went through some form of drill for the CinC and they all performed like veterans of the old school. The CinC was very well pleased with this display, and it seems that he liked this Battalion so well that he decided to come and visit us again sometime next year, that is if he is still around in these here parts, come next year.

Well, now that this is all over for another year, the Battalion once again turns to on drills and instructions during the summer season. As yet we haven't gone into the summer schedule but we expect to go into it about the 15th of June or thereabouts.

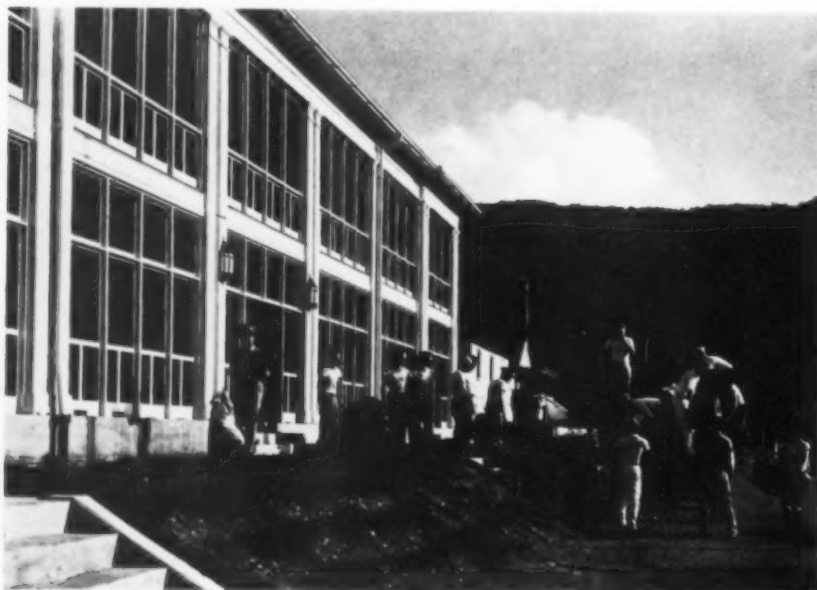
Prior to the annual A & I's inspection, the Battalion ran the Bayonet Course. So far the high score of the Battalion and Regiment falls to good old H Company, with a percentage of 93.6 per cent. Last year H Company again pulled the number one stunt with a percentage of 94 plus. They were trying for the Haines Bayonet Trophy, but it seems that the best chance any outfit has for this trophy are the recruit platoons at San Diego, California and Parris Island, S. C. But at that they made a good bid for it, and congratulations of all hands is in order.

We are now in the midst of our yearly softball tournament and the companies in the battalion are very busy preparing their teams. There are ten teams entered for the Battalion tournament. Four teams from H Company, 3 from F, 3 from E and HQ is split up among the other companies to sort of even up matters. From every indication, the Battalion team will be a strong one. We have to work hard in this respect as we have to hold the cup that we won last year. Prospects are very bright right now and it looks like we are going to repeat. Maybe some of the old timers that were on that team will read this and rejoice. The tournament in the capable hands of 2nd Lt. H. Nickerson, Jr., who is 2nd Bn. Athletic Officer, and all hands are with him to a man. The tournament having already gotten under way, we are not in receipt of any results, but expect to have them for the next issue, so until then I will close on this subject.

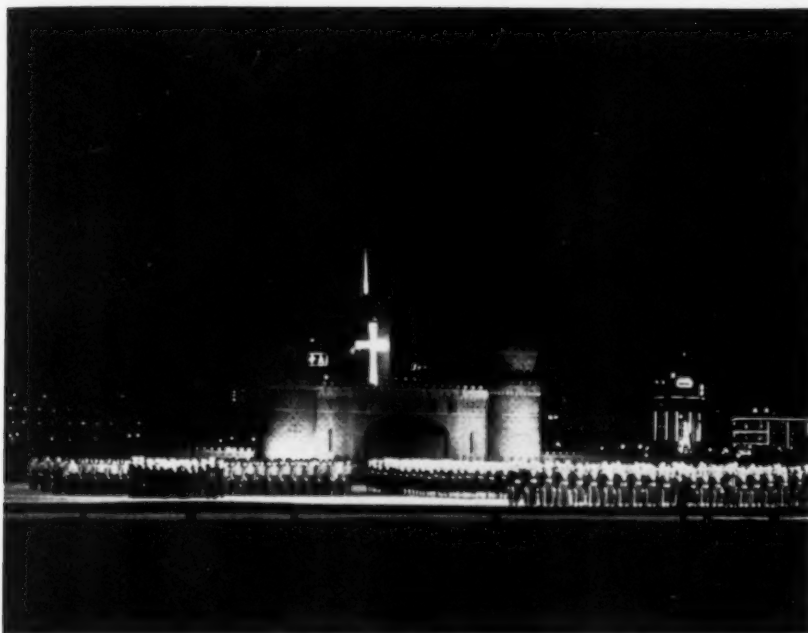
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By "Joe"

Our own edition of the "Flying Dutchman," Rehfield, is the new Battalion Handball Singles Champion, by virtue of his three-game win in the finals over "Tree Top Tall" (apologies to the H Company



VO-9M moving into new barracks



U. S. Marines celebrating with British at Shanghai during Coronation

correspondent) Gore, the pride of H Company. Every handball enthusiast in the Battalion turned out to see the big event and 'twas well worth the watching. Fast, hand handball all the way through. Congratulations, Champ.

Lost, Technical Sergeant Rider, our Mess Sergeant, to Headquarters, Fourth, a while back. Our loss is their gain.

On their way Stateside, Major Knapp, Battalion Executive Officer, bound for Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C., for duty, and Lieutenant Reilly, Battalion Adjutant, Supply and Transportation Officer. We all enjoyed doing duty under them here and hope to be able to again in the states.

Softball again steps into the limelight for the summer months. We-uns have a cup resting on the shelves of the Trophy Case to defend as Inter-Company Champions of last year. Vieie, Rehfield and Johnson are the only last year's veterans, but with a little practice the rest of us should shape up well enough to be two-time winners. Cushman, ex-San Diego pitcher, and Menener, and old Third Battalion twiller, will hold down that end of the battery, while Marinelly and Taceonelly will do most of the catching. Our Company Commander, Lieutenant Asmuth, is a versatile infielder, while Vieie and Rehfield and long-short and second baseman, respectively. Johnson is an all around fielder. So far, in the inter-platoon league, we've broken even, winning and losing one each.

Another champion, Sergeant McCloskey is the proud possessor of the "Golden Horseshoe," emblematic of the Horseshoe pitching contest winner. "It was a long, hard fight," says the Sarg, "but I stuck in there and fought for good old Headquarters." Nice goin', Mac.

Lieutenant Asmuth and Private Cuney are out two rifle shots. With that trip to Peiping to fire in the Asiatic Division Matches this summer coming up, both are "snapping 'em in" quite often these days. Mr. Asmuth is a last year's competitor. May all your shots be pinwheels, Gentlemen.

F COMPANY

Everyone is very busy at the present as the Admiral of the Asiatic Fleet is holding an inspection of the 4th Marines this week.

Plat-Sgt. Rubenstein is snapping in as he will relieve First Sergeant Bond, who is leaving on the *Chaumont*. From all indications Rubenstein will make a swell Top-Kick.

Second Lieutenant Cushman is acting as Company Commander and will continue indefinitely, here's hoping we get him for keeps.

The Rifle Team has not left for Peiping yet, but will soon, and that means that we will lose one very good Plat-Sgt., none other than Plat-Sgt. Boyle. He is an old competitor in this rifle business. Good luck to you, Boyle, and I know that all your old buddies are rooting for you, too.

Baseball seems to be the main attraction now, both Battalions and Headquarters Fourth have very promising teams, and it seems that there will be quite a bit of competition this year. F Company is well represented on the diamond. Sergeant "Don"

Beeson is manager for the Second Battalion Team, with Corporal "Pop" Traw as assistant. These two men are quite capable of handling a team and are old base ballers with mucha fame. Will be a couple of weeks before the Second Battalion plays her first game as bad weather has interfered with practice.

The Inter-Battalion Soft Ball tournament is in full swing now. F Company is about breaking even in this great event. We hope to see some real action between the Battalions for the Championship though and of course we all know the outcome. We beat the First Battalion last year and can, again . . . we hope.

The first house-boat trip of the year will leave for Peiping some time this month. F Company has only two men going on this trip, Plat-Sgt. Dryden and Corporal Campbell. Several men are disappointed because they did not get to make the trip, but as there will be many more of the same, everyone will get their chance at it.

Folks, F Company needs one thing, that's a thing with a very, very extraordinary mind, someone to report things. Oh, yes, that's it, a reporter, as we haven't one of those things . . . So long.

H COMPANY

By S. J. T. Price

Captain Shaw, during the past week, assembled the company and gave his farewell speech to a group of men who have looked on him as one of the boys. He is finishing up ten hard months as "Boss" of the Regiment's largest company. We are truthful in saying that he has been one of the best. His efforts were rewarded to the extent of producing a hundred per cent efficient unit.

Under his leadership the company has asked or given no quarter and we have enjoyed our share of the ratings. Hardened rookies, like old timers, regret his leaving and duly feel that our new Skipper, First Lieutenant G. H. Cloud, will ably fill his shoes.

Last May, the regiment put on a first class inspection for the Commanding Officer of the Asiatic Station (The Commander in Chief). It was rumored that one of the officials remarked that this company displayed an exhibition that was paralleled by none and that we certainly seemed to know our stuff—Ahem! How zat?

After considerable practice we ran the annual Bayonet Course. During the year of 1936 the company easily captured the Regimental high score for the Bayonet Course with a comfortable margin. The score was 93 per cent qualification. With a determina-



Song of the Emma Gee—Shanghai Marines in combat drill

tion to better than this year, we, with a struggle, managed to hoist that to 94.6 per cent for the entire Company. Our aim is to capture the Haines Bayonet Trophy. The credit for this year's efforts should go to Second Lieutenant Herman Nickerson, Jr., who gave his all.

The Battalion Handball tournament has at last come to a close with Pvt. Gore as the company factor in the grand finale. He was outstanding even in defeat to Rehfield and ex-H Company man now connected with Headquarters, Second.

At the present we are staging a Battalion Soft-Ball tournament by Platoons. In the opener each Platoon of our fold chalked an earned win.

Spring has sprung and baseball is in the air. The season favorable to all in the realm of sports is underway. The company will be represented this year by men who have several years of stellar baseball behind them, and we are looking for the best.

The following are out to take first honors on the team: Burnett, catcher; O. C. Floyd, Jones, T. D. Harvill and Stewart for pitchers; H. S. Vulgamore, Gore and Grund will play in the outer gardens.

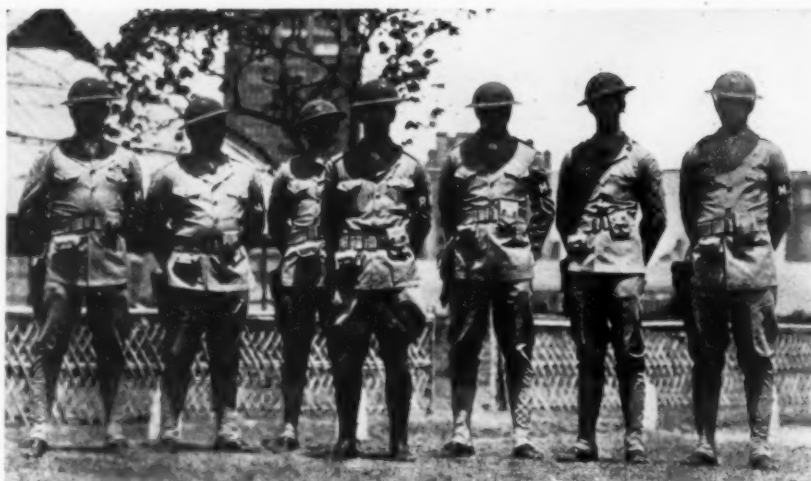
We ring down the curtain on track season. At the termination of the International Track and Field Meet, which found the Fourth Marines taking second place and runner up to China, who ran in a number of Olympic stars, we found Second Lieutenant C. A. Laster, the Pony Express from Arkansas, exhibiting a clean set of heels to his opponents of the cinder path. Lieutenant Laster took first place in the 100 and the 200-meters and his time for the 100-meters was 11.3 with the former record as 11.1. During the trials on the first day Laster broke the record in two of his heats, running them at 11 flat both times. In the 200-meters dash the first day he also broke the record running the first one in 22.8 and 23 flat. But his times were not for record so they did not count.

At the present time and since the departure of Tarzan Whittington, who had a habit of leaving his man cold, the boxing squad is fairly quiet. There are about eight men from the company in the squad and they need more seasoning before they will be prepared for the arelights—watch their smoke when they do get started.

E COMPANY

Tapp lost a lot of face when he let some of the gang read his home town paper. He burns it almost as soon as he gets it now.

You've seen a cat trying to walk across a piece of fly-paper, haven't you? Well,



Lt. J. B. Hill, Provost Marshal, and military police, Shanghai

you should see Brenzeale when he walks across dry ground. He still thinks he is on the mud flats of Mississippi.

One seldom comes across such an illustrious person as our own little Viger. He is a whiz on the dance floor. You should see him go. The women fight to dance with him. How do I know? He told me so.

Don't get the impression that the heads in this company are all soft. We have Private Burns to hold up the intelligence rating of our company. It was just the other day that he came down to the office to ask me what month it was. I am always willing to help a man to learn so I told him. He went away smiling and thinking that, if he kept asking questions, he would someday know everything. Tomorrow he will probably ask me what year it is.

We have a little dachshund in our company—about two yards of it. Every time he goes to a track meet he brings back a flock of medals.

Well, I forgot to mention Corporal Little. I mustn't forget him—he, too, sometimes inquires about the month. The room-boy keeps him out of trouble.

H.Q. COMPANY, 1ST BN, 4TH MARINES

By Pvt. Berry

Since you last heard from us, we have become the proud possessors of a new C. O., and we of Hq. Co., 1st, are glad to welcome

2nd Lt. Elmer E. Brackett, Jr., as our new skipper and hope he enjoys his duties with us.

Some of the boys are marking time until the arrival of the USS *Chaumont* to take them back to that land better known to our Chinese friends as the "Golden Kingdom."

We have all been busy here the last week getting ready for the A&I. We thought the rain was going to upset our plans but in the end—well—you never heard of a Marine losing. It just isn't being done now days.

It is just the beginning of the baseball season here and we have two men turning out for the Battalion team, but one of them is going home next boat. The other, who we hope will make the Regimental Team, is none other than Pvt. Carl A. Campbell, a pitcher.

But to change the subject, who was that man I saw the other day leaving the compound dressed like a broker from a New York Bank on a summer vacation? Someone told me it was our company clown, Cpl. S. A. Jacobs. You know, we have quite a few gigolos in this company—how about it, First Sergeant?

And say, Sgt-Maj. Steele, when you get your chicken ranch don't try to hatch a glass door knob because it just can't be done, according to MCO No. 113. Ask Tony, he knows. By the way, meet Tony. Tony is known officially as Plt-Sgt. Fesino. A whiz in No. 113 and a great guy to boot. A combination not often met up with.

It is pretty hard to tell just what is what around this Billet. Everybody seems to be doing something all the time. If you should drop in sometime you would say that this is the busiest little company you have ever seen. And you would be right.

COMPANY A NEWS

By "Yank" and "Rebel"

Most of you state-side former "Two-Bitters" will probably understand how we feel when your correspondents inform you that our annual inspection is on hand—yes, yes, lads, the same old thing went on—parades, inspections, and demonstrations; and it makes us all wonder why we left that little Navy Yard way back "yar." We understand, of course, that you "feel" for us.

The Company's shooting demon, "Bull's Eye" Roberts, just can't stand the sudden increase in his popularity. Lately, between shots, he is found having photographs taken

(Continued on page 48)



Inspection of the Fourth Marines, Shanghai

Miscellany

FAREWELL TO COLONEL AND MRS. SAMUEL M. HARRINGTON AT BOSTON YARD

The officers and ladies of Marine Barracks, Boston Navy Yard, staged a farewell party honoring Colonel and Mrs. Samuel M. Harrington, who recently left Boston for duty with the Fifth Marines at Quantico.

Colonel Harrington had completed two years of service in the city of the cod and the bean and throughout his tour has maintained a very happy and contented ship. His departure is genuinely regretted by the entire garrison.

Mrs. P. D. Cornell and Mrs. George R.

Frank, the arrangements committee, converted the somewhat gloomy officers' club into a delightful foyer and their good taste in the selection of the refreshments contributed materially toward making the occasion most pleasurable.

Among those present were Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. William McN. Marshall, Major and Mrs. P. D. Cornell, Captain and Mrs. Jesse J. Burks; Lieutenant and Mrs. Eric W. Ojerholm, Captain and Mrs. Arthur E. Lyng, Captain Marvin Scott, Captain Edgar G. Kirkpatrick, Pay Clerk and Mrs. George R. Frank, Lieutenant and Mrs. Gordon B. Rainer and Lieutenant and Mrs. Roy D. Williams.



OUR Marine writers have landed, have landed well in the magazines termed by the craft as the "quality group," or "slicks." The general supposition is that you've got to have something on the ball to put one over in this type of publication. It might also be mentioned that those who have been writing so much for the pulps have apparently been resting during the hot weather.

DON KEYHOE rates the palm this month for hitting both the "slicks" and the "pulp." The August *Cosmopolitan* brings us his, "Fly Your Own Plane—and Go Anywhere"; and then for blood-and-thunder, August *Flying Aces* publishes "Fokkers of the Red Fog."

MAJOR JOHN W. THOMAS, JR., comments on the "Murder of Lincoln" in the *American Mercury*, July. And in June 19, *Saturday Evening Post*, his "No Luck in Texas," follows up the adventures of Lt. Edward Cantrell, whom we left suffering from a gunshot wound at the Texas ranch house.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. CRAIGE, from whom we have not heard in too long, also landed in the quality group with his "Will Ships Disappear from the Sea," in the July *American Calvacade*. The captain advocates the use of the under-seas boat.

BOB GORDON achieves an unusual distinction in receiving a by-line in the August *Modern Mechanix*. "Zeppelins Are Safe," he writes, regardless of the recent tragedy. They may be safe to him, but they're plenty out to us, and the side is retired on three as far as we're concerned.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, war-time Marine, does "Men Do Not Like War," for July *Current History*. Your commentator cannot subscribe entirely to Mr. Hallgren's reasoning, even if it does produce interesting reading. Quoting pedantically from statistics, our Marine scrivener details the debacle from Bladensburg as a case in point, explaining that the militia fled because they, as men, didn't like war. If they ran because

they didn't like war, then it is not unreasonable to suppose the redcoats advanced victoriously because they did like war.

That just about concludes our quality writers for the month. We don't intend discrimination when we group them at the head of the list, but our pulpsters just didn't put out.

L. RON HUBBARD, generally good for at least two yarns each month, puts out "The Dive Bomber" in *Five Novels* for July.

ARTHUR J. BURKS, who has been known to do two-dozen short stories in a month, drops his score with a single novelette, "Salute for Sunny," a war-time flying yarn, *Sky Fighters* for September.

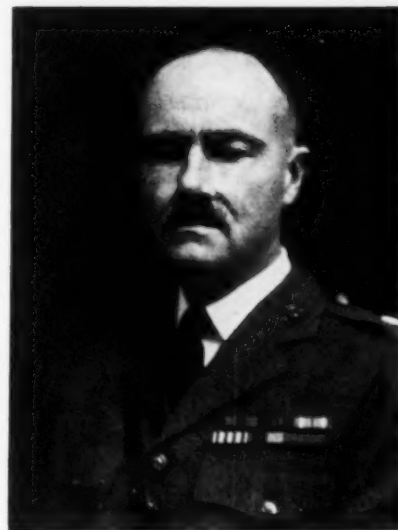
KENNETH B. COLLINGS' "My Untold Story of Ethiopia," is in *Personal Adventures* for July. This is a brand new publication, Volume 1, number 1. Here's luck to it; and may they carry many a good Marine yarn.

LT. CHARLES CHAPEL continues his monthly feature on fingerprinting in *Detective Fiction Weekly*. Incidentally the lieutenant dropped in at the office to say so-long last week. He retired from the Marine Corps on the first of the month, so perhaps we'll be having yarns from him more frequently.

BOB McLEAN, who goes in mostly for true fact detective and gangster stuff, wrote "In Line of Duty," for *American Detective*, September.

"Freighted for Hell," by William Benton Johnston is featured in *Secret Agent X*, August. We haven't learned whether the author is an ex-Marine, as yet, but will report later. However, his character is a former leatherneck, an F.B.I. operative known as Marine Kennedy.

Perhaps we're altering our course a bit reporting a yarn of the Royal Marines; but it's a mighty fine tale of our British brethren. The locale is Haiti, and the time is about a hundred years before our own leathernecks landed. It is "Royal Road," by Robert Carse, in the June 26 number of *Argosy*.



Col. Samuel Harrington

TRUMPETER WHO BLEW FIRST CALLS IN QUANTICO RETURNS

When the final bugle call of the recent Reserve Training Camp was blown, on Sunday morning, July 4th, it was blown by the man who was the first music ever to send the clear notes across the shores of the Potomac when the Marine Base was first established in Quantico, over twenty years ago. Trumpeter-Corporal Julius C. Goldsmith, FMCR, of New York City, and senior trumpeter of the Reserve Camp, was the man who had stood on a small pavilion on the banks of



Tpr.-Cpl. Julius Goldsmith, USMCR

the Potomac on May 15th, 1917, and sounded morning colors. Many changes in Quantico, the barracks, and the personnel of the Corps have taken place since that first bugle call sounded by Goldsmith.

Goldsmith enlisted in the Marine Corps in August of 1915, and was rated a trumpeter (Continued on page 50)

SPORTS

SMOKE-EATERS' LATE RALLY EXTINGUISHES MARINES IN ANNUAL TILT

By Louis W. Zidek

O the vociferous dismay of the four hundred odd Quantico Marines and their supporters who attended the Baltimore Firemen-Quantico Marines baseball game at Baltimore, the Smoke-Eaters overcame an early Marine lead to emerge victorious to the tune of 12 to 9.

The Marine rooting section was overcast with gloom when Parr, Baltimore's starting pitcher, retired in rapid order both Carden and Sikes, Marines' lead-off men. The cheers of the Baltimore fans at this auspicious opening of the game were hushed when Parr bearded the next Marine up, Bussa. His free pass to first base was followed by Swetitsch's hot single, which advanced Bussa to third. Rattled, the Baltimore pitcher walked Morelli, filling the bases.

Faced with a pitcher's dilemma, two out and the bases full, Parr, Baltimore pitcher, failed to solve the problem when he struck Gonsowsky with a pitched ball, forcing Bussa over the home plate for the first run of the game.

A single by Galowski brought Swetitsch and Morelli across the plate and Gonsowsky to third. Maxim's double scored Gonsowsky, leaving Galowski on third. A sharp single past second base by Henry scored Galowski and Maxim, Henry taking second on the throw home. Fireman Fold misjudged Carden's easy pop to left field, and after an exhibition of juggling, finally dropped the ball, scoring Henry, for a total of seven runs. An easy grounder by Sykes fell quick prey to the Firemen and the Marines were retired.

The Firemen played a well-balanced game and succeeded in downing the Marines only after a stiff hard fight. Our team went down with colors flying.

One home run marked the game when Dales, Fireman shortstop, poled one of Rhea's contributions over the left field wall. The firemen scored one run in the second, two in the third, four in the fourth and concluded with four in the fifth and one in the eighth. Carden and Bussa completed the run tallies for the Marines in the sixth inning.

Johnny Swetitsch manned the Marines' big guns in smart fashion, collecting four hits in five trips to the plate, while Hurley connected for two singles, a double and a triple to lead the Smoke-Eaters' attack. Bussa, Swetitsch, Galowski and Sykes of the Marines, and Redmon, Fold and Hurley

of the Firemen each had a stolen base to his credit. Each club left eleven men stranded on base. Parr, Standiford and Henry each issued two passes while Rhea allowed four men to reach first on balls. Parr and Henry fanned two men each, and Standiford and Rhea each caused opposing batters to swipe at thin air four times. Parr gave three hits, Henry six, and Rhea and Standiford were touched for ten safe blows.

The Firemen collected sixteen hits while the Marines tallied thirteen—too well scattered.

MARINES

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Carden, 3b	6	1	2	0	1	2
Sykes, cf	6	0	0	2	0	1
Bussa, c	4	2	1	10	2	2
Swetitsch, ss	5	1	4	2	2	1
Morelli, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Gonsowsky, rf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Galowsky, 2b	4	1	2	2	1	0
Maxim, 1b	4	1	1	5	1	0
Henry, p	2	1	1	0	1	0
Rhea, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	40	9	13	24	9	6

FIREMEN

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Gonder, cf	5	3	3	1	0	0
Dales, ss	6	3	2	2	4	3
Redmon, 1b	4	1	1	11	1	0
Fold, lf	4	2	2	4	0	1
Hurley, 3b	5	1	4	0	3	0
Campbell, 2b	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kilmore, 2b	0	0	0	1	2	0
White, rf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Baldwin, c	5	1	2	5	2	0
Parr, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Standiford, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	40	12	16	27	12	4

N.O.B. SPORTS

In the last issue, we predicted our batting soft-batters would end the season with a net gain of one Twilight League Pennant. Such a prophecy has already been fulfilled in part. These spherical cow-hide pushers have annexed the first half of the series with a mileage card reading like one of Bunyan's tall tales. Judge for yourself:

	Won	Lost
N.O.B. Marines	11	4
Seaboard Flatirons	8	7
Young Men's Store	8	7
S.A.L.	1	14

There have been some changes in line-up and management. Platoon Sgt. Robinson risks the responsibility of team manager, and Mickey Nolan captains the nine with all-seeing eyes behind the home plate. The next half of 15 games will be played throughout the following two months.

We wish the other members of this league luck, but we also swear that if we lose more than three games of the 15, the writer will respectfully withdraw from the Corps on 20.

COMPANY D SPORTS

By Wm. J. Gunst

The last smoker at the Marine Corps Base here in San Diego was an overwhelming success. We credit this to the good management and fine talent that we had available. As usual true to this year's arrangements, the smoker was staged in the center of the Parade Ground. The boxing ring was moved from its berth over at the Baseball Diamond and with many grunts and groans it was placed along side of the flagpole on the parade ground. Those of you that have done duty here at the Base can imagine what a job it was. The ring itself was too big to come through the arches so it had to be moved piece by piece.

The evening started off with a roll of drums and a blare of horns and from there the Base Band picked it up with several military and popular selections. By this time the crowd had been primed for the treat that lay in store for them. Well, here is the card, I will let you judge for your self.

Hansen "D"	vs.	Louis "D"
Ford "D"	vs.	French 2nd Bn.
Amaroza	vs.	Domick
Mason	vs.	Binder
Taylor "F"	vs.	Zeka "D"
Bartlett "A"	vs.	Nelson "G"
Erickson "E"	vs.	Wahrman "D"
Craft "H"	vs.	Foster "E"
Westbrook "H"	vs.	Beckett B.T.E.
Csnadi	vs.	Apodaea

In the center of the ring after the sixth round the announcer informed the audience that there would be a blind free for all. Strange as it seems there were several fellows in the crowd that volunteered to take part in this proposed massacre. Each man was given a baby rattle and a huge sixteen ounce glove was put on his right hand. The idea was when the would be fighters heard a rattle they swung with all their might and prayed that they connected. Somehow a Corpsman and Slug Martin got mixed up in the confusion and before they could get out of the way they received a couple of good socks from the blind pugilists.

The high light of the smoker was in the main event, when that man of iron, Muscles Csnadi, took a severe licking from Apodaea. Muscles is a hard, two fisted fighter that has come far in Marine Corps Boxing. Just before the fight in which he lost by a technical knockout there was an authentic ru-

mor that Canadi would have a pretty good chance in the Los Angeles AAU. He has won all his fights up to the present battle either by technicals or KO's. There is a rumor in the wind that Canadi and Apodaca will be rematched, but I have my sincere doubts, as Apodaca will be leaving the Corps shortly.

Since the smoker D Company has kind of taken a back seat on organized teams on account of being at the Rifle Range. Football will be starting before long though and then once again D will be leading the Parade. There has however been an epidemic of hand ball playing here in this Company. Almost every night such notables at the game as Cpl. Wyly Steele, Pfc. Bihm, and Pvt. Main can be seen cracking the little black pill up against the side walls. Oh yes! There also has been a huge baseball game since last month. D company's Privates played D company's Non-Coms in a game of Sand Lot Baseball. The Prize? Well the losing team had to buy the winning one beer. That night the Privates drank beer and we know personally that they didn't pay for it.

PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

No Hits; No Runs

By C. E. S.

The Sector-Navy baseball league opened with the Marines taking one from Fort Armstrong 15-4. Swede Elvestad was in great form that day on the mound and was never in trouble. The second game was lost to Fort Kamehameha 7-6. The ball team the leathernecks put on the field excelled in every respect but the error column. The tough skin diamond at Kam was a little too rugged for our club. The next game was on our own diamond with Fort Shafter, last year Army Champions. Our first game at home, the stands packed, colors flying, band playing, the wolves tuning up with Willie Seales swinging the baton. To suit the occasion "Swede" Elvestad steps out on the rubber and sets those soldiers down, one, two, three, for nine innings. Only three men reaching first. In three starts Elvestad has pitched two no-hit games, making three of those to his credit. The first being in San Francisco in 1930. Just to show that the Marines don't get "high-hat," they drop the next battle to the Submarine Base 23-5. There can't be very much said about that game, except, we had a bad day in every department. The Marines got twelve errors out of their system and bowled over Fort DeRussy 10-5. Elvestad was again in great form on the mound.

Catcher Donnelly is leading the league in home runs, with four. He also leads the team in batting with an average of .390. The Marines .300 batters are, Sandler, Tolan, Neil, Gabriel, Kimball, Hardin, Elvestad, and Bennett. To date the Marines have got more hits and runs than any team in the league. Sgt. Neil is back in the line-up again and is doing mighty well. He shares honors with Donnelly in knocking a home run in his initial appearance at bat this year in the Navy-Sector League. In the last game L. A. West, center fielder, hurt his side sliding home, and is expected to be out of the line-up for a couple of weeks. Hardin was transferred to center field and it was then that Neil made his appearance. Catcher Clark, late of San Diego fame, joined the command here and is waiting his chance behind the plate. In the last game Clark replaced Donnelly with the latter moving to second, replacing Tolen who has a bum shoulder. Clark played one of the best games on the field. He too entered the island's baseball "hall of fame," by clouting for the circuit in his first time at bat.

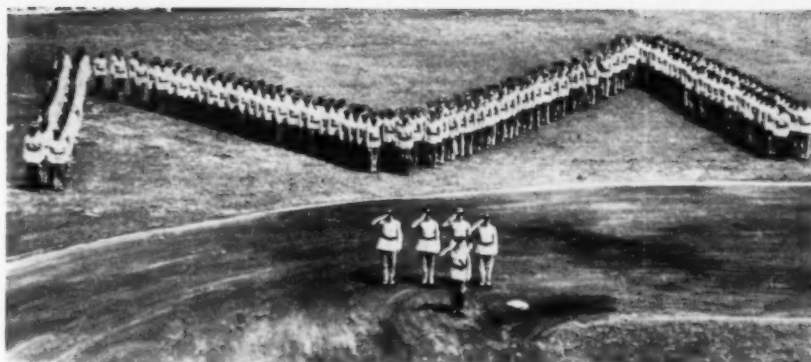


Photo by Dalton

Marines form a large M at the Marine-Firemen game, Baltimore

The score of the above game was 13-0 with the Leathernecks on the big end. Lefty Smith went the route for the Marines giving up four hits and collecting three himself. At the time of this writing the Marines are in third place with four wins and two losses.

FOURTH MARINES' SPORT LETTER

By W. F. Winger

THE Fourth Marines' various spring and summer athletes had a good "airing out" in the month of May when the Track team, Boxers, and Baseball athletes swung into action. However, for the earlier part of the month the boxers and track team were the only teams that were pushed with a heavy schedule. Two big track meets within two weeks was the strenuous task put before the Marine cinderpaths as they pitted their strength against the best local colleges, athletic clubs of this city in the first real test known as the Spring Track and Field meet, which was considered a warm-up meet for the coming International meet. Two weeks later they were entered in the Big International Track and Field meet staged at the Yenping Road Pavilion.

In the Spring Track meet the Marine tracksters came in second with a total of 27 points only 4 points behind the winning Foreign Y.M.C.A. track squad. Leading by six points until the final 1,600 metre relay event the Marine relay team of Rook, Lt. Masters, Gifford, and Lt. Hemphill failed to place in this event while the Foreign "Y" annexed first place, good for 10 points, and at the same time won the meet. Lt. ("Iron Man") Laster, Marine track coach, was individual point winner with two first places. He took both the 100 and 200 metre dashes. Lt. Hemphill took first place in the 110 metre high hurdles and second place in the 400 metre hurdles to help the Marine cause. Gifford, Lt. Nicholson, and Lt. Totman were the other Marines to take points in the Spring Meet. The lack of adequate field event men to back up the track team was the main cause for the Marines not capturing the meet.

Although there was thirteen different organizations, with approximately 150 entrants, only one record was broken. Y. A. Chen tossed the 16-pound shot 12.895 metres for the only record. A slow track and overhanging skies caused the track entrants plenty of worry and as a general rule most of the events were won in rather slow time.

International Track Meet

Eight nations were entered in the Big International Track and Field Meet staged the 22nd and 23rd of May just two weeks after the warming-up Spring meet. The meet was

staged at the Yenping Road Pavilion, under the auspices of the newly organized Shanghai Track and Field Association. China with 43 entrants, many of them last year's China Olympic candidates, led the list of entrants. Great Britain had 35; Japan 29; America, represented by the Fourth Marines, had 25. Russia had 23; Palestine 10; Germany and Portugal 9 each. Besides the large list of men entrants, several non-point-counting events were arranged for women.

China, with her large string of entrants, emerged winners of the two-day meet with 75 points, followed by America with 53 points. Russia came in a weak third with 30 points; Great Britain came in a poor fourth with only 14 points. Japan, with a large number of entrants, placed fifth with only 9 points. Germany and Portugal gained only two points each to finish in a tie for sixth place and Palestine ended in the cellar with only one point.

The Fourth Marines, wearing the colors for America, did not manage to take first place in the meet, due to the greatly outnumbered entrants presented by China, but they did manage to annex eight first places out of the total 17 events, and in copping these first places they broke two of the existing International records. China won the meet only by consistency to chalk up second, third and fourth places rather than take the meet in a glorious style.

Out of the four records broken in the two-day grind, Lieuts. Glenn C. Funk and C. O. Totman, young Marine officers, wearing the red, white and blue for America, had the distinction of claiming two of them. Funk, one of the most versatile athletes ever seen on local cinderpaths, set up a new International meet record in the 800 metre run with a sprint of 2 minutes and 2.4 seconds, bettering the old mark by 3.4 seconds. Lt. Funk easily shattered the old record time of 2 minutes 5.8 seconds set up by Bassett, of Great Britain, in 1932, and with a little more effort he could have easily broken the National China record of 2 minutes and 2.0 seconds. He fell short by only .44 of a second without even extending himself. Lt. C. O. Totman, ceded little chance of placing in the javelin throw, went out and heaved the lance for a new International record, with a heave of 53.65 metres, almost two metres further than the old record held by N. Chernoff of Russia in 1933. His record breaking heave just fell short of the China National record by a few inches. The present record of 53.85 metres held by C. S. Chow, China Olympic star, was very much in danger but Lieut. Totman could not quite make the grade.

S. T. Chow, China Olympic star, set the fourth mark of the meet by clearing 1.855 metres in the high jump, easily breaking the

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE BATTALIONS TRAIN AT QUANTICO

QO approximately 1,000 officers and men of the First, Third, Fourth and Sixth Battalions of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, the name Quantico no longer is merely a symbol, but a strong reality, as these reservists start their new home armory training year with the memories and impressions gained during their tour of duty 20 June to 4 July as a provisional training regiment, commanded by Major Melvin L. Krulewitch, FMCR, of New York City. For several years the majority of the men of these organizations, from Manhattan, Brooklyn, New Jersey and Philadelphia, respectively, have looked forward to the promised duty at the main Marine Base on the East Coast, and their hopes were realized this summer.

When the last reservist dropped his combat pack and rifle into its proper place in his home armory sometime Sunday night the 4th of July, he probably turned to his nearest buddy and said wearily, "It was a great war!" For Quantico gave these reservists—or most of them—their first taste of actual contact with Marine Corps conditions and regular troops in large numbers, and provided an atmosphere closely akin to the regular service. The majority of the lads agreed it was the reserve's "greatest camp yet"—and started on the year-long trail until next year's departure for camp. Records were set, Reserve history was made, and a fine aggregation of young men were given another chance to serve the Corps under fine conditions.

The respective battalions were commanded as follows: 1st, Major George W. Bettex of New York; 3rd, Major B. S. Barron of New York; 4th, Major Otto Lessing of New Jersey; and 6th, Major Edward P. Simmonds of Philadelphia. The Third and Sixth Battalions brought their own Battalion bands, which were consolidated into a camp band of over fifty pieces, for the parades and ceremonies performed by the reservists throughout their tour of duty. These are the four eastern battalions which for the past three years have trained as one unit, previously going to the New Jersey National Guard camp grounds at Sea Girt, N. J. Each battalion commander has been striving for several years to have his outfit train at Quantico and this year the idea was approved.

Much credit must be given to both regular and reserve officers of the Corps for the swift preparation of the camp area, in the old Tenth Regiment area on the banks of the Potomac. Originally but two battalions were to be quartered there, and two others were ordered in, and with the limited facilities provided, managed to carry on in true Marine Corps style. The two battalions which did not have the cement decks and paved company streets, turned to with a will and made their dirt area look spic and

span, and prepared their own drainage system and paved their company streets with gravel, sand and small stones. The cooperation of the regular Corps officers and men in making the camp a good one, resulted in a fine setup for the reservists. The weekly inspections of the camp demonstrated that these young Marines knew how to soldier under any given conditions.

An intensive training schedule which included field problems, demonstrations by the FMF officers and men, rifle and pistol range firing, in addition to the regular close order drills, ceremonies, etc., kept the men busy from first call to afternoon recall, and the late afternoons were spent either in athletics on the big parade ground, or in the enlisted men's swimming pool at the main barracks, a welcome innovation to those reservists who knew Quantico in the old days of low, green painted wooden barracks. The new aspect of the main barracks, with the new buildings along Barnett Avenue and up the terraced slopes to the west, made a deep impression on those who had served in the post in the old days prior to the new construction.

Ideal weather prevailed, and though rain was frequent, it came usually at night, to cool off the ground for the next day's work. Few training periods had to be postponed due to weather conditions, and despite normal Quantico heat, a cooling

breeze was evident almost daily. The fine physical condition of the troops was evident during the reviews and inspections of the regiment, and the results of their months of armory drilling showed to advantage in these ceremonies.

The Third Battalion, from Brooklyn Navy Yard, carried off the rifle record firing honors of entire camp with 52 per cent qualification, and D Company of the Third, commanded by Capt. M. V. O'Connell, was the highest rifle scorer in the entire camp with a 65 per cent qualification mark, which won it the Battalion rifle trophy for the second consecutive year. Individual pistol honors were carried off by 1st Lt. Michael Davidowitch of the First Battalion of New York, with a 92 per cent record.

An example of the affection held for the Reserve, of which he recently relinquished command, was evidenced by Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, USMC, who, despite his many duties commanding the 1st Brigade FMF was seen in the Reserve camp area almost daily, checking up on "my boys." The affection of the reservists for their old chief was equally manifested by officers and men alike, who feel that Gen. Williams did a tremendous job for the reserve during his period as their commanding officer. Maj. Gen. James Breckinridge, post commander, also visited the reserve camp on several occasions and took a deep and active interest in the work and living conditions of the men. Col. W. P. Upshur, USMC, new director of Reserves, also inspected the camp and visited the area on several occasions.

Nor did the actual training take up all the time of the men, for baseball games, soft ball games, boxing and other sports

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Inspection of Reserves during Quantico encampment

Photo by Berger

VO-4MR ASSIGNED NEW COMMANDING OFFICER

On 3 May, 1937, Bernard L. Smith accepted appointment as major in the Marine Corps Reserve and was assigned Commanding Officer of Observation Squadron Four—MR., Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Opa Locka, Florida, relieving Captain M. R. Harrison, USMCR.

Major Smith is widely known throughout the Naval Service, having served as an officer in the regular Marine Corps from 1909 to 1919, when he resigned his commission as major to enter civil life. He is one of the pioneers of Naval aviation, was designated Naval Aviator number 6, and was subsequently active in designing and procurement of aircraft during the World War.

Since leaving the Marine Corps in 1919, he has been active in aircraft research in commercial fields and is now constructing a tailless model of his own design which, it is hoped, will be built commercially on production scale within the current year.

It is believed that the Marine Corps Reserve and VO-4MR will be greatly benefited by his services.

SEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR. (ART.)

Philadelphia, Pa.
Headquarters Battery

With the usual smoothness we left the Marine Barracks at Philadelphia Navy Yard, on the 27th June. Two hours later we were getting our first gander of Fort Hoyle, Maryland. As this was to be our base until 11th July, we proceeded to make our Digs as comfortable as possible.

Upon reconnoitering, Cpls. Wilson and Hinson found the 6th Reg. F. A. N.C.O.'s club. By nine that evening one would think that it was the 7th Bn., FMCR N.C.O.'s Club. Sgt. "Mike" Coyne from the Washington Navy Yard should own about half interest in the place by now. On Monday all batteries settled down to some serious work. They began the week well by firing the 75's subed to 37's. This of course lasted only a few days and they were soon firing the 75's on various problems utilizing shrapnel and H. E.

Thanks to Mess Sgt. Thomas and Ch. Cook Bauchamer from Quantico we have no complaints on the chow; in fact there are compliments. Cpl. "Blackie" Consentino of Hq. Bty. is in the galley and learning rather quickly.

Over the week-end Baltimore was done up to a very brilliant shade of RED. Your correspondent had a very delightful dinner at the Hi-Ho on Baltimore St., also picked up a little trinket, bauble or what have you, for the girl friend. Then took in the sights. Quite a few of the men were seen squiring damsels around the bright spots.

Staff Sgt. Wood of the Motor Transport School and his custodians of our panting steeds are doing a swell job of it. A swell job by a swell bunch of men.

The men of the advance detail are tickled to death by the thoughts of that extra pay. They deserve it, doing a nice piece of work in the limited time they had.

Speaking of being pleased, Cpl. Robert D. Park and Sgt. John Berresh are mighty cheery about their new stripes. Congratulations, fellows, and a big welcome to our new Sgt. Berresh who recently came over from B Bty.

All of Headquarters will be sorry to lose Sgt. "Mike" Coyne, who has been our instructor at this encampment. Good luck, Mike, and look us up if you ever get to Philly.

August, 1937



RESERVE CHIEF INSPECTS PHILADELPHIA ARTILLERY UNIT

Left to right: Major Joseph R. Knowlan, commanding the 7th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve; Colonel William P. Upshur, Marine Corps, General Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Reserves; Captain Merlin F. Schneider, assistant in the office of the General Officer in Charge of Reserves at Headquarters in Washington; Major Campbell H. Brown, Marine Corps, Inspector-Instructor of the 7th Battalion; Sergeant Major William H. Tinney, FMCR, and Trumpeter Harrison M. Hinson, FMCR.

1st Sgt. Lucke and Sgt. Harbrook, our regular instructors, have been doing a right noble job on the Maryland front, and the men are sure picking up the work well under their guidance.

Not much more to say until the next issue, so it's Close Station, March Order.

Battery A

We ended our two weeks' Annual Training on Sunday 11 July, 1937, although the majority of the fellows would like to have stayed another week or more; there were some who were ready to go home after the first day, whether they are afraid of hard work or just can't take it we don't know. But we have one Pfc. in Battery A by the name of Bill Biedermann who isn't afraid of hard work; he said he could lay down and go to sleep beside it any day.

Everything went nice the first week. Our Gunnery Sergeant, Paul Wehmann, stayed in camp every night so that when he went on liberty over the holidays he would be fit as a fiddle. Well, he took off Sunday morning after chow, but he came back 10 hours late; his story was that the storm on the night of 5 July delayed him. That's his story and he is stuck with it.

The firing battery has been firing very good. The only trouble is they didn't have any night problems, which all the boys like!

Congratulations to the fellows who were promoted during the camp period and we hope you will be successful in your new duties. Those promoted are as follows: Cpl. Garratt, Walter A., to Sgt.; Cpl. Capobianco, Leonard, to Sgt.; Pfc. Acker, Frank E., to Sgt.; Pfc. Farrington, John J., to Cpl.; Pfc. Hoffman, Benjamin F., Jr., to Cpl.; Pvt. Bareis, Robert F., to Pfc.; Pvt. Falicki, Henry A., to Pfc.; Pvt. Lambariski, John S., to Pfc. Pvt. Miller, Edward, to Pfc.; Pvt. Phillips, John A., to Pfc.

Compliments are in order for Mess Sergeant Thomas of the regular Marine Corps, as I know all the boys in Battery A were

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NOTES FROM THE HUB 2nd Bn, FMCR, NYd, Boston, Mass. By R. L. N.

Our annual field training terminated on Sunday, 27 June, after two profitable and instructive weeks at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., is being the consensus that this year's training reached a new high in the 2nd Battalion. The outfit, minus Company B, moved out of the Boston Yard Sunday p.m., 13 June and entrained at the North Station, arriving at Portsmouth Navy Yard in mid-afternoon. This year we were at the Navy Submarine Barracks, whereas in the past we have been quartered at the Marine Barracks in the Yard. Upon taking over our part of the Sub Barracks we found much to our dismay that we would have to bunk on Navy hospital beds during our two weeks sojourn. After sleeping on Helen Gould cots as in past years, the sight of those white hospital beds sure put new life in the outfit and we were off to a good start.

This year we had four non-com's from the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico assigned to the battalion, namely; Platoon Sgt. Carl Foster and Corporals Barbour, Oliver and Peterman. These non-coms quickly won the respect of all members of the battalion and were at all times willing to assist in the training undertaken during our two weeks stay at Portsmouth.

The first week's training consisted of close and extended order, battalion parades and ceremonies, and the firing for qualification of men who had not previously fired the .22 cal. indoor course at Boston, the Commanding Officer of the Naval Prison Detachment graciously extending the use of their range at the Naval Prison. Thursday and Friday of the first week found us at Camp Curtis Guild, Wakefield, Mass., firing the preliminary and qualification courses. In spite of the fact that there was not time for proper practice, the battalion left with a very satisfactory percentage of qualification. This year for the first time we used battle sights in firing rapid fire. Two men

were tied for high score, Cpl. Provost of Company B, Portland, and Pvt. Leonard L. Davis of D Co., Boston, both having 336. Next in line we find 2nd Lieut. D. L. Dickson, CO of Company C, with a score of 332.

The second week was mostly taken up with field problems, notable of which was the "battle of Remick Point." These problems had been prepared by Captain Litzenberg, attached to MB, NYd., Portsmouth, who along with Major Muldrow of the Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, were our Board of Observers. Captain Litzenberg spared no effort in order to make the problems most instructional. Our Inspector-Instructor, Lt. Col. Marshall, was particularly impressed by the amount of work involved in the drawing up of the problems in question. Needless to say everything went well and whatever didn't click was aired at the critiques, one of which was held after every phase of the various field problems. The terrain over which these problems were held was of a swampy nature, and it was funny to watch everybody trying to keep dry while advancing during Problem No. 2. After one foot had slipped and got soaked they forgot the swamp and splashed merrily ahead. 2nd Lt. M. Sodano, VMCR, was nearly a casualty during one of the problems when he fell off a stone embankment hidden by long grass. He bravely cried—"Carry on lads, don't mind me" and proceeded to pick the burrs from his clothes. FMF Cpl. Barbour attached to Company C, and acting as a spigoty guide for one of their patrols during the bush warfare problem is still wondering when he is going to receive the 20 bucks for guiding the thankless "Yankees." The Board of Observers were heard to remark that when a patrol from one of the companies was fired upon from ambush they hit the deck so fast and hard that they bounced. All in all it was a great "war" and the sea lawyers of the battalion are still fighting it.

The following officers of the VMCR were attached to the battalion for training during the two week period: Captain Arthur E. Lyng, formerly CO of the old 301st Co., also having served overseas with the famed 5th Marines, holding the Navy Cross for gallantry in action during the big fracas; 2nd Lt. M. Sodano, who at one time served with one of the outfits now incorporated in the 2nd Battalion, and last but not least 2nd Lt. Lee of Jamaica Plain, who while being a newcomer with us, left a warm spot in our hearts and we hope to see more of him.

This year's award of the Jeanne Fox Weidmann Medal for being the best all around reservist in the 2nd Battalion was awarded to Cpl. Wesley H. Stewart of Company B, Portland. The entire battalion joins in congratulating Corporal Stewart. Our battalion commander, Captain Joseph T. Crowley, along with the company officers of the battalion donated four medals to be awarded to the best all-around man in each company, and the following men were so honored: Corporal Patrick E. Murphy, Company A; Corporal Ralph C. Bonner, Company B; Corporal H. E. Drew, Company C; Corporal James E. Cousins, Company D. These men were selected by the FMF instructor attached to each company, and needless to say they did a good job of picking.

Saturday, June 26, while being pay-day was also a day of hail and farewell. After bidding Godspeed to our four FMF instructors, who incidentally received a token of esteem and appreciation from the companies they were associated with, an impromptu ceremony was held outside the Sub Barracks to pay tribute in a small way to 1st Sgt. Alfred Sylvester, USMC, who will be leaving.

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LOS ANGELES AND HOLLYWOOD JOIN IN WELCOMING THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, FMCR

"Hello, Los Angeles, General Holcomb calling from San Diego."

"San Diego readyyyyy! Los Angeles operator. Go Aheadddd!"

"Go aheadadad, Major Steele, Los Angeles is readyyyyy!"

Such was the telephone operators' conversation no doubt prior to the visit of the MGC to Los Angeles and the Long Distance operator at Los Angeles no doubt put down this conversation:

"The MGC would like hotel accommodations adjacent to Hollywood, Pasadena, Inglewood and Los Angeles but it must not be in downtown Los Angeles."

"Well, now, we can easily arrange that, all these towns are in opposite directions and all we have to do is select a hotel in one of them."

Following which it was discovered that a Marine Corps Reserve officer, Lt. Laun Reis, FMCR, Company Officer, A Co., was assistant manager of the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the most exclusive in that city of hotels and another telephone call had the MGC and his party installed in the best quarters the house had to offer. On the afternoon of June 21, General Holcomb, accompanied by his aide, Captain Cornelius P. Van Ness; Mrs. Holcomb and the General and Mrs. Holcomb's son, Frank E. Holcomb.

Monday evening, Major John J. Flynn, FMCR, commanding the 13th Battalion, accompanied by the battalion officers and Inglewood city officials, welcomed the Major General Commandant prior to his inspection of D Company under the command of Captain Horace W. Card, FMCR. The General inspected each man in the company and Captain Van Ness made a rifle inspection which gave the battalion officers a lesson in how a rifle should be inspected.

Following the inspection the company went through a half hour of company drill and manual of the rifle. Every man in D Company was out to show what the reserve can do and it appeared that the MGC was well pleased. Second Lieut. Gordon Warner, FMCR, is the company officer of D Company.

Inspect C Company in Glendale

Following the Inglewood inspection, General Holcomb traveled to Glendale, home of the champion outfit in the 13th Battalion, where a similar inspection was held. That the outfit had won the battalion efficiency trophy three times in succession was merited again on that night. 1st Lt. James F. Whitney, FMCR, company commander, and 2nd Lt. Glenn D. Morgan, FMCR, company officer, had the men in fine fettle for the MGC and his aide.

Other battalion officers and volunteer reserve officers who had not met the Major General Commandant were present, including Major Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, attached to the battalion staff of Major Flynn.

Every man and officer in the battalion is deeply appreciative of the visit of the Major General Commandant and his visit serves as renewed assurance of the genuine interest and support of the regular service for the reserves.

GENERAL AND MRS. HOLCOMB ENTERTAINED

In honor of the Major General Commandant and Mrs. Holcomb, Major and Mrs. Woodbridge S. Van Dyke, USMCR, tendered a reception in his Brentwood Heights home in Hollywood on Wednesday evening, June 23.

A host of distinguished guests were invited and attended including Elissa Landi, Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Evalyn Knapp, Karl Young, Florence Thomas and other members of the motion picture colony.

Others who attended included Col. Jimmie Mattern, famous round the world flier, Hon. J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, Admiral and Mrs. W. T. Tarrant, USN; Col. S. C. Cumming, USMC; Captain Cornelius P. Van Ness, USMC, aide to the Major General Commandant; Major and Mrs. F. T. Steele, USMC; Major and Mrs. John J. Flynn, FMCR, Captain and Mrs. Owen E. Jensen, FMCR.

During the afternoon of the party, General and Mrs. Holcomb and Captain Van Ness were guests of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios where they visited various sets and were entertained at luncheon.

13TH BATTALION IN CAMP 11 TO 25 JULY

The preparations for attendance at the annual training camp at the Marine Corps Base at San Diego are in full swing under the leadership of Major John J. Flynn, FMCR.

About 160 officers and men are expected to attend camp this year and all are eagerly looking forward to the training. Officers who will attend include Major Flynn, Major Joseph P. Sproul, Captain Horace W. Card, Captain Owen E. Jensen, Captain Thomas H. Raymond, 1st Lt. F. Adreon, Jr., 1st Lt. W. F. Whittaker, 1st Lt. J. F. Whitney, Lt. Glenn G. English, USNR(MC), Lt. Laun Reis, Lt. Dean Morgan, Lt. Gordon Warner and 1st Lt. Peter Altpeter.

Cpl. Patrick, FMCR, Dies in Plane Accident

As fellow members of B Company, 13th Battalion, FMCR, stood at attention, last rites for Corporal Edgar M. Patrick, FMCR, 23 years old victim of a plane crash near San Gabriel, Calif., on Sunday, June 13, 1937, were held Wednesday, June 16 in Pasadena, with Chaplain Merrill G. Tennyson, USNR, officiating.

Chaplain Tennyson pointed out that all too frequently, one misses the beautiful things in life and that one who had lived only a few years could accomplish as much as one who may live to a ripe old age.

Honorary pallbearers at the service were Captain Owen E. Jensen, Cpl. Patrick's company commander, and 1st Lt. Chester J. Salazar. Pallbearers were Sgt. Major S. W. Robinson, 1st Sgt. L. J. McNiff, Supply Sgt. L. J. Schlesinger, Corporals E. J. Thompson, Don Linn, John W. Burkhardt, C. E. Bruson and Max M. Purcell.

The casket, draped all day Tuesday, with an American flag presented by the members

(Continued on page 47)

COMPANY D, 13TH BN.

Inglewood, Calif.

By SOS

In just a few days we will be leaving for summer camp which will be at the usual place; the Marine Base, San Diego and the La Jolla Rifle Range. We are taking forty-three men this year, among those, quite a few who are going for the first time. They are Pts. Anderson, Brabo, Winkleman, De-Julio and Sausser. Pts. Franklin Murphy and Charles Wilson, who have been in Class VI, have requested transfers to Class IV so that they can get another taste of Camp life. Among those missing will be P. V. Hayes, who was recently discharged, and will be greatly missed by everyone who know him as "Top-Kick." Cpls. Harrison's and Hawkins' absence will also be felt as they both have made a number of camps and know the ropes.

FLASH!!!! "Splinter Lip" Anderson, (Co. Music) is the first bashful Marine that we've had the pleasure of meeting. It seems there was a blonde, the urbane type, who evinced an apparent desire to have Andy dance with her. After he imitated a chameleon, a rainbow and a stop-light we tried bribing him, and finally obtained our objective by calling the fair damsel over and introducing them to each other, then SHE asked HIM!! But when he got started—Oh-h-h-h Boy! He upheld all the traditions of the Marine Corps and established a precedence that will challenge the best of us.

After a very tight game, our soft-ball team topped the 20-30 Club by the close score of 10 to 9; with Cpl. Hawkins chucking and Cpl. Wolford receiving backed up by very good playing of the rest of the team. The boys are surely headed for the championship of the League.

All small-bore classifications are in and we wish to congratulate Sgt. Cathay on accomplishing the seemingly impossible. Since he has finished with his star pupil we now have a new coach on the rifle range. For information ask Pvt. Sperry.

SUPER-FLASH!!!! Pvt. Frank Murphy has promised to include all his medals in his baggage to flash in front of the "boots" this year.

On the q.t.—Pvt. Reep is bewailing the fact that now since he has added three whiskers to that fuzz on his chin he'll have to put a blade in the razor that he has been using for the past year. Maybe he's only bragging again.

Seeing as I have to get my heavy marching order rolled, I'll have to let the rest of the news go until next issue.

THE BUCCANEERS

15th Battalion, F.M.C.R.—Galveston, Texas

By Paul W. Fuhrhop

The Fifteenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve left for their summer encampment on the morning of Sunday, 6 June. When the troop train passed through Houston the boys suddenly realized that there must be some serious business on foot. Two very business-like looking Marine Corps Majors (sent out by Headquarters in Washington) boarded the train. One of them greeted Colonel Thompson with particular affection. He was Major Elmer Hall. Twenty-five years ago a famous football star at the University of Oregon. He and the Colonel had enlisted together in 1917. The other major was Major McClain.

When the battalion reached camp at Camp Hulen, Palacios, Texas, there were more strange Marines. There was a Quartermaster Clerk from San Diego and two sergeants



SOFTBALL TEAM, CO. D., 14TH BN, FMCR

Left to right, first row: Bowalski, Badger, Roy McCollum, Cleeton; second row: De Marco, Creek, Hawkins, Capt. Horace W. Card, Edson Card, manager; Wolford; third row: La Forest, Beamer, Fraser, Marling, Alvin McCollum, Hulls.

from the regular Corps, Sgts. Rowe and Byrd. In the mess hall was Sgt. Kane, also from the regulars, and who had made his reputation feeding beans to the men who had made the Marine Corps famous "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli."

Awh! what's the use of me trying to make a write-up when Corporal H. W. Nichols, Jr., has made such a good one. I couldn't have done better. He had a note-book with him, and was seen constantly writing in it. It is rumored that even between right-shoulder to left-shoulder arms, he made notes.

BUCCANEERS IN CAMP

By Henry Wm. Nichols, Jr.

On June sixth, about 55 of us (that includes Company A, Headquarters Company, and the officers) met at the armory. From there we marched to the depot where we boarded the train, and after depositing our equipment, we were given time to get off to bid our farewells. In a few moments we were back and the train pulled out.

At 1:05 p.m., we reached Camp. A short march, selection of bunks, removal of packs and depositing of rifles, and out came the mess gear! We lost no time in forming a bread line.

At 4:30 all work was completed. It was then time for supper, a good bath and bed by 10:00 p.m.

Monday, June Seventh

Reveille called us at 5:20 a.m. We had a period of "limbering up the muscles," then we went back to the barracks to straighten up our beds, after which we got out the mess-gear.

After breakfast we policed the barracks and surrounding area. Then we had a few hours of close order drill, and then drilled as a whole Company together. Also there was an hour of organized athletics. Sgt. Rowe gave a lecture on combat signals, hand and rifle grenades. He gave a very clear explanation on the use of the grenade. In this lecture he was assisted by Sgt. Byrd, while on the Combat Signals he was assisted

by Captain W. T. Short. Both subjects were highly instructive.

After dinner we had a lecture by Lt. (Doc-tor) Kahn. His talk gave us a constructive outline on how to take care of ourselves, and how to help injured comrades. One point he stressed highly: "Remain cool at all times."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in putting-up tents to be occupied by some of the boys in order to avoid crowding in the barracks.

The day was over and I found myself on as Corporal of the Guard. The Corporal of the Guard had two sentries walking the post.

Tuesday

I was relieved at 9:00 a.m. and stayed in the barracks for rest.

Companies A and B went out on the range to fire the first practice round. They returned at 11:55. Some of the boys felt the "results."

Lady Luck was with Company B of Texas City, for Cpl. Gibbons won the cup by a margin of 1 point. ONLY TWO MORE TIMES and it will be his for keeps—but will he make it????

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

Rising time was at 4:55 a.m. in order to get an early start in firing. A period of only 21 hours was allowed for practice and record firing. The boys made a fine job of it, as well as in the hard work of marking the targets behind the butts.

Wednesday proved to be an exciting day. When we had come in at noon, and got warm food all ready to satisfy old man hunger, what do you suppose happened? Up pops a grass fire on the range! The boys piled out of the mess hall and had the fire out in 15 minutes. That was some work on empty stomachs.

Saturday

This morning we had our first inspection and passed it with good marks. Then we "passed in review," and were through for the day. Relaxation until Monday morning was a welcome order.

Saturday night was a great one, and will be long remembered. Our Inspector-Instructor rolled out a nice, cold, keg of beer. Did we thank him. And how, with 15 rah, rah, rahs, and ending with the song "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." We paged the rest of the officers and sergeants in Camp and gave them the same "works." Then, Oh, Oh, Oh! Who should come dragging up? None other than our beloved Company Commander: Capt. W. T. Short. So we lured him into the magic circle for his beer and song. Major Pearce then led in the song "Anchors Away" and followed in with us on the Marine's Hymn. When the keg was robbed of its very last drop, we all turned to for the night.

Sunday

A group of us attended Palacios Church at about 7:30 a.m. Returned to camp at about 9:00 a.m. Then other boys left for Services at about 10:00 a.m.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

These days were spent in close order drill, extended order musketry, range estimation, and bayonet practice which was covered quite thoroughly.

One of the problems which we worked out with Sgt. Byrd was taking a machine gun nest. This we did in grand style.

Wednesday morning we had a lecture by Major Hall on chemical warfare, and how to use the gas mask. The Major invited us to a chemical warfare picture show for that night.

In the afternoon, another period of close order, followed by extended order. Then we were told how we would be placed for the sham battle on the following day.

Thursday

The morning was spent drilling instructions on Tent Pitching. Dinner over, and the final hour was approaching for the first attack on the enemy. Zero hour was 1:05. We had 1,000 yards to go. It was a matter of up and go—up and go—get down. Believe it or not, but we made the 1,000 yards in 40 minutes, and then to our dismay, saw we could not advance further, as the enemy was well fortified with a machine-gun company. Against a sweeping fire we gradually retreated about 500 yards. Then we went into a section column and started marching back.

Later we were informed that "tonight, reinforcements would arrive from New Orleans," and that we had to take the enemy at "any cost." When we got back in, we had to rest for an hour before we could take a shower.

That night I was assigned for Guard Duty from 11 to 3. So I first went to town and another supper consisting of a nice juicy steak with all the trimmings.

Friday

I was a little tired this morning, but shook it off. We went out—our object was to move in on the enemy by the shortest route. After marching a good distance, we stopped and stacked our rifles. The Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. Clark W. Thompson, called together his Staff and Officers, and they looked the situation over. In a short while we were on the move in squad column. Scouts were out in front looking things over. Finally we went into skirmish line. We had about 700 yards to go to put us right into the enemy. When we were about 50 yards from the enemy they opened up full blast with machine guns and their rifle platoon. The airplanes put the machine guns out of commission, and then it was fix bayonet, assault fire. About 30 yards away we made

the final charge, making the enemy take to their heels.

After a short rest we headed back for camp—about a mile distant. Smoking lamp lit all the way—songs were resumed—and was it good to get back in again?

Nothing doing until after dinner. Then we had more close order drilling, tent instructions, and how to make a full pack.

The enemy must have planted some magic fire underground, for just before supper, we had to turn out to extinguish a fire on the battlefield!

Saturday

We had another inspection this morning, and then passed "in review." Then there was the awarding of trophies to the various "honor" men. And as a final touch of glory for my company, which I was proud and happy to witness, was the awarding of the cup for the first year to our Co. commander. Major Hall remarked that he would like to be with this Battalion in actual warfare.

At 2:00 p.m. we all received our pay. Some of the boys went to town, and some remained in camp.

Sunday, June 20

Sunday morning, we broke camp, but the same group of us obtained permission to attend Mass first. After we returned to camp, we had the tents down, area policed up, and ready for dinner. That over, we boarded the train and left Camp Hulén, Palacios, Texas, at 12:05 p.m.

Arriving at Galveston at 5:40, we marched back to the Armory, singing songs along the way. After unloading the locker boxes from the truck, we all set foot for HOME SWEET HOME.

And thus, I, for one, have pleasant and profitable memories of the first encampment. But I do not intend to live only in "memories"—I am now going to put forth every effort so that I may do my share in making the next one, in 1938 even more successful.

ELEVENTH BATTALION, FMCR

Seattle, Washington

It's too bad the quartermaster doesn't issue water wings—the 11th Battalion could have used a lot of them at camp.

Reporting in at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, on 13 June, we ran into large quantities of rain. The rain let up at infrequent intervals and by a stroke of luck we had sunshine for the final battalion review.

Commanded by Maj. C. H. Baldwin, the battalion went to camp with about 175 men, many of them new. But with the aid of seven instructors from the FMF, even the new men looked like Regulars by the end of camp.

The addition of two companies from Tacoma made things rather crowded at the barracks and at the range but everyone seemed to get along all right.

High spot of the camp was the presentation of the Jeanne Fox Weinman Medal, given every year by the Daughters of the War of 1812 to the outstanding enlisted man in each of the Reserve battalions.

This year's winner in the Eleventh was Sgt. Robert W. Waugh of Company C. The medal was presented by Mrs. R. C. Kilmartin, Jr., wife of Maj. R. C. Kilmartin, Jr., USMC, commanding the Marine Barracks, PSNY.

Oh, yes! We also went to "war." Dividing the battalion into two forces, we fought a pitched battle over one of the wildest bits of country on the Olympic Peninsula. Companies D and E of Tacoma comprised the defending force and Companies A, B, and C at-

tacked. The troops are still arguing over who won the war.

Firing for record was an ordeal this year. When we didn't have rain we had wind and lots of it. But the percentage of qualification was good. We'll tell you what it was in our next broadcast.

Two officers from the VMCR were with us this year. While they worked mostly with the Regulars, they fired the "D" course with us and were in on parades and field problems. They were Capt. Lloyd Houchin, postmaster at Camas, Washington, and 1st Lt. Roy W. Trezise, sheriff of Pacific County. The battalion was glad to have the two officers along and hopes they'll be with us again next year.

Now that we've hit the high spots of camp—we could write a book on it—we'll let you in on the best news the battalion has had in years.

Seattle will have its long-sought naval reserve armory. The new building, work on which had already been started, will be of frame construction and 90 by 200 feet in size. The indoor drill deck will be 90 by 100 and there will be an outdoor drill space of about 60 by 500. The Naval Reserve, Marine Corps Reserve and Sea Scouts will be quartered in the new armory and boats will be moored alongside.

The Seattle companies of the 11th Battalion should be able to move into their new quarters by early fall.

* * *

Shots in the V-ring: "Whispering Bob" Waugh, who won the Jeanne Fox Weinman Medal, inadvertently let some of the boys see a picture his girl friend sent him . . . it was inscribed "To Ducky Poo!" . . . 1st Sgt. Walter Parsons, who made the Camp Perry trip one year and is one of the battalion's better shots, pulled a boot trick one day . . . going to the 300 yard line, he got into position, started to close his bolt and discovered there WASN'T any bolt in the rifle. . . . Pvt. Gray of Tacoma set a new record of some sort . . . spending one whole afternoon in the galley, Gray peeled exactly ONE potato! . . . The Tacoma troops, quartered in Mosquito Hollow where they had no lights nor tent floors, had to wade to the mess hall on several occasions when even the duck boards in the company streets floated off. . . . It was a fine camp and we're already looking forward to the next one. . . . Se you in the September LEATHERNECK.

SIXTH BATTALION FMCR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

"Carry me back to ole Virginny." With this well known tune being played by the band, the Sixth Battalion took leave of Quantico on July 4 after two weeks of strenuous training. The entire Marine Reserve received an invitation from the commanding officer of the post to return in 1938 and "we all" carried back to our homes fond memories of real southern hospitality. We are of the opinion that the accommodations will be greatly improved by next year and that Quantico will be an ideal camp for the training of reservists.

We cannot say too much in praise of the regular personnel at Quantico. Literally, we were received with open arms by the boys and accepted by them as brothers. This in itself is sufficient incentive for us to want to return in 1938.

Whether it be Sea Girt or Quantico, there are always certain things connected with an encampment that are never forgotten. Chief among these things in 1937 are the flies.

THE LEATHERNECK

Even after the rice pudding was served with raisins in it there were just as many flies as before so they must have put raisins in the pudding after all.

1st Sergeant Fred H. Kelly, USMC, who it attached to the Sixth Battalion as assistant instructor attended his first camp with the Reserves. Just another boot as was his son, Teddy, who was sworn in on his birthday, June 24, and became a member of the Superb Sixth. The last we saw of Sergeant Kelly was when he was in tow of an automobile salesman. How is the new car, top?

One of the disappointments in camp was suffered by our capable police sergeant, William S. Price. The sergeant was all crumbed up to take part in the battalion parade when orders came cancelling his part in the ceremonies. However, this disappointment was somewhat offset by his receiving a letter of commendation from the camp commanding officer for his excellent work in improving the sanitary conditions of the camp.

Congratulations are extended to Sergeant Seidenburg of Company D for having been awarded the Daughters of 1812 Medal for efficiency. Maybe your correspondent will win it next year.

We were also pleased to have had the former First Sergeant of Company A visit us. Come and see us often, Sergeant Baker, we may have a vacancy for bass drummer in the band some time.

The post exchange and the novelty stores in Quantico did a rushing business on souvenirs during the encampment from the appearance of the empty shelves and show cases. The same applies to the purveyors of wet goods.

Gy. Sgt. Castagna and Platoon Sgt. Hoffecker had the usual list of alibis to offer for their scores on the pistol range. We believe all the boys said as neither of them has been known to ever tell a lie when it comes to matters pertaining to shooting.

Taking it all in all, it was a wonderful camp. When we arrived back at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia we were treated to a first class meal in the Marine Barracks after which we put on a parade for the benefit of the many visitors who came to see us home.

And now we go back to the regular grind with visions of the 1938 encampment in our minds. Will it be Quantico? No matter where it will be, the Superb Sixth will once again uphold the name of Philadelphia.

TROPHIES FOR FIFTH BN., FMCR

Washington, D. C.

For award upon completion of the Field Training Schedule of the 5th Battalion at Quantico, from August 15th to 20th, there will be eighteen efficiency awards, cups, trophies and medals in competition between the eight companies of the Battalion.

The leading trophy, the Colonel Frank H. Edmonds Cup, will be presented by Colonel William P. Upshur, USMC, Director of the Marine Corps Reserve, to the company making the highest general efficiency record. Other awards, all considered in "points" for the Edmonds Cup are as follows:

"The Old Rifle," a silver mounted 1875 rifle, to the company with the cleanest rifles in camp;

The Klemfuss Cup, to the company with the highest percentage of .30 caliber range qualifications;

The Norfolk Chamber of Commerce Cup, to the best close order drill company;

The N. C. O.'s Cup, for the cleanest company streets;

The Occidental Health Cup, awarded

by Fred W. Buchholz, for the cleanest galleys;

The Elizabeth Harris Edmonds Cup, for the best drilled squad;

The Veterans of Foreign Wars Medal, awarded by the District of Columbia Department, V. F. W., for the best drilled Private or Private First Class;

The Dwight L. Harris Cup, for the outstanding enlisted man during the past year;

The Daughters of 1812 Medal, awarded by Jeanne Fox Weinmann, for the best all around Marine of the rank of Sergeant or below;

The Ruth Brewster, Daughters of the American Revolution Military Education Medal, awarded by Mrs. Clay Keene Miller, Regent, to the enlisted man making the most progress in correspondence courses;

The American Legion "Best Corporal"



Medal, awarded by the District of Columbia Department, American Legion, to the best squad leader at extended order drill;

The Marine Corps ring, to the best drilled guidon bearer;

The U. S. M. C. R. Cup, to the enlisted man with the highest .30 caliber rifle score;

The Chesterfield Cup, to the private or private first class with the highest .30 caliber rifle score;

The Captain William W. Stickney trophy, to the company with the highest performance in athletics;

The Battalion Commander's Efficiency Medal, to the company with the best administrative paper work; the medal to the enlisted man most responsible for the work;

The Warburton Cup, to the officer with the highest .30 caliber rifle score;

The Battalion Commander's "E" efficiency streamer, to be carried permanently on the guidon of the company winning the Colonel Edmonds Cup.

H.Q. COMPANY, 4TH BN.

Newark, New Jersey

By R. C. Keck

Headquarters company is made up of some of the most well rounded men in the battalion; namely, Red Zalusky, Sgt. Dalglish, Sgt. Major Mattia, and Cpl. Lynch. They make up the blimp squad, and at the same time they make excellent anchor men.

Red Zalusky is out of the mess hall this year and is an acting line sergeant, and

from all reports everything was all right except that it was a little hard on his stomach, but then he can't afford to lose any weight so we all feel sorry for him. Cpl. (junior) Lynch is next in line of corporations and a very promising candidate. And next in line of stomachs we find Sgt. Major Mattia, followed by Sgt. Dalglish.

Sgt. Don Wright who is attached to the Medical corps had constantly been annoying the supply sergeant for a pistol, and insisting that he rated one according to regulations. So finally the supply sergeant granted his request and a presentation was made in the presence of the entire battalion. Was Sgt. Wright's face red?

Now that camp is over we all anticipate another season of regular drilling at the Newark armory, with some good first hand information as a result of the two weeks' training at Quantico, Virginia. Where we the best of training facilities and a very lenient training schedule together with some good sport and recreation. The boys all had some excellent training in field combat and extended order drill. The combat area was an ideal location for a very practical problem and the men of the battalion received some very good training from a very efficient and well qualified staff of officers.

The two weeks training period was well planned and carried out, with Major Melvin L. Krulwiteh as camp commander, Captain William P. Carey as camp adjutant, Major Lessing as commander of the Fourth Battalion, with Lt. H. C. Drewes, Lt. Grace, and Lt. Forrester as staff officers. The Fourth battalion was commended several times by various observers from the FMF; as an efficient organization. We did remarkably well considering that the majority of the companies had a great percentage of new men, who had never attended a military camp before.

Although the rifle qualifications were not so high we attribute it to the fact that the large percentage of the men were unfamiliar with the 30 calibre rifle and also some of the range rules which the men were unaware of until the time they went upon the range. Regardless of that fact the training was very helpful and beneficial to all the men and officers as well.

THE 14TH BATTALION

Spokane, Wash.

By L. Merlin Norris

So much has transpired since last writing our local news to THE LEATHERNECK that it is hard to think back and know just where to begin to get it all in this column.

We reported for active duty as our Spokane "go-down" at 6:00 A.M. Sunday morning, June 13th, for fifteen days of active service at the Navy Yards in Bremerton, Washington. We embarked for the coast and arrived in Seattle at 6:30 in the evening. The Navy tug was waiting for us and took us across the Puget Sound to the Navy Yards at Bremerton. It was raining throughout the trip and all of us got wet before we got there. Marine trucks were waiting our arrival and transported us out to Camp Wesley Harris, the Marine Rifle Range about seven miles from Bremerton.

During the first week at camp we were beginning to think that it always rained on the coast. It rained so hard that it was almost impossible to keep the targets pasted on the rifle range. We hated to slip out of our panchos long enough to lie down in the wet sand and shoot. But at least one of our number made a good record in spite of the rain. Pfc. Don C. Brewer of A Company shot 239 out of 250. Several of the other boys made the expert rifle rating.

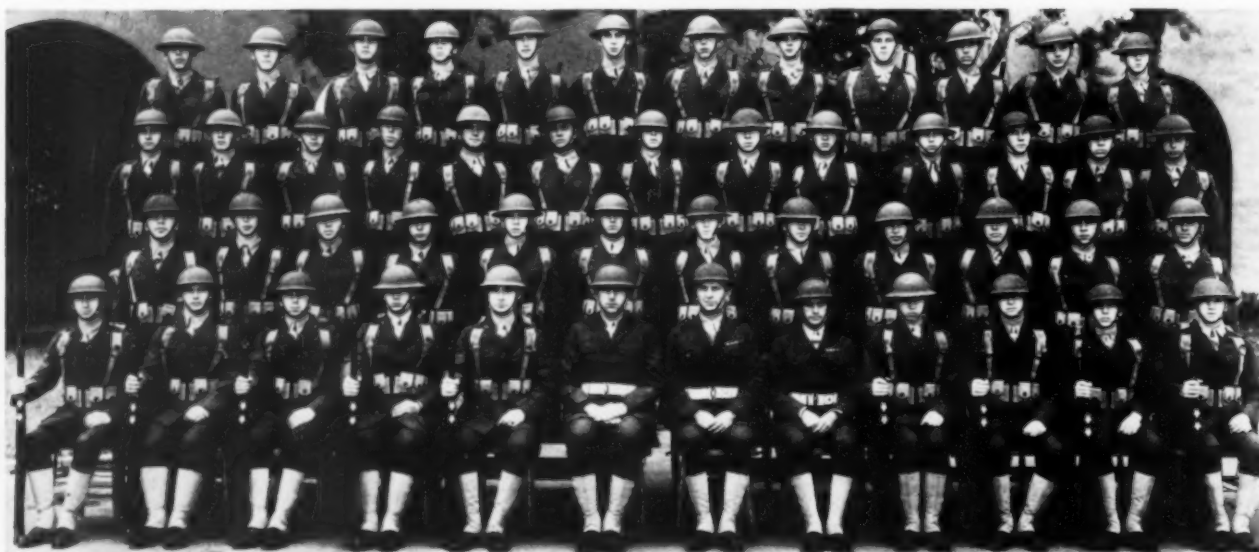
(Continued on page 48)



Platoon 6, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Pulliam; Sgt. Klizes; Cpl. Smith, and Cpl. Scott.



Platoon 7, Parris Island. Instructed by Platoon Sergeants Slusser and Walston.



Platoon 15, San Diego. Instructed by Corporals E. R. Browne; R. D. Keig, and McG. Hill.

ON TO AKRON FOR THE 14th ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE LEAGUE

HLL Marines, former Marines, Leaguers, and members of their family and friends are invited to Akron, Ohio, to attend, what promises to be the greatest Convention the Marine Corps League has ever held, on September 3-4-5. Come one, come all and enjoy the gala festivities the Akron Detachment has prepared for you and let's make this the greatest Convention ever.

The program calls for an old-fashioned Marine get together Thursday night before the business meeting, which starts Friday A.M. This old-fashioned get together affords all concerned an opportunity to uphold the traditions of the League, which are to renew old comradeships and make new ones, to preserve the traditions of the oldest branch of the Nation's Military service, the United States Marine Corps; to band together all Marines that they may be effective in promoting the ideals of American freedom and democracy; to fit themselves for their duties as citizens; to hold sacred the memories of Marines who have made the Supreme Sacrifice; to maintain true allegiance to all American institutions; to create a strong bond of comradeship between the Marine in the service and the Marine out of the service; to aid all Marines and their dependents; and to be ever mindful of the history of the United States Marine Corps, and properly dedicate anniversaries of historical dates in the Corps which all Marines honorably served. Let us all wend our way to Akron and make this Convention one that will long be remembered by all.

The first business session will be at 10 A.M. sharp Friday the 3rd. Second business meeting 10 A.M. sharp Saturday and the third and final meeting 10 A.M. sharp Sunday. All delegates are urged to be on time for these meetings as all meetings will start promptly at 10 A.M. regardless.

This very fine program also includes a stag party, various entertainment, speakers of note, and many other very interesting surprises.

The following officers are to be elected for the ensuing year:

National Commandant
Senior National Commandant
Junior National Commandant
National Chief of Staff
National Judge Advocate
National Chaplain
National Sergeant at Arms

It is important that good men are picked for these positions, men that will work for the best interest of the League, so let all delegates come prepared to elect such men, but whether your candidate wins or not let harmony prevail.

IRA S. WADE,
Asst. N. C. O. S.

DETACHMENT MEMBER-SHIP STANDINGS

The ten (10) leading Detachments in Membership as of May 1, 1937, are as follows:—

- 1 Niagara Frontier
- 2 Akron
- 3 Theodore Roosevelt
- 4 Hudson-Mohawk
- 5 San Francisco
- 6 Oakland
- 7 Troy
- 8 Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
- 9 San Jose
- 10 Homer A. Harkness

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.

TROY DETACHMENT

Our detachment has just about recovered from the trials and tribulations that one suffers so that most of the visiting Marines may carry pleasant memories home with them. The registration of in and out of state Marines was heavy. Without a doubt the two-day conclave was all that a regular Marine should enjoy.

The Hendrick-Hudson Hotel was the headquarters of the New York State Department Convention June 26-27. One of the largest and most colorful gatherings of "Devil Dogs" ever assembled in this area attended.

At the opening session, presided over by State Commandant George French of Montour Falls, special honors were paid Mr. John J. Callahan, father of the first Marine from Troy to be killed in action in the World War. An honorary life membership in the league voted him at the 1936 National Convention in Boston was presented to him. Mr. Callahan also possesses a life membership in this Detachment, which was extended to him when the local unit was organized two years ago. The presentation speech was made by our own Commandant "Doc" Schwarz who spent his childhood in the same locality as Marine Callahan and as one of his playmates. The recipient expressed his appreciation of the honor shown him with a brief talk. He assured his listeners he would remember to his dying day the honor voted him.

Mayor Chester J. Atkinson delivered the address of welcome and being a veteran of the World War himself, told the boys the city was theirs, and to bear in mind the Marine League Convention had a standing invitation to return next year.

Jerome Cohen, Department Commandant of Massachusetts, commended the local Detachment for its courage in sponsoring a state convention while not yet two years old.

State Commandant Cohen closed his address extending the greetings of all Detachments in Massachusetts, to all Detachments in our own state.

State Commandant French named the following committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws to be presented for consideration of the 1938 State Convention. Deputy Atty. General Stanley S. Conway, Troy Detachment; Joseph Burleigh, Tompkins County Detachment; Deputy Atty. General William B. O'Brien, Hudson-Mohawk Detachment; Harold Walk, New York Detachment No. 1, and Norman Fahr of Charles Ruddick Detachment, Elmira.

Several other committees were named at the night session. Full information as to the duties of the members appointed will be in the hands of all Detachment Adjutants before this LEATHERNECK reaches you. Troy Detachment was determined that members throughout the state, unable to attend would hear a detailed report of the 1937 convention of the Department of New York, so they employed a stenographer to record the minutes of all sessions. This report in mimeographed form should be ready for reading at the August meeting of your local detachments.

The Saturday night party arranged for the boys was a sort of a "Jamboree," plenty of cats, refreshing fluids, and entertainment. Music was provided by the Hawaiian Orchestra from Club Morocco and between dance numbers, Miss Frances B. Harrington, sister of the late Joseph F. Harrington, a charter member and one of the organizers of Troy Detachment, rendered solos. Several humorous skits were provided by Mr. Thomas V. Harrington, a former vaudeville artist and an uncle of the late Marine Harrington. Welfare Officer Daniel A. Conway performed as M. of C. during the entertainment.

On Sunday, June 27, the convention convened to elect officers. The only office contested was that of State Commandant—Past Divisional Commandant John J. McNamara of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment was defeated by Dr. Schwarz. The following were elected unanimously: State Vice Commandant, Warren Reigle, Niagara Frontier Detachment, Buffalo; State Judge Advocate, Deputy Atty. General Stanley S. Conway, Troy Detachment; Harry Holly, Tompkins County Detachment, Ithaca; State Sgt-at-Arms (reelected) and State Chaplain, Emory D. Myers, Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Albany (reelected).

The newly elected officers were installed by Nat. Commandant Maurice A. Illeh of Albany. After the installation National Commandant Illeh thanked those who attended and urged all to attend the National Convention of the League, scheduled to be held in Akron, Ohio, September 3-4-5. Retiring State Commandant French thanked all who attended, and asked the various Detachments to cooperate with State Commandant Schwarz.

Included in those attending were National Adj. John B. Hinckley of Boston, Al King and Phil Manning, both of Union City, New Jersey, who drove all the way with a gallon of apple. Ralph Vaccaro and a de-



Installation of officers, Homer Harkness Detachment, M.C.L., Jersey City

tail of his buddies from Newark. These New Jersey Marines brought along their colors which when set up between the flags of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment and our own, greatly enhanced the colorful picture presented by our uniformed leaders at the speakers' table. At the night session we enjoyed the presence of Joseph (Buster) Fitzgerald, State Judge Advocate, New York Department D. A. V.

Now to ride rough-shod over our regular June meeting, Vice Commandant John F. Quinn was reported convalescing from a recent leg injury and a remembrance was ordered sent to him. New members: Frank McGrath, Daniel H. Sheehan and John McGrath, all of the World War, and Wilson A. Regester, an old timer but young in his ideas, who served back in 1904. Further arrangements were made for the third annual clamsteam of Troy Detachment. Commandant Schwarz appointed Dan E. Conway, General Chairman; Tickets: Warren F. Rourke, Chairman, Henry Murray, Co-chairman; Sports: Frank McGarry, Chairman, John McGrath, Co-chairman; Refreshments: Frank Wood, Chairman, John Creagan and H. Kenyon, Co-chairman; Concessions: Dan E. Conway, Chairman, Ed. Gordon, Co-chairman; Publicity: Joseph A. Rourke, Chairman, Thos. Killian and John Riley as Co-chairmen.

Special meeting June 24. It was decided to entertain any women guest at the convention party without charge. Resolution adopted that New York State Convention be petitioned to go on record favoring a State Memorial Building being erected in Albany dedicated to the war veterans of New York State. Det. Commandant Francis S. Schwarz received unanimous endorsement as a candidate for the office of State Commandant New York Department, U. S. Marine Corps League.

Special meeting June 29. For the purpose of cleaning up all convention obligations: Convention voted a tremendous success: Adjourn out of respect to the memory of Marine Michael Sieler, a member of Troy Detachment, who, according to word received, passed away just about the time our convention was closing. The members as-

sembled, then journeyed to the late home of Marine Sieler, where the Marine ritual was read by Chaplain Thos. Killian. A firing squad and color guard were arranged for the burial which was in a local cemetery.

"Requiescent in Pace, good Marine."

J. A. ROURKE,
Chief of Staff.

OLDEST MARINE ANSWERS LAST ROLL-CALL

Comrade Ernest Horvath, age 79, who gloried in his membership in the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, since its formation and took a lively interest in the conduct of its affairs relinquished, through the medium of a very peaceful death early on the morning of June 10, 1937, that membership he valued so highly, as he answered Life's Last Roll-Call. Comrade Horvath retired in 1907.

The end came very peacefully to this kindly old gentleman, as he woke from his sleep, called for and bid good-bye to his two daughters, and passed on to his reward. One of his buddies, present at the gatherings of friends at the house in Somerville, Mass., during the next two days, remarked to a group of interested listeners, "Ernie was a man that had not lived in vain, for all the friends he left after him."

Sergeant Horvath entered the United States Marine Corps on March 27, 1884, enlisting at League Island, Pa. His first service was in 1885 when he was a member of a unit sent to the Isthmus of Panama, the 1st Battalion of Marines, to protect an American railroad during a revolution in that country. He was then a Corporal and later attained the rank of Sergeant on June 1, 1887, holding this latter rating when he was discharged from his 1st term of enlistment on March 26, 1889. He spent two days in civilian life, and reenlisted on March 28, 1889, with the rank of Sergeant again. During this enlistment he was a member of the Marine Guard selected to go to Paris, France, for the opening and closing of the Exposition there. Mr. Horvath, more than once, gave voice to the opinion

that while he thoroughly enjoyed his service in France, one memory haunted him for long years. With a few buddies, he was witness to an execution by the guillotine, and the memory of two citizens being beheaded, lingered long in his memory. His second enlistment expired March 27, 1894, the terms at that time being for five years, and he was discharged again with rating of Sergeant. This time he stayed out for a year, but on April 3, 1895, he again signed up, was reappointed Sergeant on May 18, and 1st Sergeant August 15, when he was assigned to the USS *Texas*.

First Sergeant Horvath evidently did not relish the "top-kicker berth" as well as others, and he requested a reduction in rank that he might be transferred to the Marine Barracks at Norfolk, Va., and assume more arduous duties. But changes were frequent at this period of his career, and on February 13, 1896, he found himself a First Sergeant again, and detailed to the USS *Wabash*. Later he was assigned to Marine Headquarters at Washington, D. C., until the trouble with Spain. Then he wanted to fight again, and later found himself in Cuba. In one of the skirmishes down there, while doing patrol duty one evening, and with his squad was engaged in rescuing some American soldiers after a cafe visit he met with serious injury. An insurgent who ran amuck slashed Sergeant's ear almost completely off his head, which accident was nearly fatal. When he was taken aboard one of the U. S. vessels there, the Medical Officers thought he would die from loss of blood, but he rallied and barring a total deafness in and the loss of one ear, he lived 40 years after having been given up for death. Later in 1907, in Cienfuegos, he was badly wounded by a vicious attack from an insurgent, and the resultant injuries invalidated him to the extent that he was discharged on disability, for injuries received in the line of duty. Marine Horvath had only one touch of Recruiting Duty, and that at Boston, where upon leaving the service, he made his permanent home.

In 1909, he entered the Custom Service at Boston, Mass., being appointed as Sergeant of the Guard, and took very justifiable pride in the reputation and honors that came to his unit of Guards. Mr. Horvath served with the Custom Service until 1932, when he retired with pension. These last few years, he has taken things easy, and lived a leisurely life, but never losing his interest in the Marine Corps, as was attested by his active membership in the League.

The funeral of this gallant old soldier took place from his home, 17 Alpine Street, Somerville, Mass., on Saturday, June 12, after throngs had passed in review at the home all day Friday to say good-bye to the kindly old man of the Marine Corps. The members of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, Marine Corps League, served as an honorary guard on the route to St. Catherine's Church, and a large number of Spanish War Veterans turned out for last honors, also. Major Percy D. Cornell and Captain Kirkpatrick headed a delegation from the United States Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., including a firing squad. The Marine Corps League Ritual, Commandant Keene officiating at the grave, served at the grave, while TAPS were sounded for "a grand old man who had gone to his reward."

POPP PHELAN,
Chief of Staff.

MIDDLESEX DETACHMENT

The Middlesex Detachment of the Marine Corps League was duly installed at the home of Harold W. Frink, 160 Florence Street,

THE LEATHERNECK

Melrose, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, June 29, 1937. The newly elected officers are as follows: Commandant: Vincent G. Rose, 23 Sylvan Street, Melrose, Massachusetts; Senior Vice Commandant: Warren H. Gibson, 356 Richardson Avenue, Wakefield, Massachusetts; Junior Vice Commandant: Carl F. E. Fahlow, Jr., 61 Porter Street, Melrose, Massachusetts; Adjutant & Paymaster: Harold W. Frink, 160 Florence Street, Melrose, Massachusetts; Chief of Staff: Arthur W. Gould, 230 Tremont Street, Melrose Hds., Massachusetts; Judge Advocate: Carl E. Carlson, 1459 Eastern Avenue, Malden, Massachusetts; Chaplain: Harry C. Dean, 793 Main Street, Melrose, Massachusetts; Sergeant at Arms: Albert Parolski, 37 Sweetser Street, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

This installation was constituted by our National Adjutant & Paymaster, John B. Hinkley, Jr., assisted by Senior Vice Commandant of the State Department, William Anderson.

After the installation of the Detachment advise was offered by John B. Hinkley, Jr., National Adjutant & Paymaster, Ira S. Wade, Asst. National Chief of Staff, William Anderson, Senior Vice Commandant, Roy S. Keene, Commandant, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, and Howard Watts, Past Senior Vice Commandant of the State Department. All wished Middlesex Detachment success and stated their willingness to help in any way possible.

Members of the new detachment their wives and friends together with members of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment enjoyed the luscious refreshments after the installation.

HAROLD W. GOULD,
Chief of Staff.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Michael Hodes,
Detachment Commandant,
Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment,
Marine Corps League, Portland, Oregon.
DEAR MR. HODES:

On November the tenth, 1935, in celebration of the one-hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the United States Marine Corps, an acknowledgment was sent me expressing your thanks to the Harlows for their good wishes to members of Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment and former Marines.

The acknowledgment was in the form of a loving tribute to those Marines and Comrades who made the Supreme Sacrifice and to the mothers and loved ones who inspired their courage. Such a sacred thought should be kept alive and appreciated by us, the brothers and sisters of Albert Lincoln Harlow. Let me now, after these many months, express my personal thanks to each Marine whose name is individually inscribed upon the paper on which this inspiring and sacred tribute was written.

All these months there has been kindled within our hearts the deepest reverence and respect for these thirty-six names, and there is an intimate and personal feeling toward each one whose name appears in their own handwriting. There is loyalty and patriotism written there.

In memory of my dear parents whom the name Marines meant "their boys," and in behalf of my brothers and sisters may I express our appreciation of the spirit that inspired the signing of these names.

Let me assure you that this tribute shall be framed and forever be kept in the Harlow family, recalling often to mind the devotion of the Comrades of my departed brother.

May we ever be at the service of the

August, 1937

Albert Lincoln Harlow Detachment and any other Marine who might need us.

Again let me thank you for having in our possession the names of thirty-six of the finest and bravest citizens of these our Great United States.

Very sincerely yours,
EMMA HARLOW ARTHUR.

RESERVE NEWS Battalions at Quantico

(Continued from page 36)

were indulged in with frequency, and a final windup boxing show and entertainment, "Town Hall Tonight" (amateur talent of course!) was held on the final Friday night of the camp. Lt. (jg) F. W. Meehling, USN, ChC, with Capt. O'Connell, camp athletic and entertainment officer, arranged the show and boxing card. Chaplain Meehling also said field mass for the Reservists on the two Sundays the men were in camp, and Protestant services were conducted by Chaplain Vogel, USN. A special canteen was set up by the Post Exchange Officer, right in the Reserve camp, which made it convenient for the officers and men unable to cross the tracks during the day.

Two baseball games added interest—the Third Battalion of Brooklyn defeating the team from the Sixth of Philadelphia by a score of 17-4 and then going down to inglorious defeat before the drives of Major "Heine" Miller's crack Fifth Battalion team which came down from Washington to throw the Brooklyn boys by a score of 16-2. The Fourth and Sixth Battalions

carried off most of the fistic honors in the windup show, with DeLarco of the 4th winning a return bout with Pfc. Gene Diamond of the Third in a humdinger fight. Vocal solos by various reservists also featured the final entertainment.

Drill ground and combat range demonstrations by the Fleet Marine Force gave the reservists an opportunity to see just how the Corps wages its warfare in the field. The use of howitzers, trench mortars, machine guns and automatic rifles, as well as the baby field tanks, made these demonstrations highly realistic. To one reserve officer the camp marked a high spot—Capt. Angelo John Cincotta, who two decades ago had marched out of Quantico in the rear rank headed for service in France. It was his first duty at Quantico since that time. He served as camp police and fire officer, and in recognition of his valiant service in the latter capacity (though there were no fires) he was presented with a toy fire engine by Major Krulewitch (also an overseas 6th Regiment veteran) aboard the troop train just as it left the Washington Terminal homeward bound. Among those also in camp with the reserves, was Tpr. Cpl. Julius C. Goldsmith of New York, who was the trumpeter to blow the first calls ever sounded in Quantico, twenty years ago. He is senior trumpeter of the Reserve.

Several receptions were given for the visiting reserve officers, the final one at the Officer's Club on Friday afternoon July 2nd when Gen. and Mrs. R. P. Williams received. A luncheon was tendered by the reserve officers on Saturday, July 3rd, to the visitors of the Daughters of 1812 who had come from Washington to present the



Left to right—National Commandant Maurice A. Ilch, Albany; Newly Elected State Commandant, Dr. Francis S. Schwarz, Troy; Retiring State Commandant, George French, Montour Falls; Mayor Chester J. Atkinson, Troy. Jerome Cohen who sat at the left of Mayor Atkinson is not shown here due to the fact that our photographer, crowded for sighting distance could not include "Jerry." Apologies from Troy Marines.



High light of a sea-going cruise

1812 Medal to one man from each Battalion. This group was headed by 85 year old Mrs. Blandy, a real daughter of 1812, whose father had served in that war. Generals Breckinridge and Williams, Colonels Osterman and Upshur, and others of the regular Corps were among those present, and addresses were made by the two Generals, Col. Upshur and Major Krulewitch. This followed the parade and awarding of the medals.

Once again the reservists welcomed the assignment of regular commissioned and non-commissioned officers as training and observer officials with the regiment. This contact with the regular non coms in particular, has been a feature of the reserve training camps for the past three years, and has served to establish a closer bond with the regular Corps. These men selected were of the highest type and provided beneficial guidance to the reserve troops. The regular evening movies at the main barracks also were appreciated by the visiting troops.

Now with Quantico behind them, these "citizen-soldiers" are heading for next year's camp with added zest and ambition. All agreed it was the greatest camp ever—even those who missed "strutting their stuff" on the Asbury Park boardwalk. So long, Quantico! We'll be coming back soon—we hope.

7TH BN (ART), PHILLY

(Continued from page 37)

satisfied with the chow and Sergeant Thomas saw to it that we got plenty.

Through the good work of Sergeant Hoffman and Corporal Geiser of the Regular

Marine Corps, who were assigned to this battery for instructions, the boys learned a great deal about the handling and firing of the .45 automatic pistol.

Battery B Bams

Well, here we are in the middle of our annual encampment, this year with the Army at Fort Hoyle, Md. So far it has been a toss-up between rain, mud and sunshine, with the rain a little ahead in the race. The only remarkable feature of the camp is the number of flies we won from the 1,100 horses the Army has stationed here.

Competition is keen for the "Efficiency Award" for the Battery that presents the finest appearance each morning at Inspection. Up to date B has one leg up on the award and are trying hard to win it. The award, we hope, is a barrel of "cider."

Our outfit is whamming away with the 75's most of this week with the short pistol course on schedule for this afternoon; an annual event where we all leave for the range as experts and come back "ex."

We regret losing one of the best non-coms in the outfit, Cpl. John Berresh, who is going to Headquarters Battery as Sergeant in Charge of Transport.

Being in the midst of a mad gallop through the camp payroll we will have to sign off now until next month, when we will tell you more about camp. And hope to be able to tell the Battalion how to win an "Efficiency Award."

As I write this we are pleased to add to our midst Cpl. Andrew C. Wagner. Congratulations, Wagner, for your good work.

We were well assisted at this camp by Sgt. Blount and Cpl. Britton of the 10th Marines. Two top instructors and we are

proud to have them with us. Rumor has it we are to lose our Top Kick, 1st Sgt. Henry, to the Battalion Quartermaster, leaving Platoon Sgt. Earle J. Karlage to take over the reins. "Trigger" Karlage, although a little Asiatic, should make good. Good luck to him.

Battery C

The Seventh Battalion's special train from Philadelphia came to a jarring stop amidst grinding brakes and screeching wheels at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, on Sunday the 27th of June.

Hurriedly the men disembarked and entered a waiting fleet of transports. Upon arrival at the camp site the artillerymen immediately occupied tents already erected by an advance detail.

Though the majority of men were unaccustomed to camping they readily adapted themselves to outdoor life and at the close of the first week they had assumed the regularity and poise of seasoned regulars.

It seems as if we will always appear as raw recruits in the eyes of our Gunnery Sgt., Troemel, whose incessant bellowing and good natured guffaws belie the exceptional ability that the men of Battery C have undoubtedly shown.

Probably the greatest difficulty the men encountered was acclimating themselves to "chow" that was prepared in the field.

Sgt. "Mama" Eaton developed quite a gun crew out of his young brood, despite the erratic tendencies of an amorous Corporal, who acquired the pseudonym of "90 degrees (either right or left) Lynch."

Speedy International trucks replaced the lumbering, laboring tractors of former years as the motivating power for the pieces. This was a decided advantage as it greatly reduced the time spent in the occupation of a position.

First Lt. Zimmer, our Battery Commander, aided and abetted by Second Lts. Nees and Moffatt, asserted his proficiency as a competent artilleryman and as an efficient administrator of battery affairs.

Thanks are in order to Sgt. Monteith and Cpl. Oezypok of the Regulars for their invaluable assistance to the men of C Battery and to Mess Sgt. Thomas for the good meals served.

In appreciation for their good work the following promotions were made during the camp period: Sgt. Elmer Eaton, to Plat. Sgt.; Pvt. Floyd Behrle, to Pfc.; Pvt. John Stretch, to Pfc.; Pvt. Walter Weigle, Jr., to Pfc.

On Sunday the 11th of July the Seventh Marines' Artillery shoved off for good old Philly, as dear a spot as ever warmed a Gyrene's heart. I am sure that in the years that are to come those who love to become reminiscent will recall their encampment at Fort Hoyle as one full of hard work, with just enough fun.

COMPANY D, 4TH BATTALION, FMCR

Newark, N. J.

This is written immediately after the return of Company D from Quantico, the scene of this year's annual encampment. It proved to be one of the most interesting and exciting experiences in the history of the company.

We went to camp with 61 men, many of whom were first year men, and made a record there of which we are proud. Company D won the marksmanship trophy for the greatest number of qualifications with the .30 calibre; we were presented with the bowling trophy; Pvt. Crump, of this company, won the marksmanship prize for the best attaining highest score in the bat-

THE LEATHERNECK

talion; Cpl. Hallo won the Daughters of 1812 medal awarded to the reservist having the best record in attendance, marksmanship, soldierly knowledge and appearance, Marine Corps Schools, and outside activities in the battalion; and Sgt. Felber won the cup awarded for the best essay on the subject of "The Advantages of Membership in the Marine Corps Reserve."

The reports governing the award are not yet all in, but from present indications Company D will win the Efficiency Pennant donated by Capt. Chas. B. Pohl, USMC, to the company in the 4th Battalion with the highest rating in all branches of Reserve activity.

All these prizes are concrete evidence of the results being attained by the time and effort put into the company by our commander, Capt. Thomas P. Barton. His hard work is matched only by that of First Sgt. Frederick Bove. Together they make a combination that is difficult to excel. The company is proud to have been able to bring back so many trophies as tokens of appreciation for their efforts in our behalf. They are a team that is well worth fighting for.

All these prizes were not easily won. The company had tough competition all around, and conditions at camp were not soft. We had guard duty the first day at camp. We had scarcely recovered from that when we went to the range. There we fired rapid fire for the first time with battle sights. Gy. Sgt. Van Natta hung up the high score to cop the medal for NCOs; Pfc. Pescatore and Pvt. Crump won in their classes. These medals were donated by Capt. Barton.

Week-end liberty found most of the men out of camp and scattered all about the eastern seaboard. Some went back to Jersey; many visited Baltimore, Washington, Fredericksburg, Richmond, and several other places.

The second week saw the company participate in several reviews. Some forty of the men in the company qualified for sea duty at the post pool and immediately became "sea-going."

For two days we had combat problems that proved very interesting despite sore feet and tick bites. The regulars then put on a show for us and demonstrated how it really should be done, using live ammo, trench mortars, and a one-pounder, followed by a tank attack. The men learned many things in these two weeks, and saw things they had never seen before.

We had with us at camp our former company officer, Lt. Lane C. Kendall. He worked hard with us, and proved of great assistance to Capt. Barton and to the company. We all join in thanking him for his efforts, and in wishing that we may soon have the pleasure of his company again.

Another who proved of value to us was Cpl. Dedmond, of the regulars, attached to the company as instructor. He was a Marine in every sense of the word, and an excellent example for the men in the company.

Camping at Quantico brings back to mind the first year this battalion was organized. Camp that year was also at Quantico. It also brings back to mind Capt. Paul A.

Sheely, whose services in organizing and administering the battalion in its first years have left an indelible impression on the men who were privileged to serve with him. Capt. Sheely is at present in Bremerton, Washington, but it is a well known fact that his heart is still with the battalion. Those who knew him will always remember the loyalty, esteem and affection he commanded when he was in our midst. They are still his.

NOTES FROM THE HUB

(Continued from page 38)

ing us soon for another station. The Top's status with us is unique in that he has been a full four years with Boston's reserve activities, and has made many friends while at Boston. The Top dislikes formalities and when he saw what was being staged on him he made a vain attempt to make a get away, but alas, the guard of the day was standing by for just such a maneuver and his effort did not succeed. Wherever destiny may take 31st Sgt. Sylvester in the intervening few years before his retirement from active service he may rest assured that he will always hold a warm spot in all our hearts and we all know that after he takes the salute at the review held on his retirement that he will be heading back to Boston town and be with us all in civilian life.

Your correspondent wishes at this time to draw attention to the way our Battalion Medical Unit functioned during our field training. This being the first year that Lt. (jg) Robert F. Carmody (MC), USNR, has been with us, we more or less took him for granted until he took to the .30 cal. rifle like a duck takes to water. The Doc I believe made somewhere in the vicinity of 327 for qualification, and from then on we were not surprised at anything. Lt. Carmody along with Sgt. Flanagan, his assistant, maintained our own battalion sick bay for the first time in the history of the 2nd Battalion, and their work in the field during our problems was noteworthy.

It is hoped from now on that the various companies will furnish notes to aid in the editing of this column. The only company to do so this month has been Company C, and if the CO of that company can find time to do it, it is hoped that the men of the various companies will turn over material that can be used. Again your cooperation is asked in making this column the outstanding one in the Reserve section of the LEATHERNECK. This along with the fervent hope that ye Editor at 8th & Eye won't cut my column too much this month.

SHOTS AT RANDOM: After the boys were paid Saturday they proceeded to make the welkin ring at such famed spots as Old Orchard Beach, Maine, and Hampton Beach, N. H. ***** Pfc. Lewis says he is going to give up the U-Dry-vit system; reason: 3 gallants from C Company borrowed his car and drove it as far as Portland, Maine, where it gave up the ghost; repair bill \$125.00. ***** Heard Sunday a.m., the 27th: "Why

did I play black-jack till reveille this morning?" ***** Pvt. C. A. Hutchings of C Company can do a swell imitation of Pl. Sgt. Davis ***** Pl. Sgt. "Dogie" Foster hails from Missouri and everyone knows it now since he trekked to the Naval Prison to look over those "Piscataqua divers" that Pl. Sgt. Davis told him about *****

13TH BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 38)

of B Company, remained so throughout the services while a Marine guard of honor stood at attention.

Sidelights from the Thirteenth Battalion

Captain Cornelius P. Van Ness, USMC, aide to the Major General Commandant, while on a tour of inspection of the 13th Battalion, with the MGC, spent several days Van Ness graduated from Pasadena High in his home town of Pasadena. Captain School and entered the service while a resident of that city. Company B felicitates Captain Van Ness upon his promotion to that grade recently. Many old friends of Captain Van Ness have inquired concerning him from members of B Company. He has a host of friends in Pasadena who all join in wishing him success.

Recent promotions in D Company were Pfc. Philip J. De Mareo and Pfc. Leonard S. Wolford to Corporal on 1 May, 1937. Privates Bernardo S. Alvarado, Brighton E. Cleeton and Henry Arthur Koettters to Pfc. on 1 May, 1937.

Corporal Gurney E. Paule recently re-enlisted and was re-appointed, as was Pfc. Richard Frederiksen, both of B Company.

Private First Class Edward M. Weitzel, B Company, was promoted to that grade on 1 July, 1937.

"Town Talk," conducted by Columnist Matt Weinstock in the Los Angeles *Daily News* prints a satirical item in his column anent the fact that the 13th Battalion does not have an armory for the entire outfit, but is dependent upon more or less inadequate quarters furnished in Pasadena, Inglewood, Glendale and Los Angeles by the city fathers of the respective cities.

Col. Wm. P. Upshur, USMC, director of the Marine Corps Reserve Section at Headquarters, expressed himself to the effect that a centrally located armory for the entire battalion would be a welcome thing. In view of this, we feel the item is worth re-printing in THE LEATHERNECK:

"That fellow Etaoin Shrdlu, Anon's only rival, is in again. He calls attention to the curious manner in which our reserve forces hide and wonders why. A battalion of U. S. Marines (reserves) has headquarters in the Pasadena city hall basement. Ditto in the basement of the Inglewood library. Ditto in the basement of the Wilson School, Glendale. The Los Angeles company of Marine Corps reserves, though, is housed on the ground floor of the Los Angeles Street armory—the building has no basement."

Maybe Los Angeles will get a new Naval



Reserve armory building some day as so many other like armories in various other cities have been built.

Ingelwood's D Company is well represented in the local softball baseball league. The games are played in the Centinella Park ball park which is flood lighted at night. The team got a good start in the league during recent games the result of which are as follows:

Security-First National Bank, 13; D Company, 14.

J. C. Penney Stores, 8; D Company 20.

Recent joinings includes Privates Ulysses Silvio De Julio and Walter E. Wheeler to D Company, Ingelwood; Philo Remington Hoefler and John Paul Daney to B Company.

14TH BATTALION

(Continued from page 41)

On Saturday we moved to town . . . in the rain . . . and occupied the squad room just vacated by the 11th Battalion, FMCR, who were moving out to Camp Wesley Harris. Most of us hurried up so that we could catch the Navy tug and get to Seattle for the week-end.

Monday we started in close-formation drilling on the parade grounds in front of the Marine Barracks in the Navy Yards. We drilled between the showers. When it was raining too hard we would go up to our squad room and receive instruction in bayonet work, etc. The sun shown on our heads on Thursday afternoon when we left the barracks for an overnite hike to Island Lake, with full packs and blankets upon our backs. Tents were pitched, beds made, and most of the boys hastened to take a dip in the beautiful little lake.

The weatherman was kind to us on Saturday and gave us a sunny day for a formal parade together with the 11th Battalion. Both battalions showed their training of the past few days and showed the regulars that with a little training the Reserves can parade, too.

One of the hilights of the camp experi-

ences was when we were conducted on a trip through the USS *Pennsylvania*. I guess that we saw every nook and corner of the battleship . . . and there are surely plenty of them.

We had a 2:00 A.M. breakfast Sunday morning, and embarked on the Navy tug for Seattle where we caught our train back to Spokane. It was a mighty interesting fifteen days and I am sure that we all enjoyed ourselves . . . except for "K.P." duty and the typhoid shots in the arms. Most of us are looking forward to next year's experiences already. And because of this trip and our active training service we will be better members of the Reserve unit in Spokane.

CHINA STATION NEWS

(Continued from page 32)

and distributing them among his female admirers. Such is the price of popularity.

The following item has more or less a human interest angle behind it. "Gabby" Ecker, so named by one of our illustrious *Walla Walla* pensters, for his silent nature, is using this means of communicating with his former comrades and friends at Newport, R. I. He informs us that he has restored to this means because it takes the mail so long to get out of Rhode Island, and he wants to convey his regards and best wishes to his friends, and of course, the "Object of His Affection."

Our dashing young Drum Corporal, Mr. Blackwell, who has a fine reputation as a diplomat with the many nationalities (feminine) in the Orient, and who has always enjoyed being regarded as a Number 1 Drummer Boy, has recently suffered somewhat of a loss in his prestige as a soldier. Were you really chewing gum in ranks, Francis Xavier, or did you just merely have the gum in your mouth?

B COMPANY NEWS

By L.I.B.

This is the first of June and it won't be long until the *Chaumont* steams up the old

river to take some of us home and many are the hearts that will be sad just as there are those who will be happy to return to the land where a buck is a buck and beer is five cents a mug.

Since we were last in print we have been joined by Second Lieutenant McGlashan and during the short time he has been with us he has been a fine officer and a swell fellow soldier.

Our property and police sergeant, Corporal Dewitt, is the proud father of a family of new born kittens and he is almost in tears when he thinks of leaving for Peiping with the rifle team and leaving them to the care of some person who will not be as kind as he has been during the time of their formative period.

Lieutenant Crowther claims the "pig-pong" championship of the company and is now going in for acy-ducy, his athletic spirit can't be downed, he is always looking for new fields to conquer.

Sergeant Frank Voyten went out to the S. R. A. rifle range last month and won the Ransom Cup; so he says the only thing wrong with it is the darn thing won't hold a good drink of beer, it is too small, or so he claims.

There aren't many of you old timers who would recognize the old compound as we have a horticulturist in our midst. That's right and it is the one and only John Hamas; and such a fine flower garden he has, too, roses and pansies and little johnny jump-ups, oh, my goodness, you should see 'em grow.

Until recently handball has been quite the thing around here and our handball team has been doing quite well, led by corporal Triplett, they have beat Headquarters, First, and D Company.

"Jinx" Baker, the pride of the Regiment, has been doing quite well recently until his last fight when he hurt his hand pretty bad and is now on the shelf.

Toni D'Alessandro, a newcomer to the Regimental squad, is a budding young lightweight. He didn't know anything when he started but in his two starts he has one K. O. to his credit and a draw, which is very good for he took on boys who had much more experience than he.

Gunnery Sergeant Hamas will soon be going to Peiping with the rifle team for the Asiatic Matches. During his absence Platoon Sergeant Matsick will take over.

"Butch" Morgan, is now our mess sergeant since Coulson has been transferred and he is spoiling us all for our trip home on the *Chaumont*. I sure am telling you that if he doesn't knock off soon we will all look like a fat men's convention.

D CO. BURSTS

By Nick Carter

During the past month we have lost two popular officers; namely, 1st Lieutenant Tschirgi, who left for stateside duty, and 2nd Lieutenant Brackett, who took command of Headquarters Co., 1st Battalion. In their places we received 1st Lieutenant Ballard and 2nd Lieutenant Hemphill. We hope they will enjoy their tour of duty with us.

This outfit has surely been going through its paces lately; parades, elementary gun drills, plus inspections by the Admiral of the Asiatic Fleet and the Fleet Marine Officer (And I to you). We're coming through, even though our heels are dragging a little.

We only suggest that "Derby" Ross, our top kick, be matched against Billy Tingle and the two judges who, in our opinion, would be more expert at practically anything else but boxing; that Brooks meet no more



Shanghai Marines trot their stuff

"fighters" like Thornley of His Majesty's Navy; that Ben Harrison, one-striper and until recently a hermit, explain his sudden desire for liberty and "civvies"; that a man as graceful as our Evers is in photos (see *Walla Walla*, 29 May) be given highest recommendation for Hollywood.

Ponders and queries: Wonder what real reason tempted Cpl. "Red" Whatley to extend for duty in Shanghai; why Schuler hasn't written a full confession of his many conquests, and in so doing described his incomparable technique!—whether Petro is following in the footsteps of the American converted to Hinduism, Nancy Cram Cook, or was it a custom to roam around attired in a sheet where he came from?

"Big Handicap" items: throwing his heart and soul into the exciting contest for the "Shack" Welter Trophy, Cray finally overcame Cpl. Condo's lead for first place. Plugging along in second place and Condo, Dyer and Koning. Final results next month.

SPORTS LETTER Fourth Marines

(Continued from page 35)

old mark of 1.76 metres established by Z. S. Lee in 1931.

The Leathernecks' "Four Horsemen," Lieutenants G. C. Funk, C. A. "Iron Man" Laster, B. T. Hemphill, and C. O. Totman, helped by Gifford and Rook, were the six devil dogs who accounted for all the scores piled up for America. All but 8 of the 53 total points garnered by America were gathered in the track events—a good proof of just what the Marine six-man track team did accomplish. The 500 metre run being the only event in which a Marine entrant failed to create a sensation.

Lt. Funk, newly arrived Fourth Marine track star, was away and by far the most brilliant performer of the meet. The versatile Marine athlete captured first place in the 400, 800 and 1,500 metre runs, leading the pack from start to finish—easily breaking the 800 metre record—took second place in the record breaking discus throw and was a very important cog in the anchor position of the winning 1,600 metre relay team. Big, powerful and with a wealth of reserve stamina, Funk created a sensation by winning the 400 and 800 metre runs near record breaking time in the trial and he was almost a certainty to establish new records in both events in the finals. However, due to a slow track he was only able to break the 800 metre record, but his time for the 400 metre run was only .3 of a second over the present International record held jointly by Eccles and Shepherd of Great Britain. In the 1,500 metre finals, which were run off the first day, Lt. Funk coasted home ahead of a large field of entrants to take the grinding run with about 40 yards separating him from his nearest rival. Funk covered the 1,500 in a jog to come within 1.2 seconds of tying the present record of 4 minutes 19.8 seconds set up by Hazeltine. of the Marines, back in 1929. Had he so desired, he could have easily shattered the present record. Lt. Funk was easily the outstanding individual star of the meet with a grand total of 18 points.

Lt. C. A. "Iron Man" Laster, Fourth Marine track coach, ran the heats and semi-finals in 100 and 200 metres to easily outshine all other entrants. He ran both events near record time in the semi-finals and turned around the next day and captured the finals in handy style.

Lt. B. T. Hemphill, fourth member of the "Thundering Herd," lived up to his past reputation as one of the best hurdlers in the Orient by taking first place in the 110 metre

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high hurdles and second place in the 400 metre low hurdles.

Gifford, fifth of the six members of the Marine finalist winners, ran a spirited and heady race to place third in the 400 metre dash as well as being a prominent member of the winning Marine relay team. Rook, completing the super-human six-man track team, played a very important part as number one man of the relay team.

The Marine 1,600 metre relay team, composed of Privates Gifford and Rook, Lieutenants Hemphill and Funk, climaxed a day of triumphs by winning the event near record breaking time. The time for the victorious relay team was 3 minutes and 39.8 seconds,—just 3.2 seconds above the record set by Great Britain in 1932.

Several members of the Marine track squad, including Lieutenants Luster and Funk, will probably be on Asiatic duty next year and it is expected that the Fourth Marines will gain even greater heights than they did this year.

Busy Month for Boxers

The Fourth Marines large boxing stable had had quite a busy time for the last month. Three summer professional boxing cards were offered for the approval of Shanghai fight fans at short intervals. At least three Marines participated in each of these cards and sometimes as many as four. Larry "Jinx" Baker, Marine welterweight and number one claimant to the welterweight title of the Orient, was the only Marine to get a main-event bout on these cards. However, the "Fighting Fourth's" stable did give the Auditorium promoters plenty of good material for special events, semi-finals and preliminary bouts.

Early in the month of May, "Jinx" Baker pounded out a decisive 8-round decision over S. Brusentzoff, local Russian battler, in the semi-final event of the evening. "Jackie" Ausborn, USS *Augusta* light-heavyweight champion knocked out "Battling" Vallo-speed in the third round of their scheduled 10-round main-event, on the same card.

Baker's decisive win over Brusentzoff won for him a main-event bout on the second summer professional card a week later. In his first crack as a main-eventer Baker drew with Seaman Bob Harvey, British China welterweight champion, after ten rounds of furious fighting. Baker was just reaching the top however, but an injured hand in a workout has put him on the shelf and in all

probability it will be some time before he will be able to don the gloves again.

"Mauler" Brooks, Benny Brewer, Billy Addis, "Chuck" Haines, Bobby Bryan, "Slugger" Jones, Jack Riley, Tony D'Allesandro and Luke are among the Fourth Marine fighters who have made names for themselves in local fight rings in the past month.

In the three professional cards the Fourth Marine boxers have an amazing record:—seven wins, two draws—as compared to only three reverses. However, some of them have not impressed the fight fans as real honest-to-goodness world beaters.

TRUMPETER GOLDSMITH

(Continued from page 33)

from the Trumpet & Bugle School at Washington shortly afterward. During 1915 and 1916 Goldsmith served in Haiti and San Domingo, and in the latter country was wounded in action. He served with the 9th Company, Marine Artillery Battalion, and came with them north as the first unit to serve in the new station at Quantico.

During the World War, Goldsmith was made the second Trumpeter-Corporal in the Marine Corps and was selected as one of the three Marine trumpeters to travel throughout the United States with the motion picture, "The Unbeliever." He was discharged from the regular Corps at Brooklyn Navy Yard in January, 1920, and went immediately into the Reserve, where he has been ever since, with a record of 22 years' service in the regular and Reserve Corps. He has attended 11 reserve encampments, and at each has been assigned as senior trumpet instructor to the various organizations in camp. He is national trumpeter for the Jewish War Veterans for the past five years, and one of that outfit's original organizers in the east. He also is active in the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, and has been selected to sound calls at many prominent functions throughout the eastern part of the United States.

Goldsmith probably is the Reservist with the longest continuous service in the regular and reserve units of the Marine Corps, and was one of those who aided Major B. S. Barron and Capt. M. V. O'Connell in the recruiting of the original Navy Yard Guard Detachment, which was later expanded into the Third Fleet Reserve Battalion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 19)

placed on the list of men who are available for transfer. Men are seldom dropped from the telephone school, but about twenty per cent of the men selected for the radio school lack sound sense, and cannot learn to copy code.

The course of instruction given to radio-men varies from eight to twelve weeks, depending upon the advancement made by the student. The instruction includes transmission and reception in the International Morse Code, touch typing, elementary principles of electricity, and naval procedure. After the student radioman is transferred to the Radio Operators School, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, he is given fourteen weeks' instruction on the same subjects, including a short course in the principles of radio, and Marine Corps Field Equipment. Upon graduation from the Radio Operators School, the student is usually transferred aboard ship, to the Fleet Marine Force, or to foreign shore.

The telephone students are given from four to eight weeks' instruction before being transferred to the First Signal Company, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. This instruction includes switchboard operation, installation, maintenance, line work, elementary principles of electricity, and arithmetic. The instruction given in the Telephone School, Quantico, is more advanced, but otherwise identical with the instruction given at Parris Island. Upon graduation from the Telephone School at Quantico, men are transferred to the telephone exchange, First Signal Company, the Fleet Marine Force, San Diego, California, or to foreign shore.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

In order that all men stationed on Parris Island may have the privilege of worshipping God in their own manner, the Post Chaplain has arranged for clergymen of different denominations to come to the Post for the purpose of conducting religious services. In this manner, all doctrines are taught by clergymen who have the greatest understanding of their respective religions.

The Post Chaplain has charge of all religious services and is closely connected with all morale work. The Sunday School plays an important part in the lives of the permanent personnel as well as the recruits. It is held at 9:30 a. m. every Sunday except the second Sunday in each month.

The Vespers Services are held at the Post Lyceum every Sunday at 7:45 p. m. This service which follows the band concert and precedes the motion picture show is the religious service of the day for many.

Roman Catholics are served by The Reverend Father A. P. Kamler, civilian priest of Beaufort, South Carolina, who says Mass and hears confessions every Sunday at 8:30 a. m. Father Kamler also aids in the preparation of several services during the year.

The Reverend R. Maynard Marshall of Beaufort, South Carolina, a well-known rector of the Episcopal Church, conducts Episcopal services in the Post Chapel at 9:45 a. m. on the second Sunday of each month. Holy Communion services are held on this day. These services replace the usual Sunday School that is held at the same hour on the other Sundays.

Rabbi Jacob S. Raisin of Charleston, South Carolina, comes to the post on one Sunday of each month to hold the Jewish services for those of that faith who present themselves for his pastoral attention. There are not many of this denomination here, but he is faithful in making his usual trip.



TELEPHONE SCHOOL

Front Center: Sgt. A. J. Summerfield, Instructor. First row: Privates L. K. McMullen, R. A. Belet, W. J. Lynch, T. Arbeny, J. Glowa. Second row: Privates H. P. Smith, A. M. Senior, W. B. Bunker, S. Pahulick.

THE LEATHERNECK

Reverend C. B. Burns, an elderly minister of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church of Beaufort, also serves in a very helpful manner, especially with the recruits. His wise advice and kindly Christian character have proved helpful to many of the young recruits who are away from home for the first time.

Relationships with these fine gentlemen who cooperate so pleasantly have been most delightful, and the Chaplain and people of Parris Island consider themselves very fortunate in being associated with such able, consecrated representatives of the civilian clergy.

One of the duties of the Chaplain is to visit the recruits who come to this post for their first Marine Corps training. Shortly after formation, each recruit platoon is met on a Sunday morning and hears the Chaplain's lecture in which he emphasizes three themes: body clean, mind alert and spirit bright. The recruits furnish a fine field for activity, oversight and care. Many are baptized and given preliminary instruction in church membership and Christian living.

Daily visits are made to the sick in the Naval Hospital and occasional visits are made to the men in the brig. These frequent contacts are believed to be very helpful to the morale of the men who are visited. It is the Chaplain's desire to assist in creating an atmosphere of cheerfulness and hope.

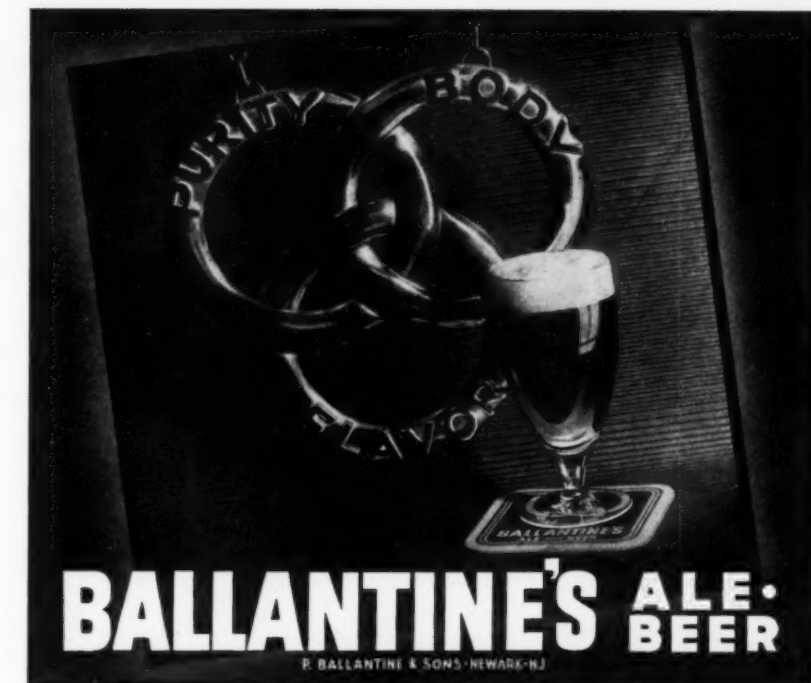
The library at this post contains more than ten thousand volumes of good reading matter, as well as many of the well known magazines and newspapers. The building is a commodious and well lighted one in which people can come to select and read books and magazines during the open hours.

The local Red Cross Chapter is supported by local subscription campaigns. Enlisted men who find their affairs in an emergency status may obtain loans to enable them to visit their homes in case of sickness or death. During the great floods in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys during 1936, this Chapter never failed to contribute many times the quota assigned by National Headquarters. The Chaplain is the Treasurer of Red Cross funds.

WELCOME

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of June, 1937, and assigned to the Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

Hays K. West, Edward Schultz, Jr., Arnold E. Kersey, Anton D. Musick, Bernard M. Simmons, Harold A. Sheckler, Hugh Reeves, Jr., Leroy F. Peebles, Edwin Whitaker, Ely O. Huff, Elbert F. Veuleman, Rastus F. Giles, Walter B. Gilbert, Charles L. Smith, Harold W. Denmark, Thomas M. Coggins, Theodore S. Parker, Cade Strickland, Alton Brown, Richard E. Wilson, Henry Klein, Jack G. Crouse, Joseph P. X. Grillo, Robert I. Michaelson, Joseph C. Comer, Jr., Osborn A. Bruce, Albert J. Bowling, Norman K. Tyree, Carl E. Hicks, William T. Crouse, George R. Hancock, Leroy H. Sutton, Brice T. Shoemaker, Samuel L. Geise, Francis C. Pettus, Charles F. Grimes, James F. Hogsett, Jr., Claude M. Flathers, Obie W. O'Neal, Arthur G. Tuggle, Connie C. Donato, Gist M. Gist, Micajah Pitts, Jr., Harold H. Gonor, Joseph L. Sartin, Joseph W. Gentile, Leonard G. Mattson, Dovell N. Le Mons, Edward C. Myers, Harry Le Mons, Robert M. Tedder, Edward D. Mitchell, Edward P. Doherty, Cleveland J. Tabor, Oliver S. Melton, Leon G. Mus-



selwhite, John G. Evans, Jr., Charles B. Haslam, James F. Ginn, Allen J. Miller, George G. Harris, Jr., Woodrow W. Easterling, William C. Covington, Chandler R. Reddick, Robert C. Tilton, Howard W. Micharlson, Talmadge D. Brown, Louis L. Dermako, Aldo Susi, Joseph P. Daniel, Delmar E. Mixon, Raymond C. Remakus, Harlie J. White, Troy Conner, Dillard M. Williams, Newman Morgan, Dainward A. Lindsay, Farries L. Wallace, Carl L. Bishop, Clarence H. Bennett, Ralph G. Dennington, George N. Penn, Shelby M. Pou, Boyd M. Cannon, Charles D. Herriotts, Bill W. Matthews, Hilary M. Smith, Allan C. Dowd, Jr., Elmo J. Langlois, Harold G. Jordan, James D. Albritton, Ray H. Hughes, John Catalano, Lewis C. Grant, Robert E. Snodgrass, Thomas Dilbert, Sidney O. Conley, Thomas J. Hickox, James M. Harper, Jr., Robert L. Ustler, Joseph H. Swindell, DeWitt C. Fisher, Ray F. Royals, Earl Spaulding, Hubert B. Godbee, Edward W. Slaughter, Isaac L. Parker, Justin E. Driscoll, Robert L. Daffin, Jr., Edwin J. Middleton, Horace D. Trigg, Robert R. Lowe, Olney B. Doggett, Charles H. Knight, Coy L. Aldrich, Murl M. Buckland, Woodrow W. Wickline, James W. Cox, James M. Myers, Paul Barton, Cecle D. Hise, James F. Edgar, Buster E. Collins, LeRoy J. Knight, Stephen Gulasey, Thomas I. Eley, Ben H. McGeehee, Ralph H. Clark, Fairfax E. Davis, Joseph J. Pikul, Israel Nurenberg, William P. Russell, Jr., Roland N. Paradis, Harvie C. Powell, Frederick W. Pollard, Hansel G. Wilkes, Stephen T. Page, Jr., Lawrence E. McAllister, Frank E. Marquan, William B. Anderson, Harold B. Warren, John H. Allen, Jr., Benjamin C. Moffatt, Jr., William H. Maness, Elby W. Harrison, Lawrence L. Via, Homer L. DeBord, Perlia H. Plumley, Melvin I. Blizzard, Ellis P. McLean, Bruce S. MacIntyre, Thomas E. Chalmers, Austin Padgett, Maxie A. Moore, "A" "M" Dalton, Clifford Harris, Hinton F. Haire, Chandler Young, Fred F. Young, Jr., Joseph Y. Curtis, William J. Herdter, Henry W. Skeen, Robert B. Tuttle, Theodore A. Christensen, Henry J. F. Lippert, Joseph J. Carver,

Harold E. Calligan, "J" "L" Boone, Charles Basarab, Jr., Ralph L. Freeman, James J. Mayfield, Edward R. Messer, William H. Sammons, Eugene Cales, Charles S. Earnhart, Jr., David W. Andrews, Edward S. Reilly, George N. Sanborn, Charles D. Bowman, Arthur H. Hopkins, Raymond L. Amos, Louis I. Fisher, Prentice H. Boone, Walter G. Cunningham, George H. Walker, Lindsey V. Maness, John D. Martin, Emery A. Ray, John J. Morgan, Jr., Arthur Seeger.

SEA-GOING LOG USS Yorktown

(Continued from page 23)

work, athletics are in order for the day. Baseball is in full swing with a team already organized and games scheduled to be played with teams from ships in the yard. Swimming is the most popular pastime, trips to Virginia Beach are made gratis via the Marine Barracks bus. On the golf course Sergeant Snider and Corporal Horyna claim the distinction of being the Bobby Jones of the outfit. At the handball courts Pvt. Mardis and Fogle are the tons.

The N.C.O. who was left out of last month's write up has threatened me with bodily harm because his name wasn't in print with the rest, so here it is (Cpl. J. A. Walker, USMC).

It's a crime the way those eagle-eyed squad leaders neglect their duties, especially when men like Pvt. W. W. "Izzy" Irwin turn out for drill minus belt and bayonet and get away with it. Whose squad is he in, anyway?

Then there's "Casanova" Harding, whose pet hobby is sending orphaned flies to heaven (Silly but it's on the level). The usual procedure after the capture is a speech which I quote here: "Poor little fly, lovely little fly, ain't got no mama, ain't got no papa, no sisters, no brothers. Wanta go to heaven?" Unquote, SLAP.

His friends wouldn't tell me but "Von" Ludwig told me himself. After spending sixty cents and three bottles of Listerine to

get rid of halitosis he found out he wasn't popular anyway.

Sgt. "Curly Locks" Snider fresh from thirty-day furlough passes out cigars (Oh yea) and reveals SHE is now MRS. Must have been "that Texas moon." What say, Sarge?

Cpl. Shaw couldn't lick a postage stamp till he got those "muscle builders" (Sears & Roebuck \$1.98) and exercised nightly. You should see him now. Him and Popeye.

Pvt. Gagne has been exceptionally good this month and there is no scandal about him but he shouldn't bear down on the M.C.I. instructors so much with his sad attempts in spelling. (Carry on, me lad, and ye shall be rewarded a thousandfold.)

Those sad musical soundings heard at reveille when "Fifi" Loveland is on watch are anything but the real McCoy but then what do you expect for twenty-one per? Fred MacMurray.

That pugnacious, imbecilic monomaniac with the loquaciousness of a two lung powered magpie has been beating his gums again saying that I am the homeliest guy in the outfit and I say he is. Will youse guys tell him he is so he'll be satisfied once and for all. . . . Thass all, folks, see you in Liberty or any other good five cent magazine.

CHESTER CHAFF

U.S.S. Chester

By Larry Skelton

Hawaii may be the "Paradise of the Pacific" to most people, but take it from us, this Marine Detachment prefers the mainland! All hands agree that Hawaii has sunshine enough, moonlight to spare, and beaches, hula gals, scenery, etc.—but the majority also says, "Give us California." The loudest growlers by far are the native sons and the Home Guard. September will see the anchor of our "floating home" again in the mud off Long Beach Harbor, but that seems so long—

The Guard, less short-timers and late-firers, has just returned from the rifle range at Pualoa Point. It seems that almost every man who didn't shoot expert has at least one excuse. Only three men qualified as experts: Willis, Byrne, and Barbour. To Ass't Cook Willis goes the honor of shooting the highest score. McAdory seems to have the saddest tale to tell. "Mac" shot just one point under expert and did he growl! Sharpshooters were: Biggs, Cappel, Carlson, Fletcher, Leasure, Moffett, Olsen, Savage, Smith, Tally, Weisa, and Wright. Radioman Lindbergh disgraced us with his 264, the only man shooting below marksman. Willis, "the Shooting Cook," wasn't content with taking the rifle honors, but came back with the high pistol score as well.

From what we hear, that rifle range is a pretty swell place. Many of the fellows even complained about returning to the old home-stand. Ball playing, swimming, and other athletic activities seems to have held the interest and made the time fly for everybody. Cappel says that the chow is what interested him most. And according to Keefer: "No matter how hard we tried, Cappel was always first in the chow line." That's quite true. With the inter-division baseball league series about a third over, the Marines, despite some tough breaks, are still in the fight. At the start of the series, our outfit lost a couple of heart-breakers, with "Hammer-slogg" Lang pitching a one-hit game and losing it over a much disputed fair (foul) ball. Moffett is doing a nice job of handling the team and hopes to pull through a winner yet. Highlight of the season was the homerun by "Snakey Jake" Leasure with

two mates aboard to win a game in the last inning by a 4-3 score. And we mustn't forget that lad Skelton's three homeruns in a single game. With becoming modesty, we take our bow. Some sterling performances are being turned in by Chambers, Goforth, Tally, and others.

With orders already in to transfer them, the short-timers are preparing to leave us. Six men are to go soon: four to Mare Island, and two to San Diego. Those leaving are: Sgt. McAdory, Cpls. Grout and Seogin, Pfc. Savage, Ass't Cook Willis and Pvt. Carlson. We all wish you many pleasant cruises, fellows, whether in the Corps or the great outside.

ROAMING GATOR

U.S.S. Pensacola

By R. W. Taylor

As time marches on news is made every step of the way. Therefore I take time out in its march forward to bring you a bit of news from our detachment.

The detachment is looking forward to a very enjoyable cruise in the Washington, Oregon, and Alaskan waters. The trip will take the ship to the following ports: Port Angeles and Tacoma, Washington; Sitka, Cordova, and Yakutat Bay, Alaska. On our return trip we stop at the city of roses,



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Portland, Oregon. We have been promised a big welcome at this port.

Why is it that every time some work is to be done in the Marine compartment, Privates Crist and Young are always absent?

What is this great secret that Private Cecil (Bob to all the girls) Choate, the boy from the Ozarks, has in getting all the girls to fall for him; I wonder if it is the jay bird walk he has or is it his great talking personality? How about it, Choate, don't you think you should let us in on the secret?

Private Toon, better known in the detachment as John Sullivan, is the champion pineapple thrower. Toon says with a pineapple in his hand he can whip any bed patient on the USS Relief.

Since our departure from Long Beach to Tacoma a lasting grin has been placed over that pan of Fulghum's, our cook; wonder if it is the beautiful moonlight on the sea, or sunset in the blue Pacific, could it be the scenery of big trees of North, or the glaciers of Alaska; we think not. But is it love; oh, yes, what else could it be?

Now to nip in the bud the latest rumor concerning our philosopher and congenial shipmate, Private Jones, the boy from the Ozarks of Mo. It seems that the property sergeant has placed a requisition in for a set of manacles and leg irons to restrain our friend from the rush he gives for the mess table when the first note of mess gear peals through the compartment. The latest report reveals that the casualties are mounting

to an appalling number as a result of his rushes to the mess table.

In our last yap yap contest that we held on the ship, which are held whenever we think we have a good contender, the fair lad, Private Bingham, won it. Bingham can talk more about a subject, longer, and louder than anyone, but when he finishes he still hasn't said anything.

There is another race on the ship to see who can step on your feet the most. Pfc. Shields (our present champ) is still in the lead but it looks as if he may be uncrowned only by our new and fast coming boy, Jones.

The remaining privates of our detachment are: Deyo, Johns, Kirkpatrick, Manning, McClain, Medenwaldt, Merell, Reifel, Robertson, Spillman, and Wagner.

This is all, folks, I'll see you in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Buy one and read all about your detachment and long lost pals.

WEST COAST NEWS

(Continued from page 15)

er in all indoor sports. Pvt. Binder, our second Canale. The playboys of San Diego, Pvt. McCart, ex-deputy sheriff of Grass Ridge, Nebraska—that's what he has been telling us, but don't believe him. He was a school teacher.

Among our high paid help we have Cpl. Pearson, formerly of Pocatella, Idaho, of athletic fame (also one of the big fires of the Battery) was reported to have entertained several of the fair damsels of Tia Juana, in romantic old Mexico.

Cpl. Ziems, formerly of the U. S. Cavalry, is one of the short timers and has been staying in lately saving money for the cold, cruel outside—you'll ship over, Herb, so don't take it too hard.

Sgt. Atcheson has something to boast about, he was the President's personal bodyguard on his last trip to South America—the President was as safe as if he was in a safety deposit vault.

About Sgt. Frost, our police sergeant—or "Line 'em up, Jack," all he has to do is to look in the squad room and bunks and lockers line up by themselves.

Sgt. Tennant, our athletic instructor and another cadence man, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown; what's the matter, Irish?

Sgt. Wunderly, Marine Corps mystery man and indorser of Marine Corps beds—also Battery Envoy to the Paris Inn, is one of the best. The battery is all for you, Sgt. Wunderly, for we need all the publicity thrown our way. Sgt. McKinley Floyd, that big mountain of muscle, has been up to something lately, but due to the fact that our Intelligence Department has gone on the rocks we can't do much about it. Next time, Floyd, we may have better luck, maybe.

Before we forget, the last we saw of Sgt. Cummings, he was making out his income tax to keep from going to jail. End of PROBLEM.

BASE SERVICE BATTALION

By "Bonus" Brown

Having been away from the battalion for the past two months, I am making an earnest endeavor to collect such articles as may be of interest and adding them together so that they may become a part of THE LEATHERNECK.

Sergeant Major Lloyd B. Rice, who has been the Base Sergeant Major for some

years, has applied for transfer to the reserve after twenty years of service. He is at present on a three-month furlough and, after joining the reserve, it is understood that he will enter the restaurant concession business here in San Diego. All Marines who have known Rice will wish him all the luck in the world in his new venture.

Sergeant Major Horace Larn was pulled out of the battalion to relieve Rice, and First Sergeant Charlie Jackson, who has been acting Sergeant Major in the Second Battalion, Tenth Marines, for the past year was transferred out of the P.M.F. to relieve Larn.

Quartermaster Sergeants Baker and Stokes have gone out, the former on thirty years, and the latter on twenty. Gunner Sergeant Nixon has likewise left us for the twenty year reserve, and will reside in San Diego. Paymaster Sergeant Monte Schneider also went out on twenty. Good luck to all of them, and if they read *THE LEATHERNECK* we wish to take this opportunity to let them know they will be missed by their old friends.

Corporal Marvin D. Andrews is the new Post Exchange steward.

Here is a real one for the book. Corporal "Lottie Feweloths" (real name Lotridge, few men ever knew he had any other name than "Feweloths"), recently hitch-hiked to San Clemente Island, a closed naval port. He appeared after a five day voyage, somewhat the worse for wear, on the dock, and came wearily ashore from a nondescript fishing boat. How he got on the fishing smack is still a mystery. He was made private for his exploit. As he showed so much desire to reach this lonely isle, he will be left there in the Marine Detachment with the rest of the exiles for some time. Ye scribe, after many years in the Marine Corps, can think of only one other man who might be able to duplicate this feat, Private "Nuts" Rommel, who is at present somewhere on the East Coast. No doubt old "Nuts" will be green with envy when he reads this.

NEWS FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE SHOULD REACH THE LEATHERNECK BEFORE AUGUST 8

E BATTERY, 10TH MARINES

By the Gossiper

Well, we are out on the ole campin' grounds again for our yearly target practice and we've got the situation under *CONTROL*. Mr. Jorgensen is quite well pleased with the firing; as he is the Battery Executive Officer and he knows what is going on.

I've been wondering about a few things that have been happening since we departed from the Base. A few of them are as follows: Where does Cpl. Hobbs go at night? He doesn't seem to be around the camp. I guess times aren't like they used to be in the ole Marine Corps. Where is Pvt. Bryan spending these lovely moonlight nights? He says he just goes in to take a shower, but he doesn't seem to get out at camp until reveille. Why doesn't Pvt. Henry C. Horn go on liberty over the week-end. He never goes during the week-days.

Well, a little more dope on the firing battery: We have a nice supply of gunners now. Pvt. Albrecht, Pfc. Beckman, Pvt. Abbott, Pvt. Mason, and they are turning out to be the BEST. If you don't

believe them, you ought to see them on the JOB.

Well, I guess that's about all the gossip this time, but stand by for a record of all times when we put the finishing touches on the articles we have mentioned in the article of the present. So until the next time I say *ADIOS* and *ACTION FRONT*.

BATTERY F, SECOND MARINE ANTIAIRCRAFT BATTALION

By "Joe"

Maybe there is something to the old saying "time staggers on." Anyway the Top Sergeant just woke me up and 'lowed as how it was high time we were sending our bit to *THE LEATHERNECK*.

First off, I must say that the members of Battery F had a surprise last week that was by no means a pleasant one. Captain R. R. Deese, who for a long time has been the Battery Commander of this organization, is being transferred to Quantico. It is needless to say that we all regret the Captain's leaving. We do wish to say, though, that we wholeheartedly wish him all the good fortune and success that the future might hold.

Who was it that said "Every cloud must have a silver lining?" Anyway there is some pretty good philosophy in it—especially for us. I am trying to tell you that Captain W. W. Benson is our new Battery Commander. We are all very glad to have Captain Benson back with us. I say "back with us" because the Captain was with us when this organization was Battery H in Quantico and up until after the annual maneuvers on San Clemente Island this year. Shortly after maneuvers Captain Benson was transferred to the Sixth Marines to take Command of Company E.

Around the barracks the last few days, there has been much confusion and turmoil. Why? Because the third platoon and part of headquarters platoon have been moved up on "top side" with the first and second platoons. The regular routine of school and drill has been temporarily interrupted to give way to painting bunks and assembling wall lockers.

The Platoon Leaders Class will arrive soon for its annual training period. They will occupy the lower squadroom of this barracks during their stay, so we are busy getting things "shipshape" for their arrival.

Seven new men have joined us from the Recruit Depot here. I have not yet learned their names so for now it's just—welcome to the ranks, boys.

Just last week Sergeant W. S. "Charlie" Rice shoved off to seek his fortune at sea going. Rice will be stationed aboard the *USS New Orleans*. Bon voyage, Charlie, and let us hear from you once in a while.

Private Harry Fisk just returned from a ten-day leave. Fisk was visiting his uncle, who lives in Coronado.

We wish to extend our sympathies to Private Marshall, who was called home due to the death of his father.

Private Homola is back from the Naval Hospital, where he underwent a tonsil operation.

The "Mad" Hunkie, Private Palko, became very enthusiastic over the prospects of becoming an Aviator; consequently he is now stationed at North Island. Luck to you, Palko.

Lest I forget, if anyone has any "foul tips" on the "Hoss" races let us know. I know a man who could use them.

Until later—Here's mud in your eye.

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WE guarantee Edgeworth will not bite the tongue. That is a strong statement, but we are willing to prove it at our risk.

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- 1 — **Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed** — a cool, long-burning tobacco preferred by seasoned pipe smokers.
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RECRUIT DEPOT—MARINE CORPS BASE

Well, here we are again with more news from that Bee-Hive of activity, the Recruit Depot. I don't believe that I need explain the meaning of the statement "Bee-Hive of Activity" but a few statistics might help. We have at present 440 recruits in Sea School and Recruit Depot Detachment but, to train all these recruits we have but 25 drill instructors, so you see it isn't a case of "lying" on your bunk and hoping to hear that welcome sound of chow bumps three times a day.

However, our organization has been augmented by the addition of Second Lieutenants Todd and Easley, who joined us from the USS *Chicago* and *Maryland*, respectively. We are sure that their assignment is a big relief to 1st Lieutenant Brower, who, although he never mentioned it, was overworked.

Again we look forward to moving. It seems that the Recruit Depot will soon be in danger of being hit by the United Airliners if it keeps moving the way it has in the past few years. A few years ago the Recruit Depot occupied Barracks One, Two and Three; we have been moved farther and farther toward the Bay until now we look across and see our fellow countrymen at Lindbergh Field. Won't be long until we can join them. Quite a few of us like Aviation anyway, so we should be glad for the opportunity. All in all, we are glad to get out of the tents. We will be settled in our new barracks by July 11th as 165 Reserves are coming for their usual training at that date and will occupy the tents. We hope they like them as well as we did. There will be 13 officers accompanying the reserves. Our Mess Sergeant will have a nice little job on his hands, but he won't mind, as he is always glad to receive more rations, and this will give him the opportunity.

Cigars were passed around on the 9th of June as Gunnery Sergeant Brown was discharged and then appointed to the rank of Marine Gunner. By the way, the cigars weren't bad. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Brown on his promotion as we are sure that he will handle the rank of Marine Gunner as efficiently as he did Gunnery Sergeant.

When it comes to Drill Instructors joining us, the Recruit Depot is one of the slowest moving organizations in the Marine Corps. However, we had the good fortune of joining Sergeant Rolland from the recruiting station at Philadelphia. We hope the Sergeant likes his duty at the Recruit Depot, and stays with us for a long time.

We have received 176 recruits for the month and at present have on schedule or filling week seven platoons. Sea School has been handling all the platoons as they finish their training. With the weather fine and everyone feeling swell the Recruit Depot will continue to turn out from unorganized and undisciplined recruits a group of well trained Marines.

NAVAL HOSPITAL—SAN DIEGO By F.J.C.W.

This detachment has been out of the limelight for such a lengthy time due to the fact that most of the outfit has been undergoing the now famous "rubber-hammer" test and have just recently been released from the padded cells in which we were placed as a result of the aforementioned test.

The guard is now under the supervision of the widely known Lewis (Spik) Miller, popular Master Gunnery Sergeant of Dominican and Nicaraguan fame, who also claims to be the working girls' best friend. Spik is the fellow, you all remember, whom the bandits in Nicaragua couldn't tell from one of their own and the "Rooshuns" in Russia didn't know him from another vodka guzzler. Skip is noted for his knowledge of the languages and the ability to adapt himself to the present locale, be it tropics, Asiatics, Russia, jungles, on the high seas aboard a man o' war or just in the good old U. S. A.

The remainder of the non-coms are Bill Hulburd, former post exchange clerk at the Base, Ovid Roy and James Musgrove, a couple of old Shanghai Marines and your correspondent "Winchell" Walton, an old Legation Guardsman from Peking. All these gentlemen (?) are members of the fifth pay grade (corporals to you).

Then among the Pfes. who are paid for doing absolutely nothing except six hours of



Col. C. R. Sanderson, AQM, USMC, Depot Quartermaster, Philadelphia

watches, three hours of school and drill, a couple hours of police work a day and never getting a week-end off are Robert D. Baker, George C. Heise, Mathew M. Jones, Harry E. Kemp, Joe H. Lay, Walter W. Samenfeld, Lester P. Schmid, Joe E. Sneed, Hubert L. Stanley and Purcell Webb.

The shock troops (privates to you) include John W. Broyles, the boy genius, Fred H. Cole, David B. Fincke, Thomas B. Huckaby, John W. Wershing and Lawrence ("Wee Willie") Williams.

At present we are without the services of Stanley and Wershing, who are on the patient status here at the hospital.

One member of the guard is about to be decorated by the humane society for his extreme kindness to animals, particularly horses. Dame rumor has it that "Long-shot" Webb has been purchasing numerous bales of hay for horses throughout the country that he has never even seen. His choices have been going mostly to the east-ern tracks.

Also in our midst is one who some say is about to be invited to join the downtown chamber of commerce due to the large amount of stock he holds in some of the local cabarets. "Jimmy" Schmid denies this, but we are doing scouts out on him and will confirm this rumor at some future date.

Our short timers (everyone here is close to discharge dates, but we are not short timers until we have a month or less to do)

includes Privates First Class Joe Lay and Harry Kemp, who will already be on the outside when this is printed. These two join the bread lines with wishes of the best of luck from the other members of the detachment.

Will close now so keep your fingers crossed until next issue.

THE DEPOT OF SUPPLIES

(Continued from page 8)

Corps. The clothing and equipment departments were recently consolidated into one unit; a move to achieve greater economy and efficiency. The two departments manufacture the many articles of clothing and equipment that are required for issue to enlisted men, other than knit goods, hats, caps and shoes, which are purchased. They make flags, pillow cases, sheets, mosquito nets, officer's uniforms when ordered, and the multifarious items of clothing and equipment used by a Marine. Not infrequently they are requested to furnish the Navy with jumpers and trousers, leggings, and flying suits for the aviation. Such articles as tentage, belts, leggings, various types of canvas and leather bags and carriers, shooting pads, and in general all kinds of leather goods are manufactured in the equipment unit of this department.

The woodworking department is equipped to manufacture a great variety of articles, from the making of pins for target spotters to the manufacture of large-sized refrigerators and truck bodies. Packing boxes, tent poles and pins, barrack clothing boxes, trunk lockers, expeditionary chests of all kinds, mess tables and benches, barracks chairs, hand carts and other similar items are produced here.

The mechanical department not only manufactures a large variety of metal articles from fittings for field cots to steel lockers and iron bunks for barracks, but it also operates the large power plant. Articles made of sheet metal such as water cans, garbage (G. I.) cans, recruiting signs, meat cans and canteens, are a few of the items produced in this department.

The Motor Transport School is maintained for the training of enlisted men in the care, repair, and maintenance of the motor transportation of the Marine Corps. Two classes a year are conducted, each extending over a period of five months. This school, as part of the course of training, does all the repair work of the motor transportation used by the Depot and the "general overhaul" of other motor transportation returned here from expeditionary duty or sent to it from other stations.

The Quartermaster Department School of Administration is maintained for the training of enlisted men in the duties of the administration of the Quartermaster's Department. Two classes a year are conducted, each extending over a period of six months.

The Depot maintains an Armorer's School for the training of enlisted men in the care, preservation, and repair of small arms and machine guns. Two classes a year are conducted, each extending over a period of four months. This school, as part of its curriculum, does all the repair work in overhauling and repairing the small arms and machine guns of the Corps.

Through constant study and experiment in the manufacture of clothing and equipment, improvements in design and quality are always being made. Many of these changes have resulted in considerable savings to the government in both labor and materials. The technical knowledge necessary to uphold and improve the specifications for the purchase of all standard articles used by the Marine Corps, is furnished

by Marines or ex-Marines now employed as civilians. The Depot develops and maintains the standard samples, patterns, dies, drawings and blue prints necessary to the procurement of Marine Corps equipment. It provides the technical knowledge and the mechanical equipment necessary to test a large proportion of its purchases under practical operating conditions. It does a great proportion of all the experimental work in developing suggestions for improvement of equipment used by the Corps and with the assistance of its skilled technicians it has been responsible for constant improvements in the equipment and clothing required by the Corps.

The Recruiting Bureau just recently attached to the Depot, is made up of the printing plant, photographic department, art department and press unit. In this bureau all active service men are employed, no civilians being carried on its rolls.

From this enormous plant is supplied the clothing, equipment and many other necessities, used by the 17,000 Marines. Most of the supplies and stores are manufactured at the Depot, however, a few products such as shoes, typewriters, automobiles, firearms, ammunition, paint and standard tools and hardware are purchased complete. In the course of a year about 21,400,000 pounds of equipment are sent out to Marine Corps posts all over the world.

DETACHMENTS Philly Receiving Station

(Continued from page 25)

And now for Private "La Simone" Roller's breezy Fire Department notes:

Our Fire-Fighters hereby issue fair warning to "Mother Myrtle" Del Prato, that if he returns to his honorable bunk from liberty in the same manner as recently occurred, he'll have locker boxes for covers that night.

"Tap Tap" Strouse recently shed crocodile tears as he watched a local used car dealer depart from this Yard with his much used roadster. "Tap Tap" was heard to mutter: "She was a wonderful buggie even if she wasn't so fast." You gotta keep up payments "Tap Tap" in order to drive up State.

Rumor has it that some of our "Fire-Fighters" recently have stepped out upon the matrimonial stage. However, you can't prove it by us. We only wish them lots of luck and admire their courage. Also to add that cigars are usually in order upon such occasions.

"Hot-Tip" Klam recently donned "Mother Myrtle's" best civvies to attend the new race track in nearby Delaware. Both Klam and Del Prato were lucky in that "Hot-Tip" got back with the suit.

Peace and quiet have reigned in the Fire Department during the past two weeks while "Saymore" Horinka and "Whatta Man" Resnekoff have been sojourning at the Rifle Range in Cape May, New Jersey, well at sea (See for yourself).

"La Simone" Roller, our nozzelman first class, spends many hours washing and ironing his slacks and brightening his shoes, which are really white when he goes ashore. He seems partial to a local highway swimming pool, where he delights to demonstrate "to his one and only" how diving should be done. Rumor has it that she is both an attractive and an appreciative audience. Watch your step, Roller, that you don't get in beyond your depth.

And now for some good advice to my bunkie, who shall be nameless because I

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think he's a chiseler and needs to mend his ways: "Bunkie, why with all your virtues must you have all these faults? You smoke O. P. Cigarettes, never your own. Your arm is frozen when it's time to pay the check. You go to see friends with an empty pint and don't even let them sniff the cork. When you do touch your Grandmother for a fin, you always float right out of sight. If you keep on, we are afraid you'll be putting slugs in charity collections. We know you're up against a tough proposition and that you have got to split your little old \$20.80 about forty different ways. Also, we recognize that you're about 100 per cent as a chiseler. However, why not try chiseling out some happiness for yourself at less expense to your shipmates, and your Detachment. With your ability, it should be easy for you. We're all more or less chiselers at heart, but why not give your shipmates a break?"

Note: the only reason we want to publish the foregoing advice to chiselers is that we think there is at least one in most every outfit and we hope that youse guys who also have a bunkie who needs this advice may want to read it over to him.

HINGHAM SALVOS

(Continued from page 26)

Fleck and King again scored clean hits. Everyone else was in the running and it will probably take a week to settle down again.

For the past two months this post has been dispatching details to the rifle range at Wakefield, Mass. So far we are 99% qualified and all but four of us have failed to get into the money. There are only a handful of men left to fire the range and we trust that they will uphold our present percentage of qualification. The two weeks' stay at the range offered complete relaxation and a change that refreshed all that went. The reception that we met there was beyond our highest expectations. A finer group of coaches and officers could not be gathered than the ones we had at the range.

The past two weeks have been a nightmare to us. The barracks have been undergoing a rigid program of interior decorating in the line of painting. In another week the work will have been completed and the post will resume its former state of order. This painting was needed some time ago. It takes a little work but it is worth it. The barracks promise to be very presentable upon completion.

Rumor has it that there is a corporal's chevrons obtainable in the near future. Examinations are just around the corner and the man showing the most qualifications will receive the warrant. Many studious men have sprouted out and many seem to be after that warrant, which leads me to say that with the apparent competition the man

who makes it will have earned it.

We have several new faces to further the roster and to make the duty much more sustaining. They are—Pvt's Ray, Tamarro, Grant, Taylor and Pvt. Terry from the Philadelphia Navy yard; Pvt's Creech, James, Hall and Pvt. Bazell came to us just a week ago from the Brooklyn Navy yard. As we gain we must lose and consequently we have lost some old pals. Pvt's Norris and Lapka have left us on a three months priority discharge.

Getting around to the more humorous side of things we find a "Red Sail in the Sun Set." A 20 ft. dinghy has been placed in the river and we Marines have been given the use of it as a pleasure craft. The craft is equipped with a sail and rowing apparatus to accommodate four. Many of us are would-be navigators of the deep sea. Pfc. Burnham seems to be the most aggressive of the lot though I believe he should install a compass as he is liable to lose himself on that vast river. As far as the rowing is concerned we haven't yet developed a four man crew that works with complete cooperation. Pvt. Stevens and Pvt. Shaull seem to be the best bets on the oars as they manage to splash more water into the boat than they do making headway.

We Wonder:

Whether you align a rifle sights with the left eye or the right? How about it "Poochy?"

If Sgt. Ferrigno will ever give another guy a chance at the phone?

If Watley wouldn't make a good lawyer?

Who is the best paint slinger?

If Sgt. Fleck can insert both his thumbs in between his belt?

If Speight can console himself after his financial loss?

Who gave "Mush" a bath with lighthouse soap powder?

Why this writer doesn't conclude this nonsense?

DOVER MARINES

(Continued from page 27)

geant, sent in his request for Asiatic duty but fortunately it was disapproved.

Our soft ball team is right in there pitching. Out of fifteen starts we have won ten, which places us close to the first place in the league. Pvs. Spear and Brandon, our two erstwhile pitchers, are to be congratulated on their excellent hurling. Of course the support rates honorable mention also.

On July 2nd Assistant Secretary of the Navy Edison paid an unofficial visit to our station. He was pleased on how well the barracks were kept. During his tour of the barracks two of our up and coming sergeants had mysteriously disappeared. It was lucky their doors were closed and locked. The First Sgt. was wondering why I sounded attention so many times as I passed those



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doors, but somebody had to dr wn out that snoring!

Now what Pfc. ate four meals at the Hollywood Restaurant, absorbed drinks unaccounted for, and claimed that he wasn't drunk?

A young lad by the monicker of Koteh is sporting two new eyebrows on each arm. Congratulations are in order, but also advice from the correspondent. "Mat," this is your third try at fame and fortune, therefore stay away from the good looking neck of familiar beer bootles. They are just like women,—always willing to get you in the red at six o'clock, and the windage is always zero.

We have our quota of good shots. The last detail from Cape May boasted one expert and two sharpshooters, and two marksmen, out of five men at bat. Pvt. Mauroner, the best grouper, spotted up a beautiful 325. They tell that is rather fair at a range like Cape May. Good going, Mauroner. There is a five man detail at the range at present—here's hoping that they all make their crossed rifles—and five bucks.

Second Lt. Davonport, who reported for duty on June 9 from the basic school, Philadelphia, is at the rifle range. First Lt. Ruffin, who was promoted to that rank last week, is to be congratulated.

Well, Mates, it is about time for colors and I happen to be the Man, so until next month here's hoping that you will all listen in on station WNAD, Dover, N. J., in the near future. Bon-soir, adios, and ceiling zero.

THE JAMOK POT

(Continued from page 27)

was well off and doing duty in a post where he had a life of comparative ease. Well, John, cheer up; at least your are near home. You have a real town to make liberty in. On my furlough I will probably drop by and see you on my way North this fall.

A tennis tournament was run off here at the Marine Barracks. There was much interest shown in the event. A total of 17 players were entered and after the odd man played the last man on the list the players were paired in eight groups. The pairings finally worked down to the semi-finals with Sgt. William E. Hemingway, Pvt. 1cl. Joseph D. Lanier, Pvt. 1cl. George A. Williams and Private Samuel L. Brogli. There was plenty of good tennis played during the semi-finals and Private Brogli finally won out to take the Post Championship by defeating Sergeant Hemingway, the runner-up. Pvt. 1cl. Lanier and Pvt. 1cl. Williams played off to determine third place and money.

The Noncommissioned officers of the post were challenged by the privates to a baseball game on 30 June, 1937, as part of a field meet held on that date. Sergeant Shepherd T. Coates and Corporal David H. Murray limited the privates to six hits for the nine innings while Pvt. 1cl. Leo R. McClellan gave up 17 hits.

NCO's	AB	R	H	E
H'm'way, e.	2	1	0	0
D'berry, lf.	5	1	3	0
Jackson, lb.	4	1	3	0
Adams, 3b.	5	1	2	0
Phipps, rf.	4	1	1	0
B'hadit, cf.	4	1	2	0
Mathis, 2b.	5	2	3	0
R'b's'n, ss.	5	1	2	0
B'lette, e.	1	0	0	0
Coates, p.	2	0	0	0
Clark, lf.	2	0	1	0
Murray, p.	2	0	0	0

41 9 17 0

PVTS	AB	R	H	E
Dunkley, rf.	5	0	1	2
Brogli, e.	3	0	2	0
Allen, 3b.	5	1	1	2
Smith, ss.	4	1	0	2
H'phries, 2b.	5	1	0	0
Drum, lf.	3	0	0	0
P'field, cf.	5	1	0	2
Williams, lb.	4	1	1	1
M'C'lan, p.	4	1	1	0
Catoe, lf.	1	0	0	0
Bla'field, lf.	1	0	0	0

40 6 6 9

SUMMARY: Struck out by Coates 8; Murray 7; McClellan 6. Hits off Coates in 4 innings 2; off Murray in 5 innings 4.

A large percentage of the command entered the field meet and those who did not enter any of the events were on the side lines cheering for their favorites.

THE SUMMARIES:

BROAD JUMP:—Eugene E. Dukes, Pvt. 1cl.; Sergeant Joseph J. Vlach; Pvt. Durward W. Stinson. Distance 15 feet 10½ inches.

HIGH JUMP:—Pvt. 1cl. Eugene E. Dukes; Cpl. David H. Murray; Pvt. James Q. Stanley. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

100-YARD DASH:—Sgt. Wm. E. Hemingway; Pvt. 1cl. Eugene E. Dukes; Mess Cpl. Jewett A. Adams.

THREE-LEGGED RACE:—Cpl. David H. Murray and Pvt. Samuel A. Brogli; Sgt. Ralph W. Carrington and Jewett F. Adams; Pts. Willie O. Dearman and Wilfred G. Huntley.

440 YARD RELAY:—Pvt. Samuel A. Brogli, Pvt. Hanes Q. Stanley, Pvt. 1cl. Eugene E. Dukes and Pvt. Wilfred G. Huntley, first; Corporal Jackson L. Collins, George S. Catoe, Pvt. Durward B. Stinson and Pvt. Henry A. Baldwin, second.

TUG-OF-WAR:—Quartermaster department team, first; Squad Room "D," second.

OBSTACLE RACE:—Pvt. Durward B. Stinson, Pvt. William B. Allbritton, Cpl. Jewett F. Adams.

HAMMER THROW:—Cpl. Ralph L. Robinson, Cpl. Dola Hughes, Cpl. Louis B. Phipps.

A good time was had by all. It is to be hoped that in the near future we will have another field meet. The competition was keen in all of the events and had the men been allowed to wear track shoes there is no doubt that the spectators would have seen some excellent work.

As long as I have run out of chatter I will close for the present and will be back in the next issue.

KNOBY KNOBS

(Continued from page 28)

Post mortems:

Pvt. Wyler had difficulties while on watch t'other day. He stumbled on the planking at the pier and made a detailed exploration of the ocean bed. Subsequent reports reveal that the "big one" that got away from Sgt. Noel, Muscheek and Cpl. Puckett, while on their fishing trip, was seen swimming around the dead stump at the bottom of pier 2.

When Pvt. Seonyers was transferred to Sea School, he left his rifle behind because he was told they would issue him a rifle aboard ship. The informant forgot to tell him the rifle would have a 14-inch bore.

You 1933 boot camp men of Platoon No. 15 hereby note that Sutton is now a Non-Commissioned Officer. He is going to ship over and his goal, sez he, will be Master Tech.

THE LEATHERNECK

QUANTICO NEWS

(Continued from page 17)

cents on his return; Medin had about twelve, which obviates the necessity for an explanation as to whether or not they enjoyed themselves. Gettle, Hudson and Hogan flew to Quantico in a car. They must have—they went there and came back too quickly to have stuck to the highway.

Hogan and Mitchell carried their fishing tackle down and promised to keep the Battalion well supplied with fish but gave up the task in despair after catching nothing but catfish and undersized minnows three afternoons in succession. The old soldier, John Fagley, worked like the devil and, after hours read books, seemingly unaware that one could or should take off at least once while the state of Calina was on all sides. First Sergeant Larsen anxiously waited for mail from Quantico as a young married man should and complimented himself roundly for having had the foresight to leave his better half only one pair of shoes.

On 26 May, at least two hours before ambitious roosters even consider disturbing the peace of a whispering South Calina night, the 1st Battalion shoved off for Quantico via train, eating two meals enroute, and arrived in Quantico the following night as tired, if not more so, than the trip down. But hot coffee and sandwiches, comfortable barracks which produced hot showers and mosquitoless sleeping quarters, and the imminence of good liberty obliterated the effects of the train ride so that by Sunday morning each man felt as if he were really at home. Approximately half the Battalion were granted well deserved furloughs on 1 July, and only the messing of Brigade Special Troops and Marine Corps Schools personnel in our mess provided Joe Newland with enough troubles to keep him from taking a furlough himself.

And so, with the practice to be refought on paper, with qualification firing on the range due to hit us right in the middle of July, with Reserves to the right of us (some number less than a million), and furloughs to the left of us, your scandal-monger wishes on behalf of all to express his sincere thanks to the Parris Island Marines for their genuine efforts to aid in making our short sojourn there a success and hopes that if ever they come to Quantico the Virginia Marines can do as much for them. So long.

SALVO'S FROM BATTERY B

By "Mac"

How'er yuh salts and saltines? Here we are again, Battling B, with a conglomeration of new and best wishes. We're up to our old tricks once more. Just a few weeks ago the mass laden trees and secluded wilds of Parris Island loomed o'er the horizon, bringing with the dawn the measured tramp of marching feet and dull boom of 75's echoing over the post and proclaiming to all within miles that the Artillery was under way for another indefinite period of training.

I think that you'll all agree when I say, the only discouraging thing about our position is that there is no Lebonon nor Grand Hotel within a considerable distance. Our beau brummels are in a state of near collapse, for, with all the necessary time and equipment, they cannot seem to arrive at a town before the streets are hauled in. Some of our more advanced Romeos, Pvt. McLalan for one, did take a look at the thriving metropolis of Savannah and was heard to comment upon the Southern Hospitality shown.—Plenty of beer, music, dances, and

plenty of heat and less attention than a barnical on a sailor's leg.

Still I might add that we are not doing so badly for ourselves. There is a small breeze, a good show, and last but not least, the time honored N.C.O. club, where it seems a certain corporal in third section and a sergeant in the maintenance are doing right well by the bar room in the aforementioned rendezvous.

Quote "There is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." But the general opinion to-date is that Sgt. Hooker had better hold tight to his much cherished crown as the most mustached man in the Tenth or in the entire Marine Corps, as of late the razors have not been roaming any too near the noses of our boys.

The F. F. F. F. (Fighting Fourth's Fishing Fool), Private "Kaiser" Wilhelm is doing right well by himself as to lip adornment but his pride is slowly taking a back seat since the present stubble has made its appearance on the before smooth faces of many. The title mentioned above is well deserved by Wilhelm as his deftness with a rod and reel is known to all. (Although he never does catch anything, how about it Wilhelm?)

Our lawyer to be, Messer Joseph J. B. J. Korn, is keeping in form by practicing on his fellow men lately. His lecture on "The Pay of the Private in the Marine Corps and the Advance in Pay" was very interesting but it does not seem to make the right impression on Congress. We must mention a couple subjects much discussed around the barracks and if we may say so, they have caused no end of end of tender skin. Wait a minute, we mean sunburn and chow. The yellow rays unmerciful attitude toward exposed parts of the body and the chow feeling inside, is a topic of interest to all. There has been no slapping of backs, for everyone is either too ready to defend his scorched complexion or too eager to start a conversation on food. We just can't make up our minds which is worse.

Tarzen is at it again. With agile leaps, superhuman endurance, and unsurpassed energy (PHOOEY) he bounds to the trees. Yes sir, Jack Coulter, the weakling of long ago has a rope trapeze slung to a towering tree and though it took one whole afternoon of muscular labor he now has an outside gym. It may be crude but when one does ones own work with ones own ideas and muscles, one feels ones own pride and power, does one not?—Aye, Aye, says Coulter.

The good old hours of eribbage are no more. They have finally given way to a new and more modern trend. Yes, you've guessed it, it's Whiskey Poker. Our squabbling lads have taken quite seriously to that game and are doing swell in learning the various methods of—ahem—winning.

Well we'll be seeing you and if the Pack Howitzer doesn't ruin the French 75's reputation kicking, we'll be back soon with more cannoncer's reports. Cheerio—

QUANTICO SIDELIGHTS

Colonel Biddle Reports for Duty

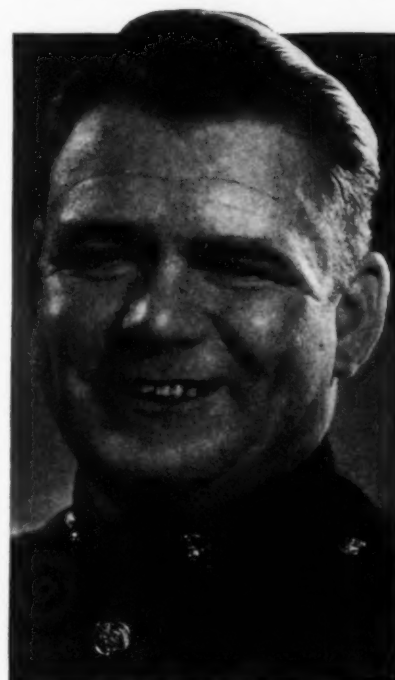
Lieutenant Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Marine Corps Reserve, has reported to the Commanding General, First Marine Brigade, for active duty for the coming fiscal year. He will be the combat instructor for the 5th Marines and for the Reserve Battalions during their course of active training here.

Lieutenant Colonel Biddle is famed as an

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instructor in bayonet fighting and individual combat. He unselfishly gives his services gratuitously to the Marine Corps during his frequent periods of active duty. This season is Lieutenant Colonel Biddle's third consecutive tour at Quantico. He has served as Instructor of Individual Combat at the student officers' Basic School at Philadelphia in practically every class since the inauguration of that school there. The zeal and energy which he displayed in his work, together with this enthusiastic devotion to the Marine Corps serves to inspire and develop at once an esprit de corps in the newly commissioned second lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

FMF Marines Receive Promotions

Platoon Sergeant Alfred D. Kelly has been promoted to First Sergeant and Sergeant William F. A. Trax now wears the chevrons of a Platoon Sergeant.

Commandant, Marine Corps Schools, Thanks Brigade

The Commanding General, First Marine Brigade, has received a letter from the Commandant, Marine Corps Schools, inviting his attention to the splendid cooperation of the 1st Battalion, 10th Marines and Aircraft One in assisting the Base Defense Weapons Class of the Schools in the practical conduct of light artillery fire just completed at Parris Island by that class.

THE FIFTH MARINES ADD TO THEIR LAURELS

Following the return to Quantico on June 12th of Companies A and D, First Battalion, Fifth Marines, Fleet Marine Force, from thirty-three days temporary duty at Lakehurst, N. J., guarding the wreckage of the airship *Hindenburg*, Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, Commanding General of the First Marine Brigade, received the following commendation of their work, signed by Commander C. E. Rosen-dahl, U. S. N., Commanding the Lakehurst Naval Air Station:

"Upon the occasion of the return of Companies A and D, First Battalion, Fifth Marines, to Quantico, the Commanding Officer wishes to express his appreciation for the very efficient performance of duty by this detachment while temporarily attached to this station following the loss of the airship *Hindenburg* on 6 May, 1937. The performance of duty and the cooperation of all officers and men in the Quantico detachment has been of the highest order and the presence of the detachment has been of great assistance to the Commanding Officer and to this station in meeting the unusual situation that has been in existence since the loss of the *Hindenburg*. The Quantico detachment may return to its base well proud of another arduous task well done."

SOLON RECEIVES RESERVE COMMISSION

A feature of the Review held on the occasion of the annual outing of the District of Columbia Bar Association was the delivery by the Commanding General of the Post, Major General Charles H. Lyman, of a commission as Captain in the Marine Corps Reserve, to John M. Houston, distinguished representative from Kansas.

General Lyman received the Review with the Commanding General of the First Marine Brigade, Brigadier General Richard P. Williams. Present in the reviewing stand to witness the delivery of the Reserve commission to their confrere, and clad in the uniform they wore as Marines during the World War, were Representatives Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota; Robert L. Mouton of Louisiana, and Lawrence E. Imhoff of Ohio. Representative Maas is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve and Congressmen Mouton and Imhoff are Captains.

WINGO WANGO

(Continued from page 5)

mosquito net. From then on, briefly here is the log.

Second day. The gentlemanly major cooks, and stands guard over gear while lieutenant and women explore island for camp site.

Third day. The sociable major moves camp to high ground while women and lieutenant search for fresh water spring.

Fourth day. Others seeking old ruins. The accommodating major cooks and puts up camp. Knocks over kerosene can. No fuel.

Fifth day. The helpful major guards camp from iguanas and honey bears while lieutenant and women look for wood for fuel.

Sixth day. Women and lieutenant just too tired from walking around getting wood. Ought to go swimming and rest on the beach. "Good old Major, you'll look after the camp and fix a bite of food? You surely can cook."

Seventh day. Yesterday, lieutenant and women accidentally fall asleep on beach during midday sun. So badly sunburned can't do any work around camp. The kindly old major has to be nurse too.

Eighth day. Ditto.

Ninth day. Women and lieutenant out of sorts, because of staying in camp. Must take a tramp to other side of island. Courteous old major "Wouldn't mind keeping the duty?"

Tenth day. Lieutenant and women up early. Rush away with fishing tackle, to catch big fish they saw yesterday. Be back right away. "Major, be sure to have fire and pans ready."

Eleventh day. Raining. Everybody stays in camp. Lieutenant and women like caged-in wasps. Major must smooth the feelings. Iris not too bad.

Twelfth day. Same.

Thirteenth day. Major pretends sudden, racking pain in the belly. Lieutenant and women break camp. All fly back to regiment. At hospital the suffering major sees doctor (who is an old friend), first, and explains pain in belly. "Maybe appendicitis," hopefully.

14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th day. Pain goes away, and major fully rested and flea bites healed.

Anyway Jimmie's problem is solved and Iris shows that there is a streak of sense

THE LEATHERNECK

left in the younger generation. It seems my wife coached her.

Jimmie just left my office. Boy's feelings very low as he unbosomed himself.

"Can't understand Iris or your wife, who approves of Iris going away. After the good time we showed Iris. Says she's going back to college to brush up on how to run a household. Not experienced enough in housekeeping yet to marry me. What's a good way to commit suicide?"

I turned to look out the window. Flip perched there winked at me.

"No, Jim," I said. "No gentleman commits suicide. Bear up. Sometimes satisfaction even comes to a gentleman."

HIGH FINANCE AND PETE HEWES

(Continued from page 7)

"Mr. Lewis," quoth Blake in his brisk business manner, "after our last talk about your mine I thought it best to wire to New York and bring my principal, Mr. Hewes, here, out to look over the ground and see if we couldn't work out a proposition with you that would be mutually satisfactory."

"He don't look like a trifter," was Lewis' ungrudging tribute. "But my terms is unchanged. A million dollars, an' no expert sets his foot in my tunnel 'thout I gets first a hundred thousand, cash money in hand for an option."

"A hundred thousand's a lot of money to be packin' 'round, Mr. Lewis," Pete ventured at the cue to his rôle, then stole a side glance at Blake and read encouragement—and command. Then he threw in the bit about the difficulty in getting his yacht across the mountains to Nevada.

Blake interrupted. "I need not tell you my principal is a very rich man. But men of his class invest their surplus in sound securities, you understand. He would have to dispose of some of them to raise the amount of money you require."

"Let him dispose." Old Lewis was adamant.

"But Mr. Hewes can't stay here until his securities are sold in New York; can you, Mr. Hewes?"

"Some of 'em mightn't be so damn' secure," Pete ventured owlishly. A vicious kick on his shins was his reward. He took the plunge, "Seein' it's you, Mr. Lewis, how about my givin' you my note—?"


Already Blake's hand had flashed to his pocket. He laid before the mine owner an eye dazzling document, elaborately decorated with stamps and a gold notary's seal. It was the note prepared in advance and with Pete's signature witnessed by Blake, all regular except for the implied ability of the signer to meet any obligation over about \$2.75.

Old Lewis shared with our Peter an abysmal lack of knowledge concerning business paper. Never had he seen a promissory note. Perhaps he'd heard of gold notes and U. S. Treasury certificates. This ostentatious bit of paper with its ink flourishes and great gold seal qualified in that class most likely. After a few more honeyed words from Blake the owner of the dream bonanza reluctantly consented to pocket the paper.

"Don't know's I'm so anxious to put this deal through at that," he mumbled vaguely. "T'other day I run across a stringer which sure's goin' to cross the main ledge; an' if she do I ought to get five million fer my property."

Blake, avid of bringing the whole farce to a close, assured the old man the matter of price could be adjusted after he'd given the mine a complete survey. The business

irked him. He was certain before ever he stepped foot in Lewis' tunnel that the old prospect hunter had nothing worth buying, yet because the head office had commanded a report from him he must go through with this clowning. Perhaps Blake felt keen regret that the subterfuge centering about the exalted Pete Hewes was to yield nothing but a barren report. He was not a man given to killing fleas with a pile-driver.

 DUSTY ride through sagebrush in a livery rig brought the three to the fenced and padlocked Sadie Queen.

Old Lewis was trembling with suppressed excitement when he let them through the gate of the stockade. Once again he complained that he'd been too hasty in accepting an option on a million dollar basis.

"Why, gents," he whined, "I got the straightest tunnel in all Nevada. Openin' up is all done. Timberin' neat as the floor of a hotel."

Blake gave a searching look at the dump below the tunnel mouth. He stooped and picked up several bits of chalky white bull quartz. Worthless! While Pete sat on a dynamite box in the shadowed tunnel entrance Blake followed the owner down the slender track into obscurity. The candles his guide lighted and set in neatly carved niches along the wall revealed the full measure of old Lewis' self delusion. The tunnel was like the corridor of a hotel done in white marble, beautifully neat. But that was its only recommendation. Of precious metal there was not a trace!

The engineer chipped off a few bits from the ledge at the tunnel's end just to fill the requirements of his rôle, then announced himself as satisfied. With an indefinite promise, "Hear from us before thirty days are up," he drove off with Pete Hewes.

What time Blake and Lewis were in the tunnel Pete, on his dynamite box and with his silk hat and cane placed on a clean rock beside him, had been doing some high pressure thinking. What was he going to do now that his job of being a New York millionaire was nearing the end of its tenure? Go back to Carson and try to get his elevator job back again? The thought smote him hard under the interlocked horse-shoes on his linen waistcoat; it sickened him. With \$200—Blake had paid him before they left Carson—and all these high-'n'-lofty clothes, why go back to Carson at all?

He'd been playing at this millionaire business; by the ring-tailed rinkytink, now he'd keep right on being one while the two hundred held out to burn!

"Think if you're through with me, Mr. Blake, I'll take a li'l pasare down to Brigham City and look 'em over." This from Pete at the station where Blake was waiting for the down train to Carson.

"All right, Pete. You've nothing to worry about for thirty days." Blake gave him his best twisted smile, which could poison an ant-eater. Pete stared his perplexity.

"Because at the end of thirty days old Lewis'll be looking you up to collect his

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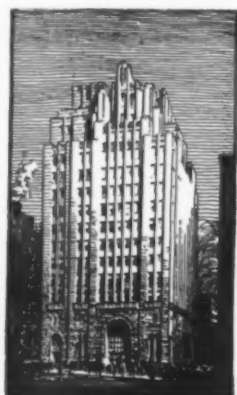
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hundred thousand," the engineer threw in for a knockout.

"But you don't mean, Mr. Blake, that old kangaroo rat thinks he can get a hundred thousand off of me?" Pete's surprise registered itself in a thin shriek.

"Your name at the bottom of that promissory note he holds says he can," was Blake's happy assurance. "Good-bye, Pete, and don't sign your name again—not even on a hotel register!"

The train whisked Blake out into the desert, leaving Peter Hewes, silk hat in one hand and the fingers of the other rubbing the new red marks on his forehead.

"By golly, I never thought of that," said he to the station master's setter dog.

Brigham City, newest boom town in Nevada, pointed with pride to three ultra-modern conveniences—a stock ticker, a revolving door on the President House, and a manicule parlor. One seeking excitement could take a whirl at all three and still live to boast about it. An air of hectic excitement pervaded the place. Even the dogs scratched fleas with a hind leg so galvanic as to blur the vision of an interested onlooker.

Pete Hewes, his hat at a daring angle and his gold headed cane swinging on a wide arc, descended from the hotel bus, negotiated the revolving door of the hotel and approached the desk with an air commensurate with the spirit of the welcoming brass band which was not at the station to meet him. He signed the register, "C. Peter Hewes, Capitalist, New York"; the "C" was a happy inspiration of the moment, giving class to the somewhat ordinary "Peter" his sponsors in baptism had pinned upon a helpless infant.

"With bath, Mr. Hewes?" The clerk patted his cowlick as he gave Peter a survey filled with approval.

"Haven't missed a Saturday night in three months," was our Peter's ready answer; then to himself, "Fresh young rooster! What's it to him, anyhow."

In his room and over the unpacking of his bag—a corkscrew, three plugs of chewing tobacco and extra socks—the capitalist out of an elevator could not keep his mind

from reverting to a matter which had largely occupied it on the run down to Brigham City. That \$100,000 promissory note; how about it? S'posin' at the end of thirty days that old gopher Lewis really began to camp on his trail and try to collect. Could he rely on Blake's helping him out? Fat chance! Well then?

Pete happened to catch a reflection of his face in the bureau mirror just that instant when perplexity was deepest. He studied the picture in the glass with a curiously detached interest. Silk hat pushed far back from a furrowed forehead; lines of strain about the corners of shrewd but honest eyes; long upper lip pulled down in intensity of thought—why say, that's just the way a reg'lar capitalist would look if he was worried! And a reg'lar capitalist might worry about a \$100,000 promissory note, too!

Pete tried out the effect in detail. He paced away from the glass and turned. He took a step toward the bureau, halted, tucked his cane under an arm, and with a sweep of his free hand tipped back the hat to give his silk handkerchief free play for a swabbing run over the forehead. All the time his features were set in sternest concentration; aye, with just a touch of melancholy about the corners of the mouth.

"Of course, us capitalists invests our surplus in sound securities," said Peter to Peter; "and we has to—ah—dispose of some of 'em when a promissory note for a hundred thousand comes due. Damn nuisance!"

Peter liked this touch. It had its values. If a New York capitalist in a silk hat and Prince Albert possessed any circus virtue in the eyes of Brigham City, then a worried New York capitalist would be all the more distinguished.

He tried out his double barrelled swank on the hotel lobby just at the dinner rush hour when all the agile dollar chasers of the boom town were trooping to the dining room. Came to him the hotel manager, who thought he knew a big fish when he saw one. "Nothing wrong with your service, Mr. Hewes?" he fawningly insinuated. "You look sort of put out."

"Oh, no—no." Peter sighed prodigiously and tipped back his hat with that practiced gesture of weariness. "Just a little business matter on my mind—away from my office, you know—securities—"

"But we have a quotation wire direct from New York, Mr. Hewes." The manager brightened. "Just across the street in the office of—"

"Won't do me any good," mournfully from Peter, who didn't know whether a quotation wire was something from a book of grammar or a new fangled radio. Then with a sudden access of man-to-man confidence: "Y'see, it's a little matter of a hundred thousand on a promissory note. Got to dispose of some securities, of course, and—"

The manager had darted across the room and returned with a florid man in a linen suit tightly noosed by the arm. "Mr. C. Peter Hewes, shake hands with Jim Holman, president of our new Chamber of Commerce. Jim here'll go a long way to do anything for a stranger in Brigham City, particularly for a man like yourself, Mr. Hewes."

Just as easily as that! High hat, frock coat, gold-headed cane: These accessories plus a worried look and an ingenuous confession of temporary mortification over a \$100,000 obligation, and Pete Hewes found himself taken to the heart of Brigham City.

The tip passed with the speed of light: "He owes a hundred thousand. Ye-ah, that little feller in the Wall Street rig; he says

himself he owes a hundred thousand on a note."

Brigham City and its boom were builded on just such dream stuff. In the fine frenzy of mining excitement thereabouts men were rated not on what they had but on what they owed. Promises to pay printed on the face of U. S. Treasury certificates were not nearly so common as similar promises scribbled on the backs of old envelopes.

In the delighted eye of Brigham City Pete Hewes was a hundred thousand dollar man.

Witness our Peter, then, sprawled at his ease in the office of the Chamber of Commerce, hat cocked at a grand angle, cigar in teeth; about him men restive on the edges of their chairs—men with mines and stock in mines to sell. Here was he who but a short week before was saying, "Going up—going down," kinging it over all the hungry speculators of Brigham City!

PETER watched his step with unremitting vigilance. Mines he could talk with the best of them. He knew all the passwords and signs in the lowercraft of wildecating. While conversation on Brigham City's burning topic remained general he led it; but when some curly wolf with a hungry eye began insinuating purchases of bonanza properties Peter fell back upon his first happy inspiration. There was a little matter of a \$100,000 note to be met; until that was done he could not be in the market.

The days passed snappily for Pete. What though he would not rise to any of the baits held out in confidential behind-the-hand whispers, his stock appreciated by very virtue of that reticence. No sucker, this wise one from Wall Street! Deep, that's what he was!

Not long before men commenced to come to him for advice on what to buy and what to sell. He was asked to go out into the sagebrush and look at certain prospects, to give expert opinions on technical aspects of shaft and stope. And Peter was qualified to do just that. Before the prankish Miss Fate let him step down an abandoned shaft he had been a first rate miner of the unschooled desert type; one who could smell gold in a garlic patch.

One riotous week of playing up to the part. At the end of it Pete settled his hotel bill in good gold, retired to his room and stripped himself to his money belt. He counted the dwindling freesoecs of double eagles in the canvas pockets and then looked at the calendar on the wall. Seven from thirty left twenty-three. At the end of the twenty-third day how 'bout that crazy old gopher Lewis and the note for \$100,000?

What was more, his silk hat was wearing out with too much bumping against mine timbers. And his bright-headed cane had got nicked in the hotel's revolving door.

Wasn't it hell the way just when a feller got to goin' good something was waiting 'round the corner to snatch him bald headed?

It was with this dour fit on him that Pete was slumped down in a lobby chair absently watching the revolving glass panels in the door. He saw a shambling dusty figure under a wide brimmed hat negotiate the stile and approach the desk with a hesitant air. At a question the clerk scanned the lobby and, seeing Pete, jerked his head to point where he sat. As the stranger approached our elevator hero got a start.

This gaunt old desert rat with the sun bleached eyes was one who not a month before had haunted the Carson office building housing Blake's place of business. A dozen

times or more Peter had lifted him to the third floor; he even had commiserated him on his hard luck in not finding the mining expert in.

If this old tad should recognize the face of an elevator operator under the brim of a tile! "Mr. Hewes," the stranger began in a quavering whine, "I bin recommended to see you about a proposition—a mine proposition."

Pete sighed his relief; he hadn't been recognized. "I know too much about mines to buy any." He brusquely reestablished himself in the rôle so perilously endangered. The desert man gave him a weak smile and an appeal from doglike eyes.

"You ain't seen the mine I got yet, Mr. Hewes. I bin tryin' to get on the trail of a man named Blake down t' Carson. Just don't seem like I can catch him. So I heard of you an' how you might be on the lookout for a likely property. If you an' me could go somewhere, Mr. Hewes"—the old prospector cast a look of distaste around the crowded lobby—"somewhere alone, you might say, I got some right smart samples to show."

Three minutes later the stranger and Pete were behind a locked door in the latter's room. A make-believe New York capitalist had flown out the window; in his place stood Pete Hewes, practical mine swapper, smeller of gold. He lifted to his tongue and then held close to his eyes bit after bit of white quartz from which the free gold oozed like honey from the comb.

"I'll give your prospect a look," finally he said, trying to blunt with a tone of casualness the shake of excitement in his voice. The gouts of gold in those chunks of quartz filled the whole room, all of Brigham City, with a glory!

After nightfall the loungers in the lobby of the President House saw something to confirm their belief that C. Peter Hewes was a man of weighty affairs. A car stopped before the door; out of it tumbled the great man himself. He gave himself half a merry-go-round ride in the revolving door and developed a high burst of speed for the telephone desk.

"Gimme John Blake, Carson City! Quick, sister—quick!"

The important Mr. Hewes, dust covered, silk hat coated with mine slickings, shoes white with the drippings of shaft water, paced the lobby in dreadful impatience. Finally at a word from a bobbed blonde he dived into a telephone booth. What the blonde heard she later told her sweetie, the soda water jerker in the drug-store, and he told Brigham City:

"Mr. Blake, this's Pete Hewes—ye-ah, Hewes! Glory Be, I got you, Mr. Blake! Grab a car an' step on her an' make Brigham City by morning!"

"A mine, that's what I got. Biggest thing in Nevada! Will run eighteen hundred to two thousand a ton, free milling—"

"How come? Well, I guess you buy it off of me, Mr. Blake. I'm learnin' something about this note business. Ye-ah, I give the bird my promissory note fer a hundred thousand—thirty day option. Oh, I'm good at that note stuff."

"How's that? W-h-a-t! You say that crazy gopher Lewis come to see you an' tore up my other thirty-dayer? Didn't want to sell at any price? Well, glory be, Mr. Blake!"

"Looks like when you buy this option off of me I can meet this second promissory business reg'lar-like and still have a coupla hundred thousand to the good."

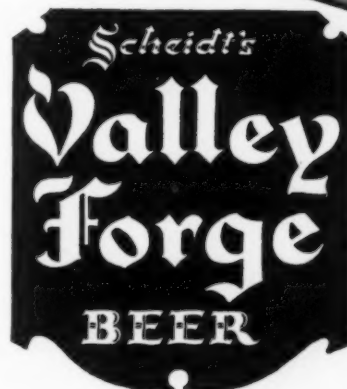
"Me, I'm the ringtail'dest capitalist y' ever see, Mr. Blake!"



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THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	17,996
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —May 31	1,297
Separations during June	13
Appointments during June	1,284
	28
Total Strength on June 30	1,312
ENLISTED —Total Strength on May 31	16,699
Separations during June	279
	16,420
Joinings during June	493
Total Strength on June 30	16,911
Total Strength Marine Corps on June 30	18,213

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Joseph A. Russell.
Lt. Col. William B. Croka.
Maj. William F. Brown.
Capt. John S. Holmberg.
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Sydney S. Lee.
Lt. Col. William N. Best.
Maj. Thomas J. Cushman.
Capt. Marcellus J. Howard.
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 14, 1937.

Lt. Col. James T. Moore, on 14 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs. USMC, Wash. D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.
Lt. Col. Graves B. Erskine, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 30 June, 1937.

Major John Halla, APM., on 30 June, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of Paymaster, Hdqrs. USMC, Wash., D. C.

Major John B. Wilson, on 15 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Gerald C. Thomas, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Auth. delay to 28 August, 1937.

Capt. Francis H. Brink, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Ernest E. Shaughnessey, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Tilghman H. Saunders, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 30 June, 1937.

Capt. Melvin E. Fuller, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass. Auth. delay to 20 June, 1937.

Capt. Ion M. Bethel, about 15 July, 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Depot of Supplies, U.S.M.C., Phila., Pa., via "Chaumont" from Shanghai about 19 July, 1937, due San Francisco about 20 August, 1937.

Capt. Homer L. Litzenberg, Jr., about 1 August, 1937, detached MB, NYd., Portsmouth N. H., to Command and General

(Continued on page 63)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1937.

Sgt. Henry H. Anglin—FMF, Quantico to Aviation, San Diego.

Sgt. George B. Zollicoffer—FMF, Quantico to Aviation, San Diego.

JUNE 2, 1937.

Cpl. Arthur L. Avilla—Aviation, San Diego to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Wilburn K. Rogers—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Sgt. George J. Batsen—New York to Balboa.

JUNE 3, 1937.

Cpl. Richard Z. Alderman—Annapolis to Indian Head.

Cpl. Lloyd F. Barker—Annapolis to Philadelphia.

JUNE 4, 1937.

Sgt. Henry L. Knepe—Quantico to Headquarters.

PM. Sgt. Stuart F. B. Wood—PI to Headquarters.

PM. Sgt. Paul A. Neff—Headquarters to PI.

Sgt. Kenneth H. Quelch—WC to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. George H. Simmons—PI to Asiatic Station.

Cpl. Anthony W. Wendelowski—Newport to RS, New York.

Cpl. Charles G. Harrington—Newport to FMF.

JUNE 7, 1937.

1st Sgt. Alvin L. Cramer—Boston to Reserve, Detroit.

Cpl. Delbert E. Wilson—Quantico to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. Robert E. Holmes—Annapolis to New York.

Sgt. Elmer A. Nagel—Annapolis to New York.

Sgt. Stephen J. Roberts—WC to Quantico.

Sgt. Alva M. Andrews—Quantico to Headquarters.

Sgt. William Bruner—Quantico to PI.

Cpl. Claude O. Galbraith—Pensacola to Aviation, Quantico.

Sgt. Frank C. Cadenhead Jr.—FMF to MB, Quantico.

1st Sgt. Hartle C. Calvery—Quantico to San Diego.

Sgt. Wilbert F. Morris—Quantico to San Diego.

Sgt. Armon J. Sealey—Quantico to San Diego.

Mess Sgt. Harlan Austill—Philadelphia to Norfolk.

JUNE 8, 1937.

1st Sgt. Walter A. Flippo—Quantico to Fort Mifflin.

Sgt. John L. Neel—Portsmouth, N. H., to FMF, Quantico.

JUNE 9, 1937.

1st Sgt. George O. Smith—For Mifflin to San Diego.

JUNE 10, 1937.

Cpl. Harry Cooper—Philadelphia to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Raymond Posey—Quantico to San Diego.

1st Sgt. Elbert E. Cameron—Norfolk to PI.

JUNE 12, 1937.

Tech. Sgt. George W. Cannon—San Diego to Shanghai.

MT. Sgt. Frederick M. Steinhauser—Quantico to Peiping.

Cpl. John F. Holzer—PI to Recruiting, Chicago.

(Continued on page 64)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

WRIGHT, Claude M., 5-27-37, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.

HICKMAN, Peronneau R., 5-28-37, Charleston for MB, Charleston, S. C.

LAVIANO, Thomas F., 5-29-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

BARKER, Lloyd F., 5-31-37, Norfolk, Va., for USS "New York."

CAMPBELL, Charles C., 5-29-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

KFSSLER, Ira L., 5-31-37, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

LAPERIERE, Edward W., 5-27-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

RESPESS, Garland B., 5-8-37, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

ROLLEN, Claude G., 6-1-37, Philadelphia for MCB, San Diego.

MORELLO, Anthony, 6-1-37, New York for Rectg. Dist. of New York.

DAVIS, Ralph M., 6-2-37, Washington for Hqrs. MC, Washington.

WOOD, John P., 5-31-37, New Orleans for MB, Charleston, S. C.

BROWN, John M., 6-1-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

BATTS, Carl E., 6-3-37, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

HAMMERS, Ralph E., 6-1-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

BALLARD, Hartwell W., 6-1-37, Portland for PSNY, Bremerton.

McKINSTRY, Clarence B., 6-5-37, New York for MB, New York.

MOORHOUSE, Harry V., 6-2-37, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

FLECK, Joseph W., 6-7-37, Hingham for NAD, Hingham, Mass.

FOSTER, Robert E., 6-7-37, Newport for NTS, Newport, R. I.

HOBBES, Ralph H., 6-1-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

PADEN, Zachariah R., 6-1-37, Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton.

PEARCE, George W., 6-2-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

WINKLER, John L., 6-3-37, Seattle for NAS, Seattle.

BUNCH, James B., 6-8-37, Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

PILCHER, Marshall R., 6-8-37, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

LUCK, John R., 6-9-37, Washington for MCI, Washington, D. C.

PRESTON, Paul J., 6-9-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

FAIRBAIRN, Clifford A., 6-10-37, Washington for Hqrs. MC, Washington.

SOBEY, William H., 6-6-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

McCORKLE, Floyd M., 6-5-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

FRYDRYCH, Steve, 6-10-37, Washington for MB, NYd, Washington.

ALLISON, George E., 6-4-37, San Diego for Western Rectg. Div.

SCHUSTER, Peter, 6-7-37, Savannah for Southern Rectg. Div.

PIETZAK, Mathew F., 6-10-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

EHNES, Leo J., 6-11-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

ZUERN, Alfred E., 6-8-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

WYKOFF, Garrett J., 6-12-37, Yorktown for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

DYER, William S., 6-8-37, Mare Island for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

BOWMAN, Lucian J., 5-22-37, Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

(Continued on page 65)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 62)

Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Auth. delay to 27 August, 1937.

Capt. Oliver T. Francis, about 30 June, 1937, detached MB, NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring about 10 July, 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 14 Aug., 1937.

Capt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, Jr., about 10 July, 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 14 Aug., 1937.

Capt. Andrew J. Mathiesen, about 3 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Auth. delay to 25 Aug., 1937.

1st Lt. Marcellus J. Howard, about 3 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Auth. delay to 25 Aug., 1937.

1st Lt. Frank M. Reinecke, about 6 July, 1937, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Auth. delay to 25 Aug., 1937.

1st Lt. Harvey C. Tschirgi, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch.QM.Clk. Walter E. Yaecker, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., with thirty days delay in reporting.

Ch.QM.Clk. Patrick H. Kelly, detached Depot of Supplies, USMC, Phila., Pa., and ordered to home to retire on 1 August, 1937.

JUNE 21, 1937.
Major Kenneth A. Inman, on 1 July, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Wash., D. C., to Depot of Supplies, USMC, Phila., Pa. Auth. one month delay in reporting.

Major George E. Monson, relieved duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Claude A. Phillips, detailed AQM, effective 15 July, 1937.

Capt. Harry A. Ellsworth, on 30 June, 1937, detached Hdqrs., Wash., D. C., to MB, NYd, Wash., D. C. Auth. delay in reporting to 2 Aug., 1937.

Capt. William R. Williams, detailed AP M, effective 21 June, 1937.

1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, about 30 June, 1937, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., duty as Communication Officer. Auth. delay to 7 July, 1937.

Ch.QM.Clk. Albert O. Woodrow, on 14 July, 1937, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.

Ch.QM.Clk. Edward F. Connors, about 30 June, 1937, detached AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF NAS, San Diego, Calif.

QM.Clk. Joseph N. M. Berger, detached AC2, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 30 June, 1937.

JUNE 28, 1937.
Major Merritt B. Curtis, about 15 July, 1937, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via "Chaumont" from Shanghai 19 July, 1937.

Major Vernon M. Guymon, on 1 July, 1937, detached AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters, USMC, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, about 9 July, 1937, detached Hdqrs., USMC, Wash., D. C., to American Legation, Guatemala City, Guatemala, duty as Naval Attache and Naval Attache for Air, via SS "Santa Rosa" from New York 17 July.

Capt. Kenneth H. Cornell, about 1 August, 1937, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, with one month delay in reporting.

Capt. Con D. Silard, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Wash., D. C., and ordered home to retire on 1 Sept., 1937.

Capt. Alan Shapley, relieved duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Earl S. Piper, when directed by Comdr., Spec. Serv. Sq., detached MD, USS "Omaha" to MD, USS "Charleston."

Capt. John D. O'Leary, about 10 July, 1937, relieved duty 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. George Corson, orders modified; detached MB, NS, Guam to MD, AE, Peiping, China, via "Chaumont."

1st Lt. Hector DeZayas, on 6 July, 1937, relieved duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James L. Beam, about 9 July, 1937, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Auth. delay to 9 Aug.

1st Lt. Richard J. McPherson detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Wash., D. C.

1st Lt. Samuel G. Taxis, about 2 Aug., 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va. Auth. delay to 25 Aug., 1937.

2nd Lt. John H. Spencer, resignation accepted, effective 1 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Frederick P. Henderson, about 1 Aug., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 August, 1937.

2nd Lt. John S. Oldfield, about 1 Aug., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 August, 1937.

2nd Lt. Leonard F. Chapman, Jr., about 1 Aug., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 August, 1937.

2nd Lt. William S. McCormick, about 1 July, 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va. Auth. delay to 25 Aug., 1937.

2nd Lt. Harry W. G. Vadnais, about 2 Aug., 1937, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C. to Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J. with delay to 8 Sept. in reporting.

2nd Lt. Joseph L. Dickey, about 2 Aug., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., with delay in reporting to 8 Sept., 1937.

2nd Lt. Clyde R. Nelson, about 2 Aug., 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J. Auth. delay to 8 Sept., 1937.

2nd Lt. George C. Ruffin, about 17 Aug., 1937, detached MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., with delay in reporting to 8 Sept., 1937.

2nd Lt. Alexander A. Vandegrift, Jr., relieved duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Kenneth A. Jorgenson, about 25 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 Aug., 1937.

2nd Lt. William T. Fairbourne, about 25 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 Aug., 1937.

2nd Lt. Loren S. Fraser, about 25 July, 1937, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Auth. delay to 30 Aug., 1937.

2nd Lt. Wayne M. Brown, on acceptance of appointment as second lieutenant in Marine Corps, assigned to active duty and ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 30 June, 1937.

Mar.Gnr. Robert E. McCook, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, USMC, Phila., Pa. Auth. delay to 1 Aug., 1937.

Mar.Gnr. Lawrence E. Brown, about 15 July, 1937, relieved duty MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

JULY 6, 1937.
Lt. Col. Lloyd L. Leech, detailed AA&I, effective 30 June, 1937.

Major Arnold C. Larsen, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va. Auth. delay one month in reporting.

Capt. William M. O'Brien, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Lyman G. Miller, assigned to Staff, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Clinton E. Fox, detached VO Sq 9M, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., via first available commercial steamer. Detail to duty involving flying revoked.

1st Lt. Clifford H. Shuey about 28 Aug., 1937, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Engineer School, Fort Belvoir, Va., to report not later than 3 Sept., 1937.

1st Lt. Michael McG. Mahoney, about 6 July, 1937, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via "Henderson" sailing Norfolk, Va., 17 Aug., 1937. Auth. delay to 16 Aug. enroute to Norfolk, Va.

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2nd Lt. Alfred T. Greene, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 7 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Herbert H. Townsend, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 7 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Clair W. Shisler, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 7 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Brooke H. Hatch, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 7 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Charles R. Boyer, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lt., ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 7 July, 1937.

2nd Lt. Freeman W. Williams, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, ordered to duty with AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Fred R. Emerson, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, ordered to duty with AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Howard F. Bowker, Jr., on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, ordered to duty with AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Gregory Boyington, on acceptance of appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, ordered to duty with AC1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Ch.QM.Clk. Frederick I. VanAnden, on 1 July, 1937, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., ordered to home and placed on retired list on 1 July, 1937.

Ch.QM.Clk. Edward C. Smith, on 1 July, 1937, detached Hdqrs., USMC, Wash., D. C., ordered to home and placed on retired list on 1 July, 1937.

Mar. Gnr. Charles M. Adams, relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to Marine Corps Schools Detachment, MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. Millard T. Shepard appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

QM.Clk. Joseph E. Thraillkill, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk and assigned to duty with Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to report not later than 15 July, 1937.

The following officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 24 June, 1937, with rank from dates shown opposite their names:

Major John K. Martenstein—I Feb., 1937.

Major Albert W. Paul—I April, 1937.

Major Arthur D. Challacombe—22 April, 1937.

Major William F. Brown—I June, 1937.

Capt. Wilfred J. Huffman—I Nov., 1937.

Capt. Carson A. Roberts—I Feb., 1937.

Capt. John S. Holmberg—I June, 1937.

1st Lt. Clyde R. Nelson—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Joseph L. Dickey—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Elmore W. Seeds—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. John P. Condon—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. John A. Butler—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Ralph K. Rottet—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Victor H. Krulak—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. George C. Ruffin, Jr.—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Harold O. Deakin—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Maurice T. Ireland—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Samuel R. Shaw—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Robert S. Fairweather—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Joseph P. Fuchs—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Henry W. Buse, Jr.—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Bennet G. Powers—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Robert E. Hommel—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Frank C. Tharin—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Henry W. G. Vadnais—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. John W. Sapp, Jr.—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Samuel F. Zeller—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Lawrence B. Clark—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Lehman H. Kleppinger—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. Floyd B. Parks—31 May, 1937.

1st Lt. John E. Weber—31 May, 1937.

The following officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 29 June, 1937, with rank from dates shown opposite their names:

Capt. Francis J. Cunningham—I July, 1936.

Capt. Bernard H. Kirk—I July, 1936.

Capt. Richard P. Ross, Jr.—I July, 1936.

Capt. James V. Bradley, Jr.—I Sept., 1936.

Capt. Zebulon C. Hopkins—I Nov., 1936.

Capt. Robert H. Williams—I Jan., 1937.

Capt. Randall M. Victory—3 Jan., 1937.

Capt. James R. Hester—I Mar., 1937.

1st Lt. Charles A. Miller—2 Mar., 1937.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 62)

Cpl. Harold E. Sargent—FMF, Quantico to Aviation, Quantico.

JUNE 14, 1937.

Sgt. Sgt. Fulton L. Oglesby—Signal Repair Shop to Quantico.

Cpl. Paul S. Pollard—Quantico to PI.

Cpl. Leonard A. Oderman—Quantico to San Diego.

JUNE 15, 1937.

Sgt. Doyle A. New—FMF, San Diego to Boston.

Cpl. Henry J. Revane—MB, Washington to Signal Co., Quantico.

JUNE 16, 1937.

1st Sgt. Robert Thompson—San Diego to USS "Henderson."

Sgt. Joseph Gulina—Quantico to Cuba.

Cpl. Frank Lisi—MB, Washington to Aviation, Quantico.

JUNE 17, 1937.

1st Sgt. Paul Kerns—FMF, Quantico to Newport.

Gy. Sgt. Joseph M. Broderick—USS "Omaha" to FMF, Quantico.

1st Sgt. Lester M. Smith—Norfolk to Coco Solo.

1st Sgt. Harry Cohen—Coco Solo to Norfolk.

1st Sgt. Sheffield M. Banta—Coco Solo to Quantico.

Cpl. William N. Booth—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Robertson H. Galvin—FMF, Quantico to Pensacola.

Sgt. Vance W. Collins—MB, Washington to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. Harry D'Ortona—Fort Lafayette to Boston.

Sgt. Clarence J. Legault—FMF, Quantico to Aviation, San Diego.

JUNE 18, 1937.

Cpl. Willis R. Lucius—Great Lakes to 9th Bn. FMCR.

Sgt. Jeffrey Cardia—Portsmouth, N. H., to FMF, Quantico.

JUNE 19, 1937.

Cpl. James E. Lumpkin—FMF to NYd, Washington.

Cpl. Edward F. Blaylock—FMF to NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

JUNE 21, 1937.

Tech. Sgt. Robert C. Wood—PI to Peiping.

Tech. Sgt. Abraham Oif—Peiping to Quantico.

MT. Sgt. August A. Olaguez—San Diego to Quantico.

MT. Sgt. Raymond G. Jones—Quantico to Pearl Harbor.

MT. Sgt. James T. Tichacek—Quantico to Shanghai.

Cpl. John J. Reese—MCRTD to New York.

JUNE 23, 1937.

Sup. Sgt. Elmer R. Wright—5th Bn., FMCR, to Norfolk.

Sup. Sgt. Fitzhugh L. Childress—PI to Coco Solo.

QM. Sgt. Louis A. Sullivan—Charleston to Pearl Harbor.

QM. Sgt. Frank Harris—Pearl Harbor to San Diego.

QM. Sgt. Francis M. Jackson—Quantico to Oahu.

QM. Sgt. Elmer T. Pantier—Oahu to New York.

Sup. Sgt. Francis Luts—Philadelphia to Peiping.

QM. Sgt. Noble J. Barger—Peiping to San Diego.

Sup. Sgt. Albert R. Weibel—Shanghai to Cavite.

QM. Sgt. Robert M. Caven—Cavite to Philadelphia.

Sup. Sgt. Frank J. Leskevitz—New York to Shanghai.

Sup. Sgt. Warren W. Cox—Norfolk to Quantico.

JUNE 24, 1937.

Sgt. Roice L. Biffle—Wakefield to Bremerton.

Flat. Sgt. William F. A. Trax—FMF, Quantico to Asiatic Station.

Cpl. Ernest W. Kuhn—FMF, Quantico to New York.

JUNE 22, 1937.

Cpl. Raymond J. Jaresz—FMF, Quantico to Iona Island.

Cpl. Gus G. Reid—Norfolk to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Harry Arnold—Quantico to San Diego.

JUNE 25, 1937.

Sgt. Roy B. Williamson—Newport to Sea School.

1st Sgt. Maurice C. Vallandingham—PI to Coco Solo.

JUNE 26, 1937.

Sgt. Maj. Percy J. Dickerson—WC to New York.

1st Sgt. Fred Riewe—FMF, Quantico to MB, Washington.

Cpl. Holger Poulsen—Newport to FMF, Quantico.

JUNE 28, 1937.

Cpl. Harry C. Garboth—Newport to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. James E. Wydick—Philadelphia to MB, Washington.

Cpl. Claude Wilford—PI to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Edward Bald—USS "West Virginia" to USS "California."

Sgt. John L. Trapp—Norfolk to Cuba.

Sgt. William R. Yingling—Pearl Harbor to PI.

Cpl. James Milner—Charleston, S. C., to PI.

JUNE 29, 1937.

Stf. Sgt. Gabriel Rosbach—Norfolk to Cuba.

Stf. Sgt. Kenneth F. Curtis—Cuba to Norfolk.

JUNE 30, 1937.

Cpl. Robert A. McKeown—Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Marion H. Stocks—PI to FMF, Quantico.

Gy. Sgt. Lerrad D. Carter—NYd, Washington to Cuba.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 62)

BLACKWOOD, James B., 6-9-37, Mare Island for MB, Charleston, S. C.

HARRIS, Francis S., 6-11-37, Dallas for MCB, San Diego.

HEINRICH, Michael L., 6-12-37, Washington for Hqrs, MC, Washington.

SHIMBOSKI, Stace, 6-12-37, Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

ROBERTS, Lee E., 6-15-37, Quantico for FMF, MB, Quantico.

GILES, Emerson W., 6-16-37, Washington for Hqrs, MC, Washington.

HUGHES, George A., 6-16-37, Washington for Hqrs, MC, Washington.

ASHLEY, Isaac V., 6-10-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

RAINES, Carl, 6-16-37, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

FARLEY, James T., 6-18-37, Portsmouth for FMF, Quantico.

THOMASON, Basil O., 6-15-37, San Francisco for MD, USRS, San Francisco.

ENGEBRETSEN, Albert C., 6-14-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

DONAHOE, Daniel J., 6-16-37, San Pedro for MD, USS "Mississippi."

COOPER, Harry, 6-19-37, Philadelphia for MBNY, Philadelphia.

YOUNG, Sanford N., 6-19-37, Parris Island for FMF, Quantico.

LANE, James R., 6-17-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

HOPPER, Jack, 6-18-37, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

ODELL, Frederick L., 6-20-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

GEMMEKE, Edward T., 6-21-37, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.

DETWILER, Harry E., 6-23-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

EDWARDS, James W., 6-23-37, Norfolk for DofS, Norfolk.

AYLWARD, James T., 6-20-37, Hawthorne for PSNYd, Bremerton.

BUDROW, Joseph E., 6-18-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

RICHARDSON, Leland L., 6-24-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

TURNER, Fred, 6-24-37, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

WALSHE, Hylton S., 6-19-37, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

KURTZ, David M., 6-26-37, Washington for MB, NYd, Washington.

WATSON, Henry L., 6-25-37, Galveston for 15th Bn, FMCR, Galveston.

HAVENS, Borden, 6-25-37, Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.

LYTLE, Nathaniel J., 6-26-37, Washington for Hqrs, MC, Washington.

BROGAN, John J., 6-26-37, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

MILLER, Jim, 6-27-37, Washington for Marine Band, Washington.

SIMPSON, Albert, 6-25-37, Portsmouth for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.



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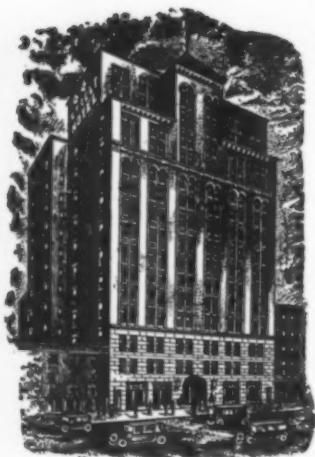
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STUDDERT John B., 6-22-37, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.
FREEMAN, Allan R., 6-28-37, Washington for Hqrs, MC, Washington.
SULLIVAN, Maurice T., 6-23-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.
BRUNELLE, Louis W., 6-27-37, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.
FLIPPO, Walter A., 6-26-37, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.
FULCHER, Millard W., 6-22-37, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.
GROSSMAN, Julius, 6-27-37, New York for Rec. Ship, New York.
BLACKWELL, Harry L., 6-24-37, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.
ROBINSON, George L., 6-25-37, San Francisco for MD, USRS, San Francisco.
WHEELER, Joseph W., 6-28-37, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

PROMOTIONS

TO FIRST SERGEANT:
Robert Thompson, Jr.
Ernest D. Villegas
James W. Burnworth
Earl R. Beckley
TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:
Ward A. Rolfe
TO PLATOON SERGEANT:
Arthur J. Noonan

TO STAFF SERGEANT:
Carl H. Gustaveson
James H. Greer
TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Chester B. Hart
Steven A. Custer
Paul D. Holmes
George E. Leppig
Guy W. Paulk
Max Beruffey, Jr.
Charles U. Green
Claude W. Lumley
Vernon Alvstad
Paul V. Strudivant
Harry D'Ortona
Ira D. Carney
John C. Carney
LeRoy Craig
John J. Ward
Beldon Lidyard
Charles A. Funk
Harold M. Ferrell
Clifford D. Price
James W. Bunch
Woodrow W. Brown
Perrey D. Mather
TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:
Walter A. Chesnausky
Albert B. Forrester
Walter R. Giles



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Alva M. Andrews
Ignacio H. Marquez, Jr.
Claude O. Galbraith

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Everett L. Tennyson
Eugene R. Fentress
Frank E. Stumm
James C. Hardy
James J. Tighe, Jr.
Edward S. Hanlon
Lawrence B. Chastian
Harold J. Hubbard
William E. Burton
Homer P. Jones
George T. Lemmon
James W. Boyd
Francis L. Miller
Woodrow W. Finch
Leo F. Deyak
William W. Collins
William J. McLoughlin
Robert E. Wright
Charles A. Bechtel
Hankin A. Fritz
Wilhelm Luckhardt
Ernest W. Sutton
Timothy J. Johnson
Edward H. Young
William A. Lowry
Oris F. Autry

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

George B. Sunderland, Jr.
William C. Flank
Robert F. Murphy
Kenneth R. McCoy
John R. Read
Julio B. Fain
Paul G. Taylor
John A. Nemeth
Harry J. Kedwards
Francis N. Kinney
Samuel R. Stewart
James F. Dunham, Jr.
William E. Harrison
Emile H. Noble
John Mesko
Israel Friedman
Harry J. Brickner
Elmer B. Shaw
Arthur J. Hagedorn
Eugene H. Briner
Marvin F. Hayes
William J. Hamilton
Clyde R. Strauss
Walter J. Pace
Vincent R. Deany
Eric B. Forsberg
William H. Cochrane, Jr.
Earnest Smith

TO FIELD COOK:

Carl A. Rhodes
Louis R. Caputo
Emilio Verdi
Ewing B. Harvey

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Manila 23 July; arrive Guam 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive Honolulu 10 August, leave 13 August; arrive San Francisco Area 20 August, leave 4 September; arrive San Pedro 6 September, leave 7 September; arrive Honolulu 14 September, leave 16 September; arrive San Francisco 22 September, leave 25 September; arrive San Pedro 27 September, leave 28 September; arrive San Diego 29 September, leave 2 October; arrive Canal Zone 13 October, leave 16 October; arrive Guantanamo 19 October, leave 19 October; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 23 October, leave 3 November.

HENDERSON—At Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul until 19 August. To depart on routine voyage to West Coast ports and Orient 17 August. Leave Norfolk 17 August; arrive Guantanamo 21 August, leave 21 August; arrive Canal Zone 24 August, leave 26 August; arrive San Diego 7 September, leave 9 September; arrive San Pedro 9 September, leave 10 September; arrive San Francisco Area 12 September, leave 27 September; arrive Honolulu 4 October, leave 6 October; arrive Guam 18 October, leave 19 October; arrive Manila 24 October, leave 26 November; arrive Honolulu 12 December, leave 14 December; arrive San Francisco Area 22 December.

NITRO—Leave Canal Zone 6 July; arrive Guantanamo 9 July, leave 9 July; arrive Norfolk 13 July, leave 31 July; arrive Gravesend Bay, N. Y., 2 August, leave 2 August; arrive Newport 3 August, leave 4 August; arrive Boston 5 August, leave 7 August; arrive Iona Island 9 August, leave 14 August; arrive Philadelphia 15 August, leave 17 August; arrive Norfolk 18 August, leave 3 September; arrive Guantanamo 7 September, leave 7 September; arrive

Canal Zone 10 September, leave 15 September; arrive San Diego 25 September, leave 1 October; arrive San Pedro 2 October, leave 8 October; arrive Mare Island 10 October, leave 23 October; arrive Puget Sound 26 October.

RAMAPO—Arrive Guam 22 July, leave 23 July; arrive Manila 29 July, leave 12 August; arrive San Diego 10 September.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 1 July; arrive Houston (Sinco) 8 July, leave 10 July; arrive Guantanamo 15 July, leave 19 July; arrive Houston (Sinco) 24 July, leave 25 July; arrive Norfolk 1 August.

SIRIUS—Leave Pearl Harbor 2 July; arrive Puget Sound-Seattle 11 July, leave 23 July; arrive Dutch Harbor-St. George-St. Paul 4 August, leave 21 August; arrive Seattle 28 August, leave 3 September; arrive Puget Sound 3 September.

VEGA—At Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul. Date of completion 17 August. Leave Norfolk 23 August; arrive Philadelphia 24 August, leave 27 August; arrive New York 28 August, leave 3 September; arrive Boston 4 September, leave 10 September; arrive New York 11 September, leave 15 September; arrive Philadelphia 16 September, leave 23 September; arrive Norfolk 24 September, leave 6 October; arrive Guantanamo 11 October, leave 11 October; arrive Canal Zone 14 October, leave 18 October; arrive San Diego 30 October, leave 2 November; arrive San Pedro 3 November, leave 5 November; arrive San Francisco 7 November, leave 19 November; arrive Puget Sound 22 November.

ANTARES—Leave N. O. B. Norfolk 2 July; arrive New York 3 July, leave 8 July; arrive Boston 9 July, leave 16 July; arrive N. O. B. Norfolk 19 July, leave 23 July; arrive Canal Zone 31 July, leave 3 August; arrive San Diego 15 August, leave 17 August; arrive San Pedro 18 August, leave 20 August; arrive Mare Island 22 August, leave 1 September; arrive Puget Sound 4 September. "Antares" will depart Puget Sound about 15 September for routine freight voyage to East Coast.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sergeant Major William W. Harrmann, Class II(d), July 1, 1937. Future address: Route 5, Peoria, Illinois.

Sergeant Major Frank N. Miller, Class II(d), June 24, 1937. Future address: Apt. 3, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Major Curtis O. Whitney, Class II(d), June 15, 1937. Future address: Elm Street, Winnetka, Illinois.

Quartermaster Sergeant Henry H. Godfrey, Class II(d), June 4, 1937. Future address: 242 12th Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty I. Schelder, Class II(d), June 30, 1937. Future address: 5122 Howley Boulevard, San Diego, California.

Sergeant Major Otto N. Roos, Class II(d), June 23, 1937. Future address: Navy YMCA, Sand Street, Brooklyn, New York.

First Sergeant Robert Bailey, Class II(d), July 15, 1937. Future address: care of Mrs. Edna McLaughlin, Utica, Ohio.

First Sergeant William H. Reese, Class II(b), July 1, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, Quantico, Virginia.

First Sergeant Mike Welsch, Class II(b), June 30, 1937. Future address: 505 South 20th Street, Irvington, New Jersey.

Gunnery Sergeant Rodney E. Barwick, Class II(d), July 15, 1937. Future address: Grifton, North Carolina.

Gunnery Sergeant Ernest V. Maddox, Class II(b), July 15, 1937. Future address: St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Gunnery Sergeant Joseph R. Tietze, Class II(b), June 14, 1937. Future address: St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Platoon Sergeant Caldwell N. Hunter, Class II(e), June 19, 1937. Future address: General Delivery, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Corporal Carl L. Wigley, Class II(b), June 30, 1937. Future address: 58 Clayton Street, San Francisco, California.

Corporal Stanley I. Rose, Class II(b), June 30, 1937. Future address: Box 175, Mantua, New Jersey.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Quartermaster Sergeant John W. Baker, USMC, June 2, 1937.

First Sergeant Dell L. Ashby, FMCR, July 1, 1937.

First Sergeant Richard Busch, FMCR, July 1, 1937.

Platoon Sergeant Fred Spraul, USMC, April 19, 1937.

THE LEATHERNECK

Sergeant James Fitzgerald, FMCR, July 1, 1937.
Sergeant Paul Garrison, FMCR, July 1, 1937.
Sergeant Paul Hein, USMC, June 2, 1937.
Sergeant Oscar L. Resretd, FMCR, July 1, 1937.

RESERVE CHANGES Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve with the dates noted:

Captain Henry D. Strunk, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Captain John M. Houston, VMCR, 19 May, 1937.
Captain Francis H. Case, VMCR, 19 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Foster H. Krug, VMCR, 20 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Eldridge E. Humphrey, VMCR, 14 March, 1932.
First Lieutenant Chudleigh R. Long, VMCR, 4 March, 1930.
First Lieutenant Lloyd W. Nickerson, VMCR, 5 October, 1933.
First Lieutenant Arthur J. Davis, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant Frederick C. Lippert, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant Victor J. Simpson, VMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant Richard C. Nutting, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant Jimmy B. Miles, VMCR, 13 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant George M. Rice, VMCR, 3 June, 1937.

Promotions

The following promotions have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Major Baldwin W. Foote, VMCR, 22 May, 1936.
Major Chauncy V. Burnett, FMCR, 4 June, 1937.
Captain Charles E. Adams, FMCR, 17 June, 1937.
Captain Valentine P. Hoffman, FMCR, 27 May, 1937.
Captain Donald D. Flora, VMCR, 23 December, 1936.
Captain Carl G. F. Korn, FMCR, 27 May, 1937.
Captain John W. Augustine, FMCR, 4 June, 1937.
Captain Samuel D. Irwin, VMCR, 7 June, 1937.
First Lieutenant Harold F. Brown, VMCR, 13 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Reed M. Fawell, Jr., VMCR, 13 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Fenwick N. Reeve, VMCR, 17 June, 1937.
First Lieutenant Alfred H. Marks, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Alton B. Cohen, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Michael J. Davidowitch, FMCR, 13 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Victor E. Taylor, FMCR, 20 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant John M. Bathum, FMCR, 20 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Bert W. Hardy, FMCR, 3 June, 1937.

Discharged

The following named men have been discharged from the Marine Corps Reserve:

Captain Eldridge E. Humphrey, VMCR, 17 June, 1937.
Captain Lloyd W. Nickerson, VMCR, 4 October, 1933.
Captain Chudleigh R. Long, VMCR, 3 March, 1930.
First Lieutenant Ralph A. Huggett, VMCR, 26 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant John F. Collins, VMCR, 28 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Tracy S. Smith, VMCR, 3 June, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Jonathan N. Romine, 27 May, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Joseph J. Kelly, 27 May, 1937.

Aviation Cadet George E. Dorn, 12 June, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Howard F. Bowker, 30 June, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Gregory Boyington, 30 June, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Fred R. Emerson, 30 June, 1937.
Aviation Cadet Freeman W. Williams, 30 June, 1937.

Resigned

The following named men have resigned from the Marine Corps Reserve:

First Lieutenant George R. Littlehales, VMCR, 14 May, 1937.
First Lieutenant Charles E. Warburton, VMCR, 24 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant William E. Ford, VMCR, 26 May, 1937.
Second Lieutenant William C. Mikell, VMCR, 8 July, 1937.

Deaths

The following deaths have occurred in the Marine Corps Reserve:

First Lieutenant Joseph A. Martin, FMCR, 11 April, 1937.
Aviation Cadet William F. Mershon, USMC, 7 July, 1937.

Headquarters Bulletin

Number 141, June 15, 1937

ANNUAL REPORT

Article 10-51, Marine Corps Manual requires that annual reports for the past fiscal year, 1937, be forwarded to the Major General Commandant as soon as practicable after 30 June 1937.

A recent change in Article 10-51, prescribes the general outline to be followed in making this report.

CHECKAGE OF SUBSISTENCE IN HOSPITALS

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the rate to be checked for subsistence while in hospital under the provisions of Article 1320-11, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, is \$0.70 per ration.

REQUALIFICATION BARS

In view of the many applications being made for rifle requalification bars the service is again advised that this procedure is no longer required. An officer or enlisted man reported as having qualified as expert rifleman his individual marksmanship record will be examined and if found that he is entitled to requalification bar or bars, same will be furnished by the Target Practice Section as soon as practicable following receipt of the report containing the qualification. The next change of the Marine Corps Manual will include the elimination of the last sentence in Article 5-22(4).

DISTINGUISHED SHOTS

As a result of the Division and Marine Corps rifle and pistol competitions the following named officer and enlisted men have been designated as distinguished shots and awarded medals:

Distinguished Marksman

Capt. Orin H. Wheeler
Sgt. Donald J. Potter
Sgt. Milton B. Rogers
Sgt. Samuel L. Slocum
Sgt. Carl Ulrich
Cpl. Victor F. Brown
Cpl. William D. Linfoot
Cpl. Donald R. Rusk
Tpr. Cpl. Robert M. Campbell
Pfc. Bernard J. Stamm
Pvt. Harry L. Thomsen

Distinguished Pistol Shot

MGy-Sgt. William F. Pulver
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel
Gy-Sgt. Charlie A. James
PlatSgt. Clarence J. Anderson
Cpl. Russell M. Catron
Cpl. Edwin T. Hannaford
Cpl. Wilbur B. Slack
Pvt. Roy F. Rice

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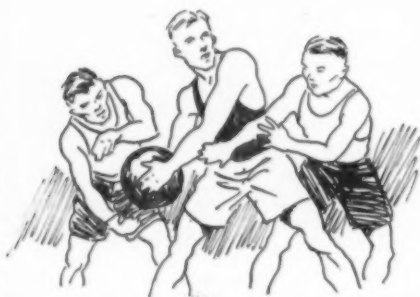
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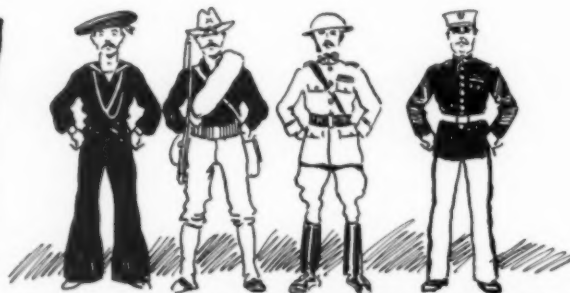
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OLD ADDRESS _____

MARINE ODDITIES



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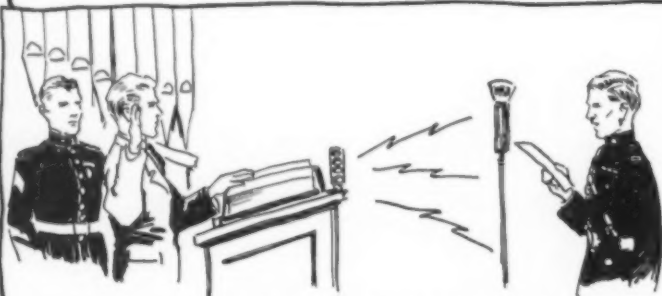


EDMUND S. SAYER SERVED ONE ENLISTMENT IN THE NAVY. ON JULY 6, 1898, HE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY, AND WAS DISCHARGED THE FOLLOWING YEAR TO ACCEPT A COMMISSION. HE ROSE THROUGH THE VARIOUS RANKS AND ON AUGUST 5, 1917, HE WAS PROMOTED LIEUTENANT COLONEL. HE PARTICIPATED IN 6 ENGAGEMENTS IN FRANCE. HE RESIGNED AS LT. COL. ON DECEMBER 31, 1919. THEREUPON HE ENLISTED IN THE U.S. MARINE CORPS AS A PRIVATE, AND ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1924 RETIRED AS A SERGEANT MAJOR.

THE FIRST JIN RIC SHA WAS INVENTED AND PRESENTED TO JAPAN BY PRIVATE JONATHAN GOBLE, U.S.M.C. GOBLE WAS BORN IN WAYNE, N.Y., IN 1827



*Jickym
280*



WILLIAM COOK WAS THE FIRST MARINE TO BE ENLISTED BY RADIO. BY MEANS OF MICROPHONES IN A CHURCH AND THE ATLANTA JOURNAL'S BROADCASTING STUDIO, CAPTAIN GEORGE BOWER READ THE OATH TO COOK, WHO, WITH HIS HAND ON THE SCRIPTURES AND IN THE PRESENCE OF SERGEANT BAUMGRAS, MADE HIS REPLY. THIS NOVEL METHOD OF ADMINISTERING THE OATH WAS USED BECAUSE THE RECRUITING STATION WAS CLOSED AND BECAUSE COOK WAS APPARENTLY IN A HURRY



TWENTY TWO DAYS AFTER THE U.S. DECLARED WAR UPON GERMANY, THE MARINE CORPS WON THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST ARM OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES TO REACH FULL WAR STRENGTH. ENLISTMENTS DURING THOSE 22 DAYS AVERAGED 1,400 MEN A WEEK.



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☐ Sheet Metal Worker
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☐ Foundry Practice
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☐ Steam Electric Engineer
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☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Highway Engineer
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Refrigeration
☐ R. R. Locomotives
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ Air Brakes
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☐ Pharmacy
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☐ Woolen Manufacturing
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☐ Agriculture
☐ Poultry Farming

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☐ Salesmanship
☐ Service Station Salesmanship
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☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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☐ High School Subjects

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☐ First Year College Subjects
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☐ Cartooning
☐ Lettering Show Cards
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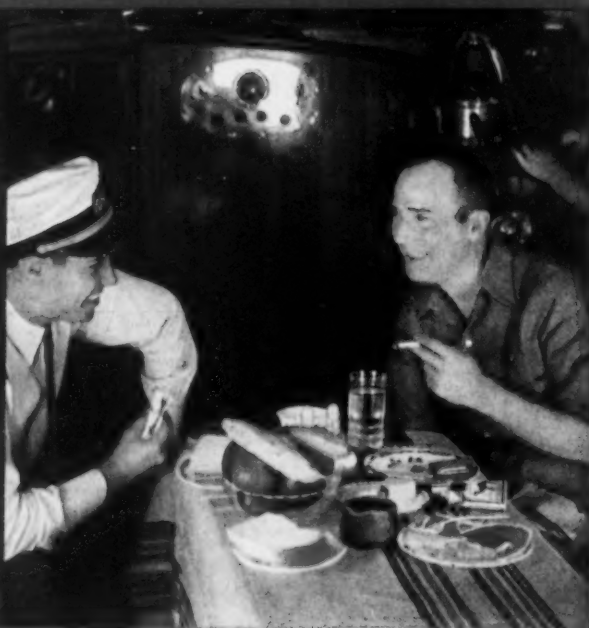


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